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HOW THEY RAMMED THE DERELICT

By W. J. Aylward

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

A FURIOUS Northwester was sweeping across the Lower Bay. Its scythe-like edge cutting the tops off the short, stubbly chop, and clearing its broad reaches of all life save the seemingly deserted, disconsolate looking coal-barges and schooners at anchor, facing its blast. Like a gigantic Rodin it wrought in icy heaps along the lee shore grotesquely exaggerated images of the craft, wharves and sheds beneath that, in the misty spoon-drift flung from the water, glistened resplendent as purest marble shot with green, in the pale wintry sun.

Into this not over-cosy vestibule of New York a big liner snuffled in through the Narrows and dropped her huge patent anchor with a great splash and rattling of chain at Quarantine, glad, it seemed, for a respite from the terrible buffeting she had received outside.

With great knobs and hummocks of ice forward, vaguely suggesting details about her decks, and elephantine masses of white instead of trim spars and rigging, she seemed more like a wedding-cake representation of gray-bearded Old Man of the Sea, rather than the smart, sleek, well-groomed lady she really was.

From Plimsoll-mark to boat-deck, grim winter had left his impress upon her. About the cabins, boats and davits, fantastic festoons of brittle, crackly ice sharply slanting aft, gave the impression of the ship still driving on. Through the sheathing on her high sides, dotted with rows of tiny frozen-over port holes, her coat of shiny black showed dull gray, save where, in great leopard-like spots the ice had fallen away. Forward, the steam, keeping her anchor cables free, poured out of her enormous hawse-pipes in a miniature cloud, suggesting the breath of a spent animal on the frosty air.

The chain began crawling into cover with a harsh, metallic rattle, bringing the anchor home; the little Quarantine tug scurried back into its snug retreat, making a great smother in the wind-chop that slapped viciously against the side of the big vessel, slowly moving up toward the crenelated and towered town. The big ship was in.

To the Hydrographic Office she reported having seen a derelict, a familiar one to the log books of the Revenue Service and Coast Survey, that somehow had always eluded capture. By the time she reached her pier the Marine Man, keen for some thrilling tale of the sea, because of the severe weather, had his copy, and after the ship had her lines out and was snug in her berth he sought the captain, got the "worst in thirty years' experience,"—which he already had down on his account and didn't want, but got him going on floating wrecks, about which he did want something badly.

"Derelict? Yes, we did sight one, day before yesterday on Georges."

"Close shave?"

"Not much!"

In fact the captain pooh-poohed the very idea of anything happening while he was about, to say nothing of his having been on the bridge, and he *had* been on the bridge for the last forty-eight hours; living on cof-

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fee and sandwiches had not sweetened his disposition any, and he was cross; it was difficult to make out whether at the poor old storm-wracked hulk, for getting in his way, or at the blooming Yankees whom he seemed to hold responsible for its being off their coast.

The captain was a great favorite among the women passengers and took himself, his position and his ship very seriously.

It was all absorbed by the Marine Man as "good stuff," but the "eye witnesses" gave him his story after all, and were fair game as they sat about the saloon tables waiting their turn to declare their goods and chattels before the uniformed customs officer at the head of the table. It was most remarkable the number of passengers who had seen the derelict—from their bunks apparently—at so early an hour in the gray light, long before the steward brought their tea and toast.

The story grew till the dread menace had almost scraped the paint from the ship's side; and the newspaper man did full justice to it. As another liner had limped in not a week before with her head drooping and forward compartment full of water from having stubbed her toe against something or other at sea (they never found out what), and news being scarce that day, the story had a front page under a heading that more than did justice to it. The editorial writer, in a pithy paragraph on "Needless menaces to shipping on our coast," took a few flings, to keep his hand in, at those in high places; the "Screamer" took it up, and in its evening edition, under the caption "Why is a Navy?" in long primer, asked the down-trodden union man why he was taxed for the support of aristocrats in idleness who manœuvred in the summer time off Newport for the enjoyment of the oppressors of, etc., etc. Only the Boston *Transcriber*, in a few carefully worded sentences, observed that perhaps it would be well and safer were the steamship companies to allow their captains to really obey the spirit of the law regarding speed in fogs, rather than compel them to rush pell-mell through them with a turn or two less revolutions of the propeller per hour to keep within the letter of it.

Protests began to reach Washington, whence warnings had already been sent to ship-masters. It had been reported off the Delaware Capes, and later south-east of Sandy Hook, on the outside edge of the Stream.

A Norwegian bark, its windmill pump going, having a sprung foreyard, with characteristic economy, took one from the derelict to replace it, and set the wreck afire. It was now making easting in the track of western ocean traffic, and something had to be done as the few spasmodic efforts to find it had so far been unsuccessful.

Altogether the few soggy timbers aimlessly meandering about the ocean stirred up quite a little furore, and caused immensely more notice than the poor craft ever did in her long life spent in patiently carrying deals. She was a tight little brig in her day, the pride and hope of half the population of the little cove down on the Bay Shore where she was launched nearly twoscore years before.

During her years of faithful service she was unknown to fame, never mentioned in print save on the last page. In the shipping news, tucked in among the "arrivals," would be, perhaps, "Brig *Nancy Dell*, Benson, St. John's, N.B., with lumber," or fish, maybe—better yet, a fine fragrant cargo of molasses, rum and coffee from the West Indies.

Never did she dream that from the roll-top desk of a mighty Bureau Chief in Washington would be sent the orders for her destruction, that somehow dropped from the sky down the wireless mast into the Navy Yard at Boston.

The admiral in charge read the warlike tone of the orders to "Send first available ship at once to find and destroy derelict last reported in lat. 40° 44′ N., long. 60 W.—Tompkins."

The admiral thought over the list of ships in commission undergoing repairs, in the various stages of unreadiness, at the yard, and smiled as he endorsed the orders over to the captain of the *Alaska*, first-class battleship, just in from a Southern cruise for the holidays.

Said captain did not smile, and what he had *growled* when he read the orders, the orderly repeated to the mess with much glee at dinner. "But orders is orders," and when the Executive appeared, the skipper passed the word that brought groans from all hands forward; and down in the fire-room, where there were no officers to hear, the firemen,

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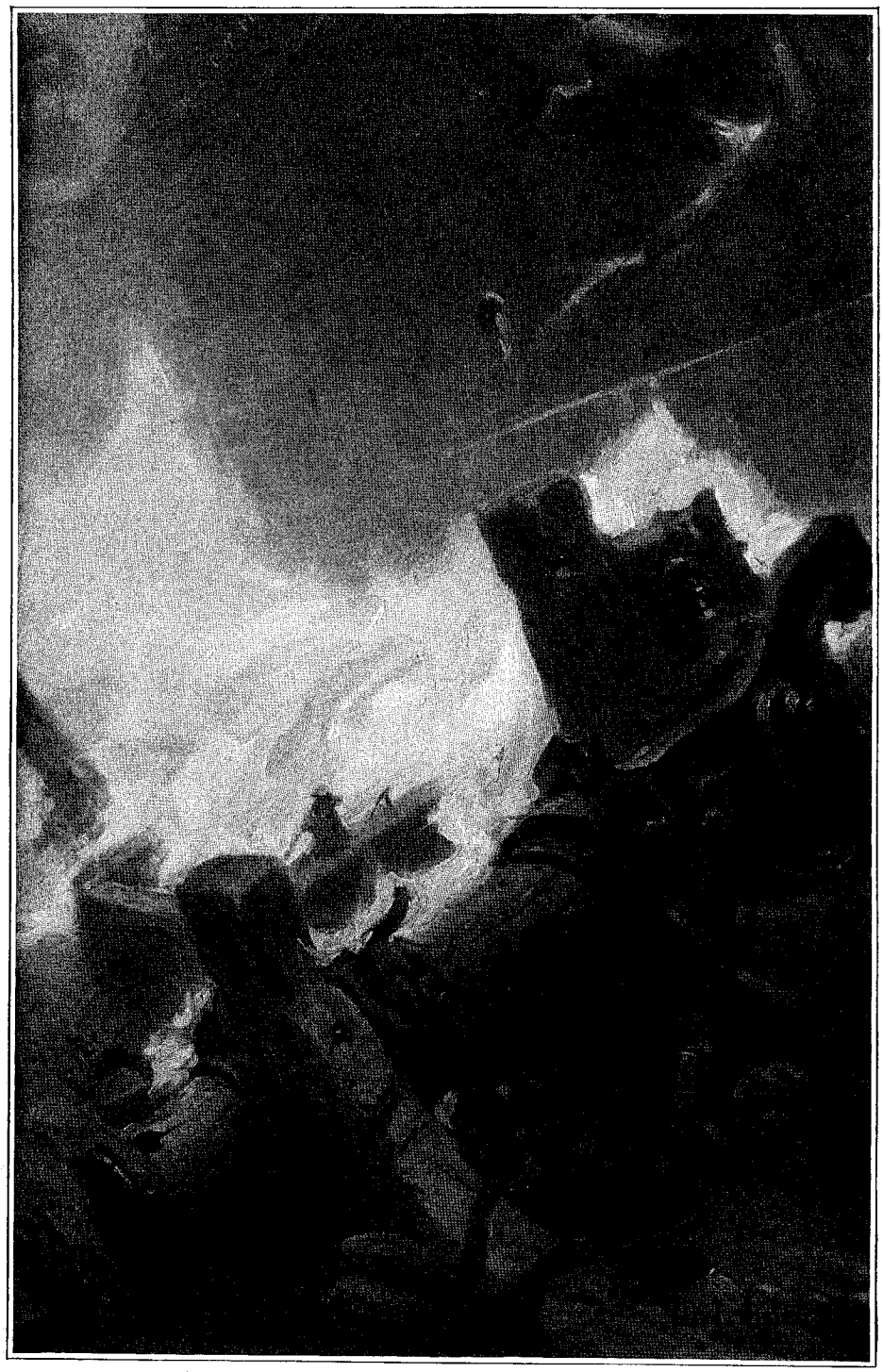

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

The dread menace had almost scraped the paint from the ship's side.—Page 386.

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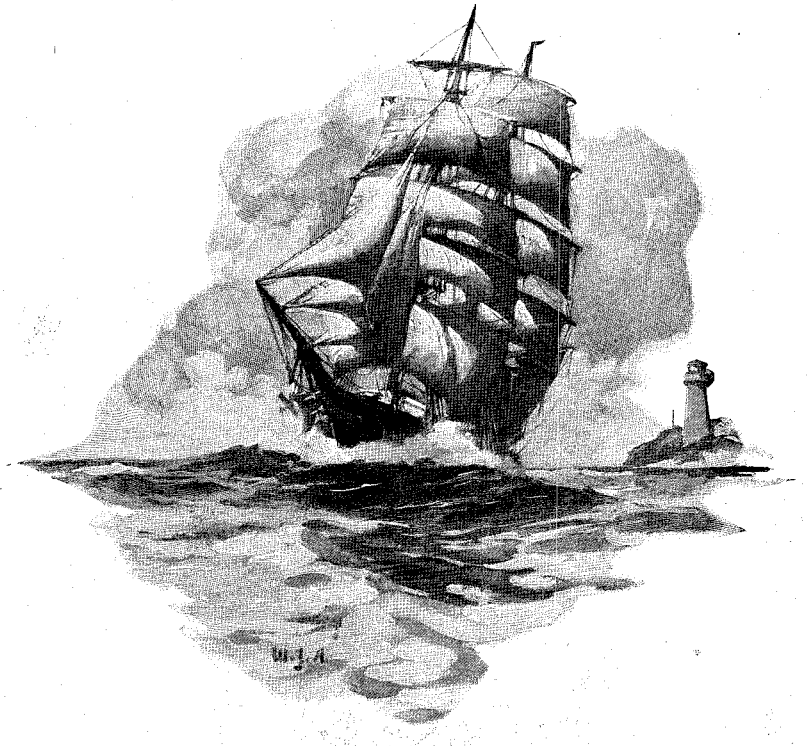
deftly shooting the coal in through the glowing doors, moralized on the state of a man's mind who goes into the Navy, anyhow; the quarter gunner repeated to the rookie who was helping clean the breech-lock of the 8-inch, the old, old plaint of the sad sea-dog, originated by the first man enlisted, that "the service is going to the devil."

Ashore, orders for wet and dry nourishment for a grand "blow-out" were hastily countermanded by the "refreshment committee"; the match between the *Dakota's* Pet and the Pride of the *Alaska* was indefinitely postponed, as was the settlement of the long-mooted question in the North Atlantic Fleet as to the better of the two; the minstrel performers lost interest in their make-ups, and Jackie's usual abundance of philosophy for once seemed lacking.



She was a tight little brig in her day.—Page 386.

Almost before she had snuggled comfortably into it, the *Alaska* backed out of her berth, swung around, headed down the harbor and threaded her way in and out of the heavily laden vessels at anchor in the Roads. Once clear of them and cut where the channel broadens beyond the Forts, the captain's mind was free to think again on his errand. At the end of his impatient walk from the engine-room telegraph to the end of the bridge, he turned to the executive officer (as duly reported forward by the quarter-master) and said: "It's a fine state of affairs when a first-rate is sent on a revenue cutter's errand, like any gunboat"; and more in a similar vein.

And so it happened that the man at the wheel—the only man on deck—of a fisherman beating up to T wharf, catching the wash of the war-ship just right to drench him, cursed 'em for a "pack o' dudes that go to sea in such a blankety-blank, double-blank hurry because they had nothing in the (more blanks) world to do when they got there."

But the *Alaska* didn't care, nor even stop to listen, and went down the Bay like a streak under four bells, with a great plume of black smoke overhead and an immense

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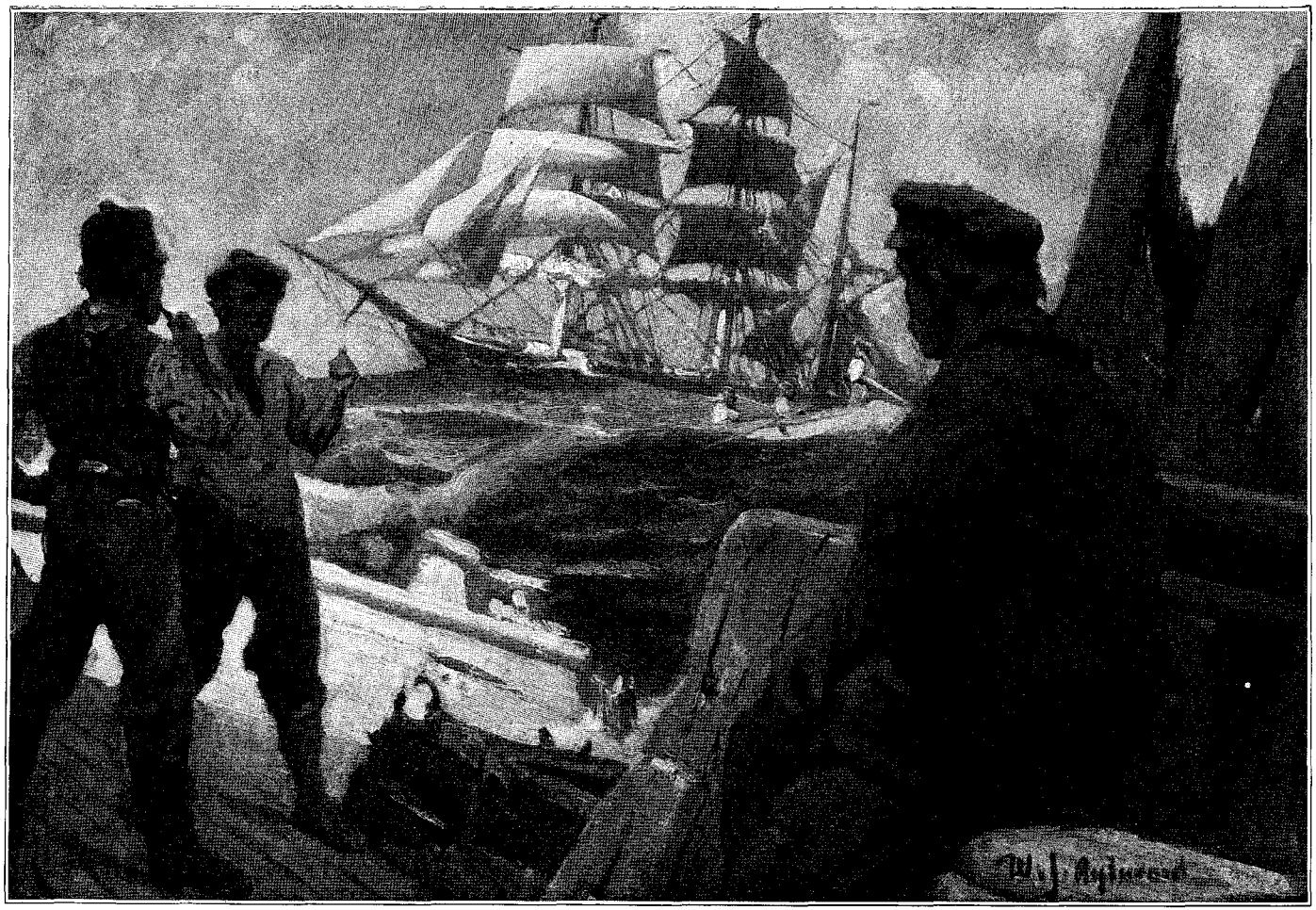

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

A Norwegian bark having a sprung foreyard took one from the derelict.—Page 386.

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snow-bank of foam rolling up before her snub-nosed bows, as though she had very much to do and was in a great hurry to be through with it.

"Put her," she said, "against steel-clad, twelve-inch rifles and she'll show you how she can fight; but derelicts! excuse her, please. Of course, they have their uses, making most amusing targets of a fine day, and afterward a chance to test torpedoes, mines and things; but to go chasing around over half the ocean just to sink a rotten old hulk! Did any self-respecting battleship ever hear of such a thing?"

And the engines pounding below, and the screws whirling in the froth astern, echoed:

Ever hear of such a thing,
Such a thing—such a thing,
Ever hear of such a thing,
Such a thing—such a thing.

And the ship snorted, "quite ridiculous," and merely nodded in reply to the light-ship's friendly greeting, as she ploughed into the now lumpy seas, tossing them aside impatiently.

In the chart-house the captain, executive officer and navigator, carefully computing tides, currents and winds, were trying to figure out a possible track-chart for the silent voyager. Night came and went, but the day broke with the broad expanse of sea and sky empty save for the sails of a schooner, fisherman likely, hove-to with the lazy, indifferent air of a vessel at sea bound nowhere.

The *Alaska* bore down and hailed the *Slade Gorton* of Gloucester, "baitin'-up" for a second set. The schooner jumped a bit in a sea that gently rolled the big fighter off her weather quarter. The crews of each, silently eyeing each other as they listened to their respective commanders, made mental notes for future comment. "Sails" spotting the unmended rent in the clew of the jib; "Chips" making note of the badly finished jumbo-boom, but admiring her fine, clean lines. "Paints" critically surveying the bare planking where the dories had long since rubbed off the paint; while the bo'sun's-mate was scandalized at the weathered spars and untarred rigging.

The crew of the fisherman grouped about the trunk cabin in a seemingly inextricable tangle of trawl-tubs, bait, gear and men, stared back with the scorn of the sea-toiler for the man in uniform.

"Good morning, Captain," through a megaphone, from the bridge.

"Good-mornin', sir," was the prompt and rather expectantly curious reply.

"I'm looking for a floating wreck, dismasted and barely afloat, reported last Tuesday hereabouts. Seen anything of her?"

"Can't say as I kin 'less it's what we passed during the night; watch thought 'twas a sleepin' whale—close aboard, too; mebbe it's that wrack you're lookin' for."

"Where did you say you passed it?" bawled the megaphone.

The fisherman's skipper went to the binnacle, pushed back the slide and with flattened, vertical palm got a rough bearing from the compass. "Come down here from the no'the'n edge of Georges last evenin' —fair wind, makin' eight knots, about— close on to midnight watch on deck thought they passed suthin'"—reflectively—"that would make it. Lemme see"; he reached in his hand and drew out a much-thumbed chart. "No'the, b'East, thirty mile, and I call'ate you'll find shell gravel at eight fathoms on the spot; can't miss it."

"Thank you, Captain; I'm having a cask of newspapers thrown overboard for you; wish you a Merry Christmas and successful trip."

"Thank you, sir, wishin' you the same. Hope you'll find that derelick."

The *Alaska* rushed away on her new scent, and the spell was broken aboard both vessels. Sam Peebles of the *Slade Gorton* could hold in no longer. Sending the superfluous tobacco-juice neatly to leeward, he blurted out: "Did you see that freckled-faced deck-swab with his head through the port under the anchor? Hope I'll meet him on Atlantic Avenoo some day. I'll show him!" Sam thus opened the conversation, and the pounding bait knives went no faster than their loosened tongues, for things to talk about are rather scare after a few weeks at sea.

And the sea-lawyers on the berth-deck aboard the war-ship, after a heated debate, clinched their arguments with: "But think of the grub they get wid mince pie, doughnuts and coffee for a mug-up any time o' night for the reachin' for it."

Not having that sixth sense that enables a fisherman to feel his way with the lead anywhere in soundings—by smelling the

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A fisherman . . . . cursed 'em for a "pack o' dudes."—Page 388.

bottom, a quarter-master contemptuously put it—the *Alaska* didn't find shell gravel or any other kind of gravel, clay, mud or bottom of any sort, at eight fathoms on the spot designated, or as near as she could come to it. The strategy board in the chart-house pored over the map again and the course was changed a trifle, but not her slow speed.

The lookout was sharp from each fighting-top, and, in fact, from every vantage point. Eyes keen as a hawk's swept the gray expanse of water—there was still time, with luck—but luck seemed to be against them, and as the *Alaska* steamed aimlessly eastward, the chances for finding the derelict seemed rather slim.

Besides, there was a hint of bad weather in the overcast sky, and a feel of snow in the air, with a falling glass. Surely it would never do to return and acknowledge defeat by a drifting hulk. The fighting spirit was up.

"Sail-ho!" Everybody jumped.

But it was only the smoke of a liner to the eastward, which grew, and with it, like a

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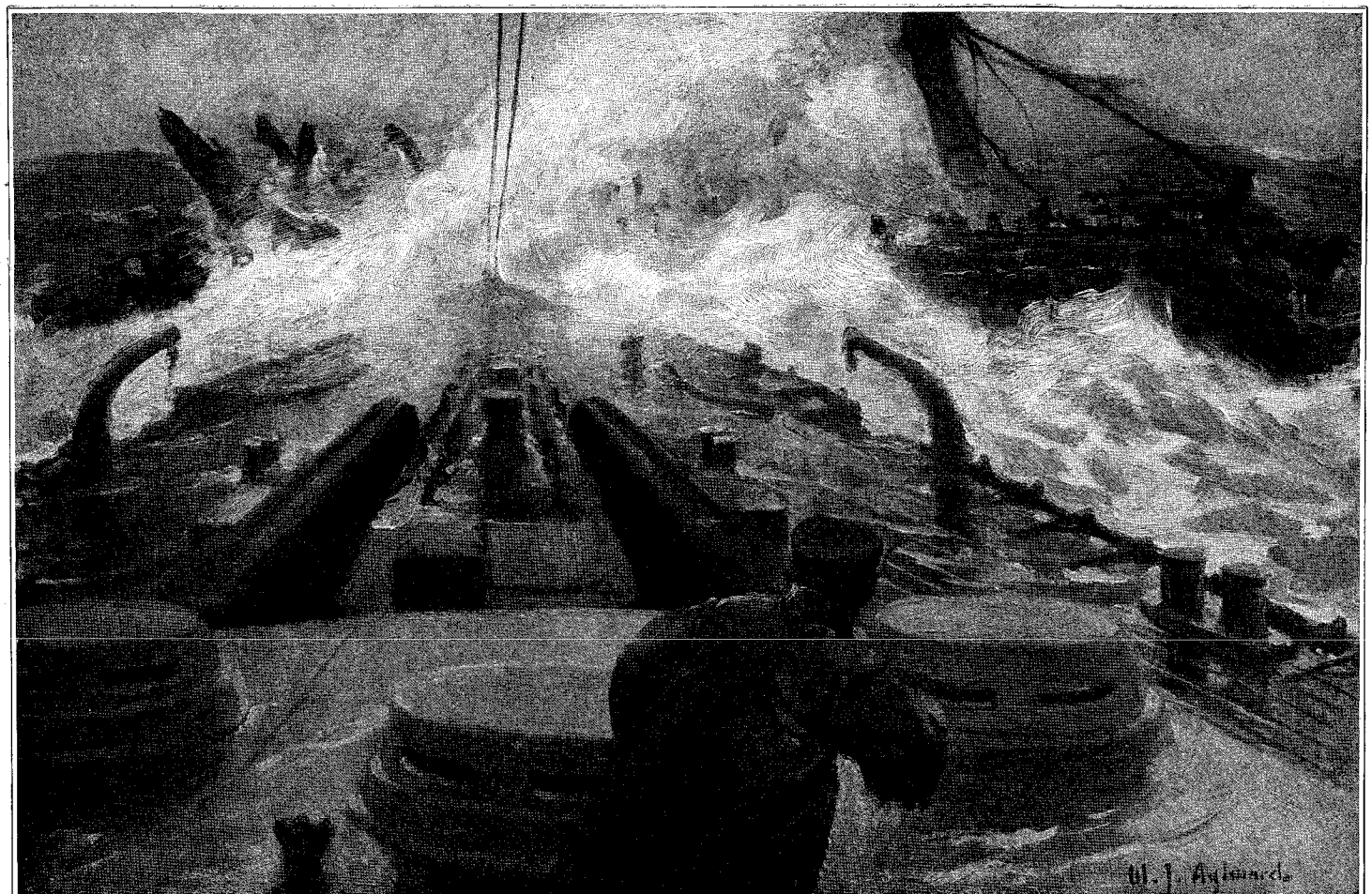

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

A tearing grinding crash, followed by a deluge of white water.—Page 393.

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mail train, came herself, up one horizon and down the other, with just time to answer, "Not sighted any." "Compliments of the season," "good-bye," and hurried on with her rail full of waving hats and fluttering handkerchiefs, and trailing behind her with feathery smoke, the faint echo of a cheer.

The course was changed a bit to the southward and more headway given the ship. Mess call had just gone and it was getting dark when:

"Wreck ho-a! !"

All rushed to the side, then paused for the answer to the bridge. The lookout was a public character and knew it. He was, therefore, very deliberate and professional in his answer. "T'ree—points—for'ad—stah-b'd—beam—sir."

All heads turned as one in the direction indicated, but it was only when a sea lifted it that the needle-like stump of a mast appeared against the sky. Like a huge and hungry beast the ship swung about and rushed upon her quarry.

In less than half an hour she was standing above it, as near as prudence would permit, while the Captain and Executive Officer carefully examined, through their glasses, the water-soaked, blackened timbers of the storm-beaten hulk over whose gaping decks, like a half-tide rock, the seas rolled unceasing, toyed with the long seaweed that clung like a mermaid's hair to her stanchions, and played hide-and-seek in her hold.

Her cracked bell, green with verdigris, still hung in its place on the sampson-post, and with each wallowing lurch and roll croaked a dismal knell. A gull which had followed the war-ship perched comfortably on the splintered mast, his white, clean little body emphasizing the utter desolation of his surroundings. The captain closed the conversation as to the best means of getting rid of her by growling: "Damned thing isn't worth a torpedo—we'll ram her; guess it's safe." And sharply: "Orderly!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Tell the Officer of the Deck to call general quarters and prepare to ram."

The thin piercing notes of the bugle were followed by the quick systematic movements of a well-disciplined crew, battle hatches slammed to; awning and rail stanchions were folded to the deck; boats were covered with tarpaulins; fire-hose was led, and the bo'sun went about chalking unessentials "overboard." With machine-like smoothness the fighting ship went through her paces, contemptuously practising on a despised adversary. Gradually the bustle subsided into an expectant stillness, broken by the tremulous sob of escaping steam, the tramp, tramp, tramp of lithe young Division Officers as with military tread they crossed the solid, gently-heaving decks, brought their heels together before the Executive Officer, saluted and reported their separate divisions, "Ready, sir," and wheeled about.

When the last had been heard from, the Executive Officer turned on his heel, saluted, and reported to the Captain, "Ship is ready, sir."

"Very well, Mr. Bennett; half-speed ahead, ram amidships."

The engine throbbed in answer to the clang of the telegraph and as the ship gathered way "Collision quarters!" rang out in the gathering gloom. The subdued metallic sound of closing bulk-head doors came from below; the men dropped prone to the deck at their stations.

The foam mounted higher and higher on her bows as the ship, in a great half-circle, swung about and came on from the other side. There were a few moments of suspense, and impatience for the men who couldn't see the fun, then a tearing, grinding crash, followed by a deluge of white water falling on the fo'castle; the engines were stopped and the cruel ram slid through with scarce a shudder to the ship. There was a scraping of jagged, black, dripping timbers when, for a moment, they reached up from the smother of foam alongside and settled wearily back as the poor thing went through her agony and disappeared.

The Captain lowered his binoculars directed over the wake where the troubled waters were dotted with wreckage, slipped them into their leathern case and turned away. "Return full speed to the yard at once, Mr. Bennett." And he went below to his dinner.

There was a brief entry in the ship's log under the date, Dec. 23d, a mere sentence: But the log of the *Nancy Dell*, Brig, from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, for St. Georges, Bermudas, with box-shooks and staves, and abandoned at sea, was closed forever.

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THE TOWERS OF BABEL

By Arthur Davison Ficke

I came upon them in the waste,
Building with eager, fevered haste
Each one his tower which from the sod
Might lift him up to speak with God.

I

One cried: Beyond the gates of light
Abide those forms whose shadows move
On earth, and hope and toil and love
And, in the end, turn back to night.

The world is less than a faint dream.
Even the beauty which we see
Comes from afar and tremblingly
Like amber sunlight in a stream.

II

With shining eyes another said:
Ah, twine the roses round your head,
And love earth's beauty while you may
Ere it and you shall both be dead.

For never beauty of the skies,
Nor far-off, vague infinities
Was half so perfect as the light
That shines within a woman's eyes.

The living loveliness of form,
The joy of colors rich and warm—
Ah, let the senses drink their fill—
Who knows how soon may come the storm?

III

Another glanced aside and smiled—
Aye, let the senses have their will.
But hope not like a foolish child
Thy bitter longing thus to still.

Taste all life's sweetness ere it wane;
But know, even as thou drainest it dry,
Satiety, a deeper bane
Than all death's pompous tragedy.

IV

A fourth stood far apart, with gaze
That dreamed along the heavens' bright ways.
He said: Within the halls of morn
A sacred Loveliness is born.

Ah, few have eyes to see her there,
Clad in the glory of her hair.
But to those few she is more sweet
Than life, and all the days of it.

Toward her I strain, though few can follow,
Into the chambered heavens' hollow.
Some day, when human souls grow fair,
All men shall turn, and see her there.

V

Roughly another cried aloud:
You wander in a madness cloud.
Naught can be fair that cannot be
Revealed unto the common crowd.

Naught can be lovely save what makes
For moral good—whose word awakes
Ethics; not beauty, which ne'er mends
The social mandates that it breaks.

VI

Another, standing proudly, spoke:
The crowd must sink beneath the feet
Of mastering spirits; it is meet
The weaker vessel should be broke.

The many pass; the few endure;
And on the wreckage mount still higher
Unto the nearing starry fire
Where dwells alone the fair, the pure.

And on the timeless, dusty drifts
Of fallen myriads, they shall raise
The temple of the crowning days
Toward which creation slowly lifts.

VII

And one more spake: Seek not thy good
Nor happiness nor high estate.
But labor early, struggle late
For man's wide common brotherhood.

. . . . . .

They builded on, this busy Seven,
Lifting their clamors from the sod.
Their towers reached never quite to heaven;
And silent was the voice of God.

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VERA, THE MEDIUM

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

PART I

HAPPY in the hope that the news was "exclusive," *The Despatch* had thrown the name of Stephen Hallowell, his portrait, a picture of his house, and the words, "At Point of Death!" across three columns. The announcement was heavy, lachrymose, bristling with the melancholy self-importance of the man who "saw the deceased, just two minutes before the train hit him."

But the effect of the news fell short of the effort. Save that city editors were irritated that the presidents of certain railroads figured hastily on slips of paper, the fact that an old man and his millions would soon be parted, left New York undisturbed.

In the early '80's this would not have been so. Then, in the uplifting of the far West, Stephen Hallowell was a national figure, in the manœuvres of the Eastern stock market an active, alert power. In those days, when a man with a few millions was still listed as rich, his fortune was considered colossal.

A patent coupling-pin, the invention of his brother-in-law, had given him his start, and, in introducing it, and in his efforts to force it upon the new railroads of the West, he had obtained a knowledge of their affairs. From that knowledge came his wealth. That was twenty years ago. Since then, giants had arisen in the land; men whose wealth made the fortune of Stephen Hallowell appear a comfortable competence, his schemes and stratagems, which, in their day, had bewildered Wall Street, as simple as the trading across the counter of a cross-roads store.

For years he had been out of it. He had lost count. Disuse and ill-health had rendered his mind feeble, made him at times suspicious, at times, childishly credulous. Without friends, alone with his physician and the butler, who was also his nurse, he lived in the house that in '76, in a burst of vanity, he had built on Fifth Avenue. Then the house was a "mansion," and its front of brown sandstone the outward sign of wealth and fashion. Now, on one side, it rubbed shoulders with the shop of a man milliner, and across the street the houses had been torn down, and replaced by a department store. Now, instead of a sombre jail-like façade, his outlook was a row of waxen ladies, who, before each change of season, appeared in new and gorgeous raiment, and, across the Avenue, for his approval, smiled continually.

"It is time you moved, Stephen," urged his friend and lawyer, Judge Henry Gaylor. "I can get you twice as much for this lot as you paid for both it and the house."

But Mr. Hallowell always shook his head. "Where would I go, Henry?" he would ask. "What would I do with the money? No, I will live in this house until I am carried out of it."

. . . . . .

With distaste, the irritated city editors "followed up" the three-column story of the *Despatch*.

"Find out if there's any truth in that," they commanded. "The old man won't see you, but get a talk out of Rainey. And see Judge Gaylor. He's close to Hallowell. Find out from him if that story didn't start as a bear yarn in Wall Street."

So, when Walsh of the *Despatch* was conducted by Garrett, the butler of Mr. Hallowell, upstairs to that gentleman's library, he found a group of reporters already entrenched. At the door that opened from the library to the bedroom, the butler paused. "What paper shall I say?" he asked.

"The *Despatch*," Walsh told him.

The servant turned quickly and stared at Walsh.

He appeared the typical butler, an Englishman of over forty, heavily built, soft-moving, with ruddy, smooth-shaven cheeks and prematurely gray hair. But now, from his face the look of perfunctory politeness had fallen; the subdued voice had changed to a snarl that carried with it the accents of the Tenderloin.

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"So, you're the one, are you?" the man muttered.

For a moment, he stood scowling; insolent, almost threatening; and then, once more the servant, opened the door and noiselessly closed it behind him.

The transition had been so abrupt, the revelation so unexpected, that, the men laughed.

"I don't blame him!" said young Irving, "*I* couldn't find a single fact in the whole story. How'd your people get it; pretty straight?"

"Seemed straight to us," said Walsh.

"Well, you didn't handle it that way," returned the other. "Why didn't you quote Rainey or Gaylor? It seems to me if a man's on the point of death—" he lowered his voice and glanced towards the closed door, "that his private doctor and his lawyer, might know *something* about it."

Standing alone with his back to the window was a reporter who had greeted no one and to whom no one had spoken.

Had he held himself erect he would have been tall, but he stood slouching lazily, his shoulders bent, his hands in his pockets. When he spoke his voice was in keeping with the indolence of his bearing. It was soft, hesitating; carrying with it the courteous deference of the South. Only his eyes showed that to what was going forward he was alert and attentive.

"Is Dr. Rainey Mr. Hallowell's family doctor?" he asked.

Irving surveyed him in amused superiority.

"He is!" he answered. "You been long in New York?" he asked.

Upon the stranger the sarcasm was lost, or, he chose to ignore it, for he answered simply, "No, I'm a New Orleans boy. I've just been taken on the *Republic*."

"Welcome to our city," said Irving. "What do you think of our Main street?"

From the hall a tall portly man entered the room with the assurance of one much at home here; and with an exclamation Irving fell upon him.

"Good morning, Judge," he called. He waved at him the clipping from the *Despatch*. "Have you seen this?"

Judge Gaylor accepted the slip of paper gingerly, and in turn, moved his fine head pompously toward each of the young men. Most of them were known to him, but for the moment he preferred to appear too deeply concerned to greet them. With an expression of shocked indignation, he recognized only Walsh.

"Yes, I have seen it," he said, "and there is not a word of truth in it! Mr. Walsh, I am surprised! *You*, of all people!"

"We got it on very good authority," said the reporter.

"But why not call me up, and get the facts?" demanded the Judge. "I was here until twelve o'clock, and——"

"Here!" interrupted Irving. "Then he did have a collapse?"

Judge Gaylor swung upon his heel.

"Certainly not," he retorted angrily. "I was here on business; and I have never known his mind more capable, more alert." He lifted his hands with an enthusiastic gesture. "I wish you could have seen him!"

"Well," urged Irving, "how about our seeing him now?"

For a moment Judge Gaylor permitted his annoyance to appear, but he at once recovered, and murmuring cheerfully, "Certainly, certainly; I'll try to arrange it," turned to the butler who had re-entered the room.

"Garrett," he inquired, "is Mr. Hallowell awake yet?" As he asked the question his eyebrows rose; with an almost imperceptible shake of the head, he signalled for an answer in the negative.

"Well, there you are!" the Judge exclaimed heartily. "I can't wake him, even to oblige you. In a word, gentlemen, Stephen Hallowell has never been in better health, mentally and bodily. You can say that from me—and that's all there is to say."

"Then, we can say," persisted Irving, "that *you* say, that Walsh's story is a fake?"

"You can say it is not true," corrected Gaylor. "That's all, gentlemen." The audience was at an end. The young men moved toward the hall and Judge Gaylor turned to the bedroom. As he did so, he found that the new man on the *Republic* still held his ground.

"Could I have a word with you, sir?" the stranger asked. The reporters halted jealously. Again Gaylor showed his impatience.

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"About Mr. Hallowell's health?" he demanded. "There is nothing more to say."

"No, it's not about his health," ventured the reporter.

"Well, not now. I am very late this morning." The Judge again moved to the bedroom and the reporter, as though accepting the verdict, started to follow the others. As he did so, as though in explanation, or, as a warning, he added: "You *said* to always come to you for the facts." The lawyer halted, hesitating. "What facts do you want?" he asked. The reporter bowed, and waved his broad felt hat toward the listening men. In polite embarrassment he explained what he had to say could not be spoken in their presence.

Something in the manner of the stranger led Judge Gaylor to pause. He directed Garrett to accompany the reporters from the room. Then, with mock politeness, he turned to the one who remained. "I take it, you are a newcomer in New York journalism. What is your name?" he asked.

"My name is Homer Lee," said the Southerner. "I am a New Orleans boy. I've been only a month in your city. Judge," he began earnestly, but in a voice which still held the drawl of the South, "I met a man from home last week on Broadway. He belonged to that spiritualistic school on Carondelet Street. He knows all that's going on in the spook world, and he tells me the ghost raisers have got their hooks into the old man pretty deep. Is that so?"

The bewilderment of Judge Gaylor was complete, and, without question, genuine.

"I don't know what you mean?" he said.

"My informant tells me," continued the reporter, "that Mr. Hallowell has embraced—if that's what you call it—spiritualism."

Gaylor started forward.

"What!" he roared.

Unmoved, the other regarded the Judge keenly.

"Spiritualism," he repeated, 'and that a bunch of these mediums have got him so hypnotized he can't call his soul his own, or his money, either. Is that true?"

Judge Gaylor's outburst was overwhelming. That it was genuine Mr. Lee, observing him closely, was convinced.

"Of all the outrageous, ridiculous—" the Judge halted, gasping for words, "and libelous statements!" he went on. "If you print that," he thundered, "Mr. Hallowell will sue your paper for half a million dollars. Can't you see the damage you would do? Can't your people see that if the idea got about that he was unable to direct his own affairs, that he was in the hands of mediums, it would invalidate everything he does? After his death, every act of his at this time, every paper he had signed would be suspected, and—and—" stammered the Judge as his imagination pictured what might follow, "they might even attack his will!" He advanced truculently. "Do you mean to publish this libel?"

Lee moved his shoulders in deprecation. "I'm afraid we *must*," he said.

"You must!" demanded Gaylor. "After what I've told you? Do you think I'm lying to you?"

"No," said the reporter; "I don't think you are. Looks more like you didn't know."

"Not know? I?" Gaylor laughed hysterically. "I am his lawyer. I am his best friend! Who *will* you believe?" He stepped to the table and pressed an electric button, and Garrett appeared in the hall. "Tell Dr. Rainey I want to see him," Gaylor commanded, "and return with him."

As they waited, Judge Gaylor paced quickly to and fro. "I've had to deny some pretty silly stories about Mr. Hallowell," he said, "but of all the absurd, malicious—there's some enemy back of this, some one in Wall Street is doing this. But I'll find him—I'll—" he was interrupted by the entrance of the butler and Dr. Rainey, Mr. Hallowell's personal physician.

Rainey was a young man with a weak face; and knowing, shifting eyes that blinked behind a pair of eye-glasses. To conceal an indecision of character of which he was quite conscious, he assumed a manner that, according to whom he addressed, was familiar or condescending. At one of the big hospitals he had been an ambulance surgeon and resident physician, later he had started upon a somewhat doubtful career as a medical "expert." Only two years had passed since the police and the reporters of the Tenderloin had ceased calling him "Doc." In a celebrated criminal case in which Gaylor had acted as chief counsel, he had found Rainey

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complaisant and apparently totally without the moral sense. And when in Garrett he had discovered for Mr. Hallowell a model servant, he had also urged upon his friend, for his resident physician, his *protégé* Rainey.

Still at white heat, the older man began abruptly.

"This gentleman is from the *Republic*. He is going to publish a story that Mr. Hallowell has fallen under the influence of mediums, clairvoyants; that everything he does is on advice from the spirit world—" he turned sharply upon Lee. "Is that right?" The reporter nodded.

"You can see the effect of such a story. It would invalidate every act of Mr. Hallowell's!"

Dr. Rainey laughed offensively.

"It might," he said, "but who'd believe it?"

"He believes it!" cried Gaylor, "or he pretends to believe it. Tell him!" he commanded. "He won't believe me. Does Mr. Hallowell associate with mediums, and spirits—and spooks?"

Again the young doctor laughed.

"Of course not!" he exclaimed. "It's not worth answering, Judge. You ought to treat it with silent contempt." From behind his glasses he winked at the reporter with a jocular, intimate smile. He was adapting himself to what he imagined was his company. "Where did you pick up that pipe dream?" he asked.

Without answering, the Southerner regarded him steadily, with inquiring, interested eyes. The doctor coughed nervously, and turned to Judge Gaylor. In the manner of a cross-examination Gaylor called up his next witness.

"Garrett, does anyone visit Mr. Hallowell without your knowledge?" he asked. "You may not open the door for him, but you know everyone who gets in to see Mr. Hallowell, do you not?"

"Everyone, sir."

"Do you admit any mediums, palm-readers, or people of that sort?"

"Certainly not," returned the butler.

"Dr. Rainey," he added, "would not permit it, sir."

Gaylor stamped his foot with impatience.

"Do you admit anyone," he demanded, "without Dr. Rainey's permission?"

"No, sir!" The reply could not have rung with greater emphasis. Triumphantly, Gaylor, with a wave of the hand, as though saying, "Take the witness," turned to Lee. "There you are," he cried. "Now, are you satisfied?"

The reporter moved slowly towards the door. "I am satisfied," he said, "that the man doesn't admit anyone without Dr. Rainey's permission."

Indignantly, as though to intercept him, Judge Gaylor stepped forward. Both Rainey and himself spoke together.

"What do you mean by that?" Rainey demanded.

"Are you trying to be insolent, sir?" cried the Judge.

Lee smiled pleasantly. "I had no intention of being insolent," he said. "We *have* the facts—I only came to give you a chance to explain them."

Gaylor lost all patience.

"What facts?" he shouted. "What facts? That mediums come here?"

"Yes," said Lee.

"When?" Gaylor cried. "Tell me that! When?"

Lee regarded the older man thoughtfully.

"Well, to-day is Thursday," he said; "They were here Monday morning, and Tuesday morning—and—the one they call Vera—will be here in half an hour."

Rainey ran across the room, stretching out eager, detaining hands.

"See here," he begged. "We can fix this!"

"Fix it?" said the reporter. "Not with me, you can't." He turned to the door and found Garrett barring his exit. He halted, fell back on his heels and straightened his shoulders. For the first time, they saw how tall he was.

"Get out of my way," he said. The butler hesitated and fell back. Lee walked into the hall.

"I'll leave you gentlemen to fight it out among you," he said. "It's a better story than I thought."

As he descended to the floor below, the men remained motionless. The face of Judge Gaylor seemed to have grown older. When the front door closed, he turned and searched the countenance of each of his companions. The butler had dropped into a chair, muttering, and beating his fist into his open palm.

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Gaylor's voice was hardly louder than a whisper. "Is this true?" he asked.

Like a cur dog pinned in a corner, and forced to fight, Rainey snarled at him evilly. "Of course it's true," he said.

"You've let these people see him!" cried Gaylor. "After I forbade it? After I told you what would happen?"

"He would see them," Rainey answered hotly. "'Twas better I chose them, than——"

Gaylor raised his clenched hands and took a sudden step forward. The Doctor backed hastily against the library table. "Don't you come near me!" he stammered, "Don't you touch me."

"And you've lied to me!" cried Gaylor. "You've deceived me. You—you jail-birds—you idiots—" His voice rose hysterically. "And do you think," he demanded, fiercely, "I'll help you now?"

"No!" said the butler.

The word caught the Judge in the full rush of his anger. He turned stupidly as though he had not heard aright. "What?" he asked. From the easy chair, the butler regarded him with sullen, hostile eyes.

"No!" he repeated, "We don't think you'll help us. You never meant to help us. You've never thought of any one but yourself."

The face of the older man was filled with reproach.

"Jim!" he protested.

"Don't do that!" commanded the butler sharply, "I've told you not to do that."

The Judge moved his head slowly in amazement. The tone of reproach was still in his voice.

"I thought *you* could understand," he said. "It doesn't matter about him. But you! You should have seen what I was doing!"

"I saw what you were doing," the butler replied. "Buying stocks, buying a country place. You didn't wait for him to die. What were we getting?"

With returning courage, Rainey nodded vigorously.

"That's right, all right," he protested, "What were we getting?"

"What were you getting?" demanded Gaylor, eagerly. "If you'd only left him to me, till he signed the new will, you'd have had everything. It only needs his signature."

"Yes," interrupted Garrett contemptuously, "that's all it needs."

"Oh, he'd have signed it!" cried Gaylor. "But what's it worth *now!* Nothing! Thanks to you two, nothing! They'll claim undue influence, they'll claim he signed it under the influence of mediums—of ghosts." His voice shook with anger and distress. "You've ruined me!" he cried. "You've ruined me."

He turned and paced from them, his fingers interlacing, his teeth biting upon his lower lip. The two other men glanced at each other uncomfortably; their silence seemed to assure Gaylor that already they regretted what they had done. He stood over Garrett, and for an instant laid his hand upon his shoulder. His voice now was sane and cold.

"I've worked three years for this," he said. "And for you, too, Jim. You know that. I've worked on his vanity, on his fear of death, on his damn superstition. When he talked of restitution, of giving the money to his niece, I asked 'Why?' I said, 'Leave it for a great monument to your memory. Isn't it better that ten million dollars should be spent in good works in your name, than that it should go to a chit of a child to be wasted by some fortune hunter? And—then—I evolved the Hallowell Institute, university, hospital, library, all under one roof, all under one direction; and I would have been the director. We should have handled ten millions of dollars! I'd have made you both so rich," he cried, savagely, "that in two years you'd have drunk yourselves into a mad-house. And you couldn't trust me! You've filled this house with fakes and palm-readers. And, now, everyone will know just what he is; a senile, half-witted old man; who was clay in my hands, clay in my hands—and you've robbed me of him, you've robbed me of him!" His voice, broken with anger and disappointment, rose in an hysterical wail. As though to meet it a bell rang shrilly. Gaylor started, and stood with eyes fixed on the door of the bedroom. The three men eyed each other guiltily.

The butler was the first to recover. With mask-like face he hastened noiselessly across the room. In his tones of usual authority, Gaylor stopped him.

"Tell Mr. Hallowell," he directed, "that his niece, and District Attorney Winthrop will be here any moment. Ask him if he wishes me to see them, or if he will talk to them himself?"

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When the faithful servant had entered the bedroom Gaylor turned to Rainey.

"When do these mediums come to-day?" he asked.

Rainey stared sulkily at the floor.

"I think they're here now—downstairs," he answered. "Garrett generally hides them there till you're out of the house."

"Indeed," commented Gaylor drily. "After Winthrop and Miss Coates have gone I want a talk with your friends."

"Now, see here, Judge," whined Rainey, "Don't make trouble. It isn't as bad as you think. The old man's only investigating——"

"Hush!" commanded the Judge.

From the bedroom, leaning on the butler's arm, Stephen Hallowell came stumbling toward them, and with a sigh, sank into an invalid's chair that was placed for him between the fire and the long library table. He was a very feeble, very old man, with a white face, and thin, white hair; but, with a mouth and lower jaw as hard and uncompromising as those of a skull. His eyes, which were strangely brilliant and young-looking, peered suspiciously from under ragged white eyebrows. But when they fell upon the Doctor, the eyes became suddenly credulous, pleading, filled with self-pity.

"I'm a very sick man, Doctor," said Mr. Hallowell.

Judge Gaylor bustled forward cheerily. "Nonsense, Stephen, nonsense," he cried, "you look a different man this morning, doesn't be, Doctor?"

"Sure, he does!" assented Rainey. "Little sleep was all he needed." Mr. Hallowell shook his head petulantly. "Not at all!" he protested. "That was a very serious attack. This morning, my head hurts—hurts me to think——"

"Perhaps," said Gaylor, "You'd prefer that I talked to your niece."

"No!" exclaimed the invalid excitedly. "I want to see her myself. I want to tell her, once and for all——" He checked himself, and frowned at the Doctor. "You needn't wait," he said. "And Doctor," he added meaningly, "after these people go, you come back."

With a conscious glance at the Judge, Rainey nodded and left them.

"No," continued the old man, "I want to talk to my niece, myself. But I don't want to talk to Winthrop. He's too clever a young man, Winthrop. In the merger case, you remember—had me on the stand for three hours. Made me talk, too." The mind of the old man suddenly veered at a tangent. "How the devil can Helen retain him?" he demanded peevishly. "She can't retain him. She hasn't any money. And he's District Attorney, too. It's against the law. Is he doing it as a speculation? Does he want to marry her?"

Judge Gaylor laughed soothingly.

"Heavens, no!" he said. "She's in his office, that's all. When she took this craze to be independent of you; he gave her a position as secretary, or as stenographer, or something. She's probably told him her story, her side of it, and he's helping her out of charity." The Judge smiled tolerantly. "He does that sort of thing, I believe."

The old man struck the library table with his palm. "I wish he'd mind his own business," he cried. "It's my money. She has no claim to it, never had any claim——"

The Judge interrupted quickly.

"That's all right, Stephen, that's all right," he said. "Don't excite yourself. Just get what you're to say straight in your mind, and stick to it. Remember," he went on, as though coaching a child in a task already learned, "there never was a written agreement."

"No!" muttered Hallowell. "Never was!"

"Repeat this to yourself," commanded the Judge. "The understanding between you and your brother-in-law was that if you placed his patent on the market, for the first five years, you would share the profits equally. After the five years, all rights in the patent became yours. It was unfortunate," commented the Judge drily, "that your brother-in-law and your sister died before the five years were up, especially as the patent did not begin to make money until after five years. Remember—until after five years."

"Until after five years," echoed Mr. Hallowell. "It was over six years," he went on excitedly, "before it made a cent. And, then, it was my money, and anything I give my niece is charity. She's not entitled——"

Garrett appeared at the door. "Miss Coates," he announced, "and Mr. Winthrop." Judge Gaylor raised a hand for

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silence, and as Mr. Hallowell sank back in his chair, Helen Coates, the only child of Catherine Coates, his sister, and the young District Attorney of New York came into the library. Miss Coates was a woman of between twenty-five and thirty, capable, and self-reliant. She had a certain beauty of a severe type, but an harrassed expression about her eyes made her appear to be always frowning. At times, in a hardening of the lower part of her face, she showed a likeness to her uncle. Like him, in speaking, also, her manner was positive and decided.

In age the young man who accompanied her was ten years her senior, but where her difficulties had made her appear older than she really was, the enthusiasm with which he had thrown himself against those of his own life, had left him young.

The rise of Winthrop had been swift and spectacular. Almost as soon as he graduated from the college in the little "upstate" town where he had been educated, and his family had always lived, he became the prosecuting attorney of that town, and later, at Albany, represented the district in the Assembly. From Albany he entered a law office in New York City; and in the cause of reform had fought so many good fights, that on an independent ticket, much to his surprise, he had been lifted to the high position he now held. No more in his manner than in his appearance did Winthrop suggest the popular conception of his rôle. He was not professional, not mysterious. Instead, he was sane, cheerful, tolerant. It was his philosophy to believe that the world was innocent, until it was proved guilty.

He was a bachelor, and, except for two sisters who had married men of prominence in New York, and who moved in a world of fashion into which he had not penetrated, he was alone.

When the visitors entered, Mr. Hallowell, without rising, greeted his niece cordially.

"Ah, Helen! I am glad to see you," he called, and added reproachfully, "at last."

"How do you do, sir," returned Miss Helen stiffly. With marked disapproval she bowed to Judge Gaylor.

"And our District Attorney," cried Mr. Hallowell. "Pardon my not rising, won't you? I haven't seen you, sir, since you tried to get the Grand Jury to indict me." He chuckled delightedly. "You didn't succeed," he taunted.

Winthrop shook hands with him, smiling. "Don't blame *me*," he said, "I did *my* best. I'm glad to see you in such good spirits, Mr. Hallowell. I feared, by the *Despatch*——"

"Lies, lies," interrupted Hallowell curtly. "You know Judge Gaylor?"

As he shook hands, Winthrop answered that the Judge and he were old friends; that they knew each other well.

"Know each other so well!" returned the Judge, "that we ought to be old enemies."

The younger man nodded appreciatively.

"That's true!" he laughed, "only I didn't think you'd admit it."

With light sarcasm Mr. Hallowell inquired whether Winthrop was with them in his official capacity.

"Oh, don't suggest that!" begged Winthrop, "you'll be having me indicted next. No, sir, I am here without any excuse whatsoever. I am just interfering as a friend of this young lady."

"Good," commented Hallowell. "I'd be sorry to have my niece array counsel against me—especially such distinguished counsel. Sit down, Helen."

Miss Coates balanced herself on the edge of a chair, and spoke in cool, business-like tones. "Mr. Hallowell," she began, "I came——"

"Mr. Hallowell?" objected her uncle.

"Uncle Stephen," Miss Coates again began, "I wish to be as brief as possible. I asked you to see me to-day, because I hoped that by talking things over we might avoid law suits, and litigation——"

Mr. Hallowell nodded his approval. "Yes," he said encouragingly.

"I have told Mr. Winthrop what the trouble is," Miss Coates went on, "and he agrees with me that I have been very unjustly treated——"

"By whom?" interrupted Hallowell.

"By you," said his niece.

"Wait, Helen," commanded the old man. "Have you also told Mr. Winthrop," he demanded, "that I have made a will in your favor? That, were I to die to-night, you would inherit ten millions of dollars? Is that the injustice of which you complain?"

Judge Gaylor gave an exclamation of pleasure.

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"Good!" he applauded. "Excellent!"

Hallowell turned indignantly to Winthrop. "And did she tell you, also," he demanded, "that for three years I have urged her to make a home in this house? That I have offered her an income as large as I would give my own daughter, and that she has refused both offers. And what's more,"—in his excitement, his voice rose hysterically, "by working publicly for her living she has made *me* appear mean and uncharitable, and——"

"That's just it," interrupted Miss Coates. "It isn't a question of charity."

"Will you allow me?" said Winthrop soothingly. "Your niece contends, sir," he explained, "that this money you offered her is not yours to offer. She claims it belongs to her. That it's what should have been her father's share of the profits on the Coates-Hallowell coupling pin. But, as you have willed your niece so much money, although half of it is hers already, I advised her not to fight. Going to law is an expensive business."

"But she has found out—and that's what brings me uptown this morning—that you intend to make a new will, and leave all her money and your own to establish the Hallowell Institute. Now," Winthrop continued, with a propitiating smile, "Miss Coates also would like to be a philanthropist, in her own way, with her own money. And she wishes to warn you, that unless you deliver up what is due her, she will proceed against you."

Judge Gaylor was the first to answer.

"Mr. Winthrop," he said, impressively, "I give you my word, there is not one dollar due Miss Coates, except what Mr. Hallowell pleases to give her——"

Miss Coates contradicted him sharply. "That is not so," she said. She turned to her uncle. "You and my father," she declared, "agreed in writing you would share the profits always." Mr. Hallowell looked from his niece to his lawyer. The lawyer, eying him apprehensively, nodded. With the patient voice of one who tried to reason with an unreasonable child, Mr. Hallowell began. "Helen," he said, "I have told you many times there never was such an agreement. There was a verbal——"

"And I repeat, I saw it," said Miss Coates.

"When?" asked Hallowell.

"I saw it first when I was fifteen," answered the young woman steadily, "and two years later, before mother died, she showed it to me again. It was with father's papers."

"Miss Coates," asked the Judge, "where is this agreement now?"

For a moment Miss Coates hesitated. Her dislike for Gaylor was so evident, that to make it less apparent, she lowered her eyes. "My uncle should be able to tell you," she said, evenly. "He was my father's executor. But, when he returned my father's papers," she paused; and then, although her voice fell to almost a whisper, continued defiantly, "the agreement was not with them."

There was a moment's silence. To assure himself the others had heard as he did, Mr. Hallowell glanced quickly from Winthrop to Gaylor. He half rose from his chair, and leaned across the table.

"What!" he demanded.

His niece looked at him steadily.

"You heard what I said." she answered.

The old man leaned farther forward.

"So!" he cried, "so! I am not only doing you an injustice, but, I am a thief! Mr. Winthrop," he cried, appealingly, "do you appreciate the seriousness of this?"

Winthrop nodded cheerfully. "It's certainly pretty serious," he assented.

"It is so serious," cried Mr. Hallowell, "that I welcome you into this matter. Now, we will settle it once and forever." He turned to his niece. "I have tried to be generous," he cried, "I have tried to be kind, and you insult me in my own house." He pressed the button that summoned the butler from the floor below. "Gentlemen, this interview is at an end. From now on, this matter is in the hands of my lawyer. We will settle this in the courts."

With an exclamation of pleasure that was an acceptance of his challenge, Miss Coates rose.

"That is satisfactory to me," she said.

Winthrop turned to Mr. Hallowell.

"Could I have a few minutes' talk with Judge Gaylor now?" he asked. "Not as anybody's counsel;" he explained, "just as an old 'enemy' of his?"

"Well, not here," protested the old man querulously. "I'm—I'm expecting some friends here. Judge, take Mr. Winthrop to the drawing-room downstairs." He turned to Garrett, who had appeared in answer to

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his summons, and told him to bring Dr. Rainey to the library. The butler left the room, and as Gaylor and Winthrop followed, the latter asked Miss Coates if he might expect to see her at the "Office." She told him that she was now on her way there. Without acknowledging the presence of her uncle, she had started to follow the others, when Mr. Hallowell stopped her.

After they were alone, for a moment he sat staring at her, his eyes filled with dislike and with a suggestion of childish spite. "I might as well tell you," he began, "that after what you said this morning, I will never give you a single dollar of my money."

The tone in which his niece replied to him was no more conciliatory than his own. "You cannot give it to me," she answered, "because it is not yours to give." As though to add impressiveness to what she was about to say, or to prevent his interrupting her, she raised her hand. So interested in each other were the old man and the girl that neither noticed the appearance in the door of Dr. Rainey and the butler, who halted, hesitating, waiting permission to enter.

"That money belongs to me," said Miss Coates slowly, "and as sure as my mother is in Heaven and her spirit is guiding me, that money will be given me."

In the pause that followed, a swift and singular change came over the face of Mr. Hallowell. He stared at his niece as though fascinated. His lower lip dropped in awe. The look of hostility gave way to one of intense interest. His voice was hardly louder than a whisper.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

The girl looked at him uncomprehending. "What do I mean?" she repeated.

"When you said," he stammered eagerly, "that the spirit of your mother was guiding you, what did you mean?"

In the doorway, Rainey and the butler started. Each threw at the other a quick glance of concern.

"Why," exclaimed the girl impatiently, "her influence, her example, what she taught me."

"Oh!" exclaimed the old man—he leaned back with an air almost of disappointment.

"When she was alive?" he said.

"Of course," answered the girl.

"Of course," repeated the uncle. "I thought you meant——" He looked suspiciously at her and shook his head. "Never mind," he added. "Well——" he went on, cynically, striving to cover up the embarrassment of the moment, "Your mother's spirit will probably feel as deep an interest in her brother as in her daughter. We shall see, we shall see which of us two she is going to help." He turned to Garrett and Rainey in the hall. "Take my niece to the door, Garrett," he directed.

As soon as Miss Coates had disappeared, Hallowell turned to Rainey, his face lit with pleased and childish anticipation.

"Well," he whispered eagerly, "is she here?"

Rainey nodded and glanced in the direction opposite to the one Miss Coates had taken. "She's been waiting half an hour. And the Professor, too."

"Bring them at once," commanded Mr. Hallowell excitedly. "And, then shut the door—and—and tell the Judge I can't see him—tell him I'm too tired to see him. Understand?"

Rainey peered cautiously over the railing of the stairs to the first floor, and then beckoned to some one who apparently was waiting at the end of the hall.

"Miss Vera, sir," he announced. "And Professor Vance."

Although but lately established in New York, the persons Dr. Rainey introduced had already made themselves comparatively well known. For the last six weeks as "head-liners" at one of the vaudeville theatres, and as entertainers at private houses, under the firm name of "The Vances," they had been giving an exhibition of code and cipher signalling. They called it mind-reading. During the day at the house of Vance and his wife, the girl, as "Vera, the Medium," furnished to all comers memories of the past or news of the future. In their profession, in all of its branches, the man and the girl were past masters. They knew it from the A, B, C of the dream book to the post-graduate work of projecting from a cabinet the spirits of the dead. As the occasion offered and paid best, they were mind readers, clairvoyants, materializing mediums, test-mediums. From them, a pack of cards, a crystal globe, the lines of the human hand, held no secrets. They found lost articles, cast horoscopes, gave advice in affairs of the heart, of busi-

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ness and speculation, uttered warnings of journeys over seas, and against a smooth-shaven stranger. They even stooped to foretell earthquakes, or caused to drop fluttering from the ceiling, a letter straight from the Himalayas. Among those who are the gypsies of the cities, they were the aristocrats of their calling; and to them that calling was as legitimate a business as is, to the roadside gypsy, the swapping of horses. The fore-parents of each had followed that same calling, and to the children it was commonplace and matter-of-fact. It held no adventure, no moral obloquy.

"Prof." Paul Vance was a young man of under forty years. He looked like a fox. He had red eyes, alert and cunning, a long, sharp-pointed nose, a pointed red beard, and red eyebrows that slanted upward. His hair, standing erect in a pompadour, and his uplifted eyebrows, gave him the watchful look of the fox when he hears suddenly the hound baying in pursuit. But no one had ever successfully pursued Vance. No one had ever driven him into a corner from which, either pleasantly, or with raging indignation, he was not able to free himself. Seven years before he had disloyally married out of the "profession" and for no other reason than that he was in love with the woman he married. She had come to seek advice from the spirit-world in regard to taking a second husband. After several visits, the spirit-world had advised Vance to advise her to marry Vance.

She did so, and though the man was still in love with his wife, he had not found her, in his work, the assistance he had hoped she might be. She still was a "believer"; in the technical vernacular of her husband, "a dope." Not even the intimate knowledge she had gained behind the scenes could persuade her that Paul, her husband, was not in constant communication with the spirit-world, or that, if he wished, he could not read the thoughts that moved slowly through her pretty head.

At the time of his marriage, the girl Vera, then a child of fourteen, had written to Vance for help. She was ill, without money, and asked for work. To him she was known as the last of a long line of people who had always been professional mediums and spiritualists; and, out of charity, and from a sense of *noblesse oblige* to one of the *electe* of the profession, Vance had made her his assistant. He had never regretted having done so. The bread cast upon the waters was returned a thousand fold. From the first, the girl brought in money. And his wife, the older of the two, had welcomed her as a companion. After a fashion the Vances had adopted her. In the advertisements she was described as their "ward."

Vera now was twenty-one, tall, wonderfully graceful and of the most enchanting loveliness. Her education had been cosmopolitan. In the largest cities of America she had met persons of every class; young women, old women, mothers with married sons and daughters, women of society as it is exploited in the Sunday supplements; school-girls, shop-girls, factory-girls—all had told her their troubles; and men of every condition, had come to scoff and had remained to express, more or less offensively, their admiration. Some of the younger of these, after a first visit, returned the day following and each begged the beautiful priestess of the occult to fly with him, to live with him, to marry him. When this happened Vera would touch a button, and "Mannie" Day, who admitted visitors, and later, in the hall, searched their hats and umbrellas for initials, came on the run, and threw the infatuated one out upon a cold and unfeeling sidewalk.

So Vera had seen both the seamy side of life, and, in the drawing-rooms where Vance and she exhibited their mind-reading tricks, had been made much of by great ladies and, for an hour as brief as Cinderella's, had looked upon a world of kind and well-bred people. Since she was fourteen, for seven years, this had been her life. A life as open to the public as the life of an actress, as easy of access as that of the stenographer in the hotel lobby. As a result, the girl had encased herself in a defensive armor of hardness and distrust, a protection which was rendered futile by the loveliness of her face, by the softness of her voice, by the deep, brooding eyes, and the fine forehead on which, like a crown, rested the black waves of her hair.

In her work Vera accepted, without question, the parts to which Vance assigned her. When in their mummeries they were successful, she neither enjoyed the credulity of those they had tricked, nor was sobered with remorse. In the world Vance found a certain number of people with money who de-

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manded to be fooled. It was his business and hers to meet that demand. If ever the conscience of either stirred restlessly, Vance soothed it by the easy answer that, if they did not take the money, someone else would. It was all in the day's work. It was her profession.

As she entered the library of Mr. Hallowell, which, with Vance, she already had visited several times, she looked like a child masquerading in her mother's finery. She suggested an ingenue who had been suddenly sent on in the rôle of the Russian adventuress. Her slight girl's figure was draped in black lace. Her face was shaded by a large picture-hat, heavy with drooping ostrich feathers; around her shoulders was a necklace of jade, and on her wrists many bracelets of silver gilt. When she moved, they rattled. As the girl advanced, smiling, to greet Mr. Hallowell, she suddenly stopped, shivered slightly and threw her right arm across her eyes. Her left arm she stretched out over the table.

"Give me your hand!" she commanded. Dubiously, with a watchful glance at Vance, Mr. Hallowell leaned forward and took her hand.

"You have been ill," cried the girl; "very ill—I see you—I see you in a kind of faint—very lately." Her voice rose excitedly. "Yes, last night."

Mr. Hallowell protested with indignation. "You read that in the morning paper," he said.

Vera lowered her arm from her eyes and turned them reproachfully on him.

"I don't read the *Despatch*," she answered.

Mr. Hallowell drew back suspiciously. "I didn't say it was the *Despatch*," he returned.

Vance quickly interposed. "You don't have to say it," he explained glibly; "you thought it. And Vera read your thoughts. You *were* thinking of the *Despatch*, weren't you? Well, there you are! It's wonderful!"

"Wonderful? Nonsense!" mocked Mr. Hallowell. "She did read it in the paper or Rainey told her."

The girl shrugged her shoulders patiently. "If you would rather find out you were ill from the newspapers than from the spirit-world," she enquired, "why do you ask me here?"

"I ask you here, young woman," exclaimed Hallowell, sinking back in his chair, "because I hoped you would tell me something I can't learn from the newspapers. But you haven't been able to do it yet. My dear young lady," exclaimed the old man appealingly, almost wistfully, "I want to believe, but I must be convinced. No tricks with me! I can explain how you might have found out everything you have told me. Give me a sign!" He beat the flat of his hand upon the table, "Show me something I can't explain!"

"Mr. Hallowell is quite right, Vera," said Vance. "He is entering what is to him a new world, full of mysteries, and that caution which, in this world, has made him so successful——"

With an exclamation, Hallowell cut in upon the patter of the showman.

"Yes, yes," he interrupted, petulantly; "I tell you, I want to believe. Convince me."

Considering the situation with pursed lips and thoughtful eyes, Vera gazed at the old man, frowning. Finally she asked, "Have you witnessed our demonstrations of mind-reading?"

Mr. Hallowell snorted, "Certainly not," he replied, "it's a trick!"

"A trick!" cried the girl, indignantly, "to read a man's mind—to see right through your forehead, through your skull, into your brain? Is that a trick?" She turned sharply to Vance, "Show him!" she commanded, "show him!" She crossed rapidly to the window and stood looking down into the street, with her back to the room.

Vance, with his back turned to Vera, stood close to the table, on the other side of which Hallowell was reclining in his arm-chair. Vance picked up a pen-holder.

"Think of what I have in my hand, please," he said. "What is this, Vera?" he asked. The girl, gazing from the window at the traffic in the avenue below her, answered with indifference, "A pen-holder."

"Yes, what about it?" snapped Vance.

"Gold pen-holder," Vera answered more rapidly. "Much engraving—initials S. H.—Mr. Hallowell's initials——"

"There is a date, too—can you——"

"December—" Vera hesitated.

"Go on," commanded Vance.

"Twenty-five, one, eight, eight, six; one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six." She moved her shoulders impatiently.

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"Oh, tell him to think of something difficult," she said.

From behind Mr. Hallowell's chair Rainey signalled to Vance to take from the table a photograph frame of silver, which held the picture of a woman.

Vance picked it up, holding it close to him.

"What have I here, Vera?" he asked.

Hallowell, seeing what Vance held in his hand, leaned forward. "Put that down!" he commanded. But Vera had already begun to answer.

"A picture, a picture of a young woman. Ask him to think of who it is, and I will tell him."

At the words Mr. Hallowell hesitated, frowned, and then nodded.

"It is his sister," called Vera. "Her name was—I seem to see a 'Catherine'; yes, that's it, Catherine Coates. She is no longer with us. She passed into the spirit-world three years ago." The girl turned suddenly and approached the table, holding her head high, as though offended. "How do you explain that trick?" she demanded.

Mr. Hallowell moved uneasily in his chair. "Oh, the picture's been on my desk each time you've been here," he answered dubiously. "Rainey could have told you."

"As a matter of fact, I didn't," said Rainey.

Hallowell's eyes lightened with interest. "Didn't you?" he asked. He turned to Vera. "If you can read my mind," he challenged, "you," he added, pointing at Vance, "keep out of this, now—tell me of what I am thinking." As Vance drew back, Rainey and himself exchanged a quick glance of apprehension, but the girl promptly closed her eyes, and at once, in a dull, measured tone, began to speak.

"You were thinking you would like to ask a question of some one in the spirit," she recited. "But you are afraid. You do not trust me. You will wait until I give you a sign, then you will ask that question of some one dear to you, who has passed beyond, and she will answer, and your troubles will be at an end." She opened her eyes and stared at Mr. Hallowell like one coming out of a dream. "What did I say?" she asked. "Was I right?"

Hallowell sank back in his chair, shaking his head.

"Yes," he began grudgingly, "but——"

With an eagerness hardly concealed Vance interrupted.

"What is the question you wish to ask?" he begged.

With a frown of suspicion, Hallowell turned from him to Rainey.

"I don't think I ought to let them know," he questioned, "do you?" But his attention was sharply diverted.

Vera, in a hushed and solemn voice, called for silence.

"My control," she explained, her tone was deep and awestruck, "is trying to communicate with me."

Vance gave an exclamation of concern. The prospect of the phenomena Vera promised seemed to fill him with delightful expectations. "Be very quiet," he cautioned, "do not disturb her."

Deeply impressed, Mr. Hallowell struggled from his chair. Unaided, he moved to below the table and leaning against it looked, with unwilling but fascinated interest, at Vera's uplifted face.

"Someone in the spirit," Vera chanted, in an unemotional, drugged voice, "wishes to speak to Mr. Hallowell. Give me your hand."

"Quick!" directed Vance, "give her your hand. Take her hand."

"Yes, he is here," Vera continued. "A woman has a message for you, she is standing close beside you. She is holding out her arms. And she is trying, so hard, to tell you something. What is it?" the girl questioned. "Oh, what is it? Tell *me*," she begged. "Can't you tell me?"

Hallowell eyed her greedily, waiting almost without breathing, for her words. The hand with which he held hers, crushed her rings into her fingers.

"What sort?"—whispered the old man—"What sort of a woman?"

With eyes still closed, swaying slightly and with abrupt shudders running down her body, the girl continued in dull, fateful tones.

"She is a fair woman; about forty-five. She is speaking. She calls to you, 'Brother, Brother.'" Vera's voice rose excitedly. "It is the woman in the picture; your sister! Catherine! I see it written above her head, Catherine. In letters of light." She turned suddenly and fiercely. "Ask her your question!" he commanded. "Ask her your question, *now!*"

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By the sudden swaying forward of Vance and Rainey; in the intent look in their eyes, it was evident that a crisis had approached. But Mr. Hallowell, terrified and trembling, shrank back. His voice broke, hysterically. "No, no!" he pleaded. Both anger and disappointment showed in the face of Vance and Rainey; but the girl, as though detached from any human concerns, continued unmoved. "I see another figure," she recited. "A young girl, but she is of this world. I seem to see an H. Yes. Helen, in letters of fire."

"My niece, Helen!" Hallowell whispered hoarsely.

"Yes, your niece," chanted the girl. Her voice rose and thrilled. "And I see much gold," she cried. "Between the two women, heaps of gold. Everywhere I look, I see gold. And, now, the other woman, your sister, is trying to speak to you. Listen! She calls to you, 'Brother!'"

So centred was the interest of those in the room, so compelling the sound of the girl's voice, that, unnoticed, the sliding doors to the library were slipped apart. Unobserved, Judge Gaylor and Winthrop halted in the doorway. To the Judge, the meaning of the scene was instantly apparent. His face flushed furiously. Winthrop, uncomprehending, gazed unconcerned over Gaylor's shoulder. The voice of Vera rose hysterically to her climax.

"She bids me tell you," Vera cried, "'Tell my brother——'"

Gaylor swept towards her.

"What damned farce is this?" he shouted.

The effect of the interruption was instant and startling. Mr. Hallowell, who, in the last few minutes, had believed he was listening to a voice from the dead, collapsed upon the shoulder of Rainey, who sprang to support him. Like a somnambulist wrenched from sleep, Vera gave a scream of fright, half genuine, half assumed, and swayed as though about to fall. Vance caught her in his arms. He turned on Gaylor, his cunning red eyes flashing evilly.

"You brute!" he cried, "you might have killed her."

Between her sobs, Vera, her head upon the shoulder of Vance, whispered a question. As quickly, under cover of muttered sympathy, Vance answered. "Gaylor. The Judge."

Still slightly swaying, Vera stood upright. She passed her hand vaguely before her eyes. "Where am I?" she asked feebly. "Where am I?"

Gaylor shook his fist at the girl.

"You know where you are!" he thundered; "and you know where you're going —you're going to jail!"

In the hush that followed, Vera drew herself to her full height. She regarded Gaylor wonderingly, haughtily, as though he were some drunken intruder from the street.

"Are you speaking to me?" she asked.

"Yes, to you," shouted the lawyer. "You're an imposter, and a swindler, and —and——"

Winthrop pushed between them.

"Yes, and she's a woman," he said, briskly, "if you want a row, talk to the man."

To this point, the scene had brought to Vera no emotion save the excitement that is felt by the one who is struggling to escape. The appearance of a champion added a new interest. Through no fault of her own, she had learned by experience, that to the one man who annoyed her there always were six to spring to her protection. So the glance she covertly turned upon Winthrop was one less of gratitude than of curiosity.

But at the first sight of him the girl started, her eyes lit with recognition, her face flushed. And then, although the man was in no way regarding her, her eyes filled, and in mortification and dismay she blushed crimson.

His anger, still unsatisfied, Gaylor turned upon Vance.

"And you," he cried, "you're going to jail, too. I'll drive——"

The voice of Mr. Hallowell, shaken with pain and distress, rose feebly, beseechingly. "Henry!" he begged, "I can't stand it!"

"Judge Gaylor!" thundered Rainey, "I won't be responsible if you keep this up."

With an exclamation of remorse, Vera ran to the side of the old man. With Rainey on his other hand, she raised him upright upon his feet.

"Lean on me," begged the girl breathlessly. "I'm very strong. Lean on me."

Mr. Hallowell shook his head. "No, child," he protested, "not you." He turned to his old friend. "You help me, Henry," he begged.

With the authority of the medical man,

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Rainey waved Vance into the bed-room. "Close those windows," he ordered. "You help me!" he commanded of Gaylor. "Put your arm under him."

Mr. Hallowell, protesting feebly and leaning heavily upon the two men, stumbled into the bedroom, and the door was shut behind him.

For a moment the girl and the man stood in silence; and then, as though suddenly conscious of her presence, Winthrop turned and smiled.

The girl did not answer his smile. From under the shadow of the picture-hat and the ostrich feathers her eyes regarded him searchingly, watchfully.

For the first time, Winthrop had the chance to observe her. He saw that she was very young, that her clothes cruelly disguised her, that she was only a child masquerading as a brigand, that her face was distractingly lovely. Having noted this, the fact that she had driven several grown men to abuse and vituperation struck him as being extremely humorous; nor did he try to conceal his amusement. But the watchfulness in the eyes of the girl did not relax.

"I'm afraid I interfered with your seance," said the District Attorney.

The girl regarded him warily, like a fencer fixing her eyes on those of her opponent. There was a pause, which lasted so long that had the silence continued it would have been rude. "Well," the girl returned at last, timidly, "that's what the city expects you to do, is it not?"

Winthrop laughed. "How did you know who I was?" he asked, and then added quickly, "Of course, you're a mind-reader."

For the first time the girl smiled. Winthrop found it a charming smile, wistful and confiding.

"I don't have to ask the spirit-world," she said, "to tell *me* who is District Attorney of New York."

"Yes," said the District Attorney; "yes, I suppose you have to be pretty well acquainted with some of the laws—those about mediums?"

"If you knew as much about other laws," began Vera, "as I do about the law——" she broke off, and again smiled upon him.

"Then you probably know," said Winthrop, "that what our excited friend said to you just now is legally quite true?"

The smile passed from the face of the girl. She looked at the young man with fine disdain, as a great lady might reprove with a glance the man who snapped a camera at her.

"Yes?" she asked. "Well, what are you going to do about it—arrest me?" Mocking him, in a burlesque of melodrama, she held out her arms. "Don't put the handcuffs on me," she begged.

Winthrop found her impudence amusing; and, with the charm of her novelty, he was conscious of a growing conviction that, somewhere, they had met before; that already at a crisis, she had come into his life. "I won't arrest you," he said, with a puzzled smile, "on one condition."

"Ah!" mocked Vera; "he is generous."

"And the condition is," Winthrop went on seriously, "That you tell me where we met before?"

The girl's expression became instantly mask-like. To learn if he suspected where it was that they had met, she searched his face quickly. She was reassured that of the event he had no real recollection.

"That's rather difficult, isn't it," she continued lightly, "when you consider I've been giving exhibitions of mind-readings for the last six weeks on Broadway, and in the homes of people you probably know?"

"No," Winthrop exclaimed eagerly, "it wasn't in a theatre, and it wasn't in a private house. It was—" he shook his head helplessly, and looked at her for assistance. "You don't know, do you?"

The girl regarded him steadily. "How should I?" she said. And then, as though decided upon a course of action of the wisdom of which she was uncertain, she laughed uneasily.

"But the spirits would know," she said. "I might ask them."

"Do!" cried Winthrop, delightedly. "How much would that be?"

As though to reprove his flippancy, the girl frowned. With a nervous tremor, which this time seemed genuine enough, she threw back her head, closed her eyes, and laid her arm across her forehead.

Winthrop, unobserved, watched her with a smile, partly of amusement, partly on account of her beauty, of admiration.

"I see—a court-room," said the girl. "It is very mean and bare. It is somewhere up the State; in a small town. Outside, there are trees, and the sun is shining, and peo-

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Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele.

Vera, in a hushed and solemn voice, called for silence.—Page 406.

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ple are walking in a public park. Inside, in the prisoner's dock, there is a girl. She has been arrested—for theft. She has pleaded 'guilty.' And I see—that she has been very ill—that she is faint from shame—and fear—and lack of food. And there is a young lawyer. He is defending her; he is asking the judge to be merciful, because this is her first offence, because she stole the cloak to get money to take her where she had been promised work. Because this is his *first case.*"

Winthrop gave a gasp of disbelief.

"You don't mean to tell me—" he cried.

"Hush!" commanded the girl. "And he persuades the Judge to let her go," she continued quickly, her voice shaking, "and he and the girl walk out of the court-house together. And he talks to her kindly, and gives her money to pay her way to the people who have promised her work."

Vera dropped her arm and, stepping back, faced Winthrop. Through her tears her eyes were flashing proudly, gratefully; the feeling that shook her made her voice vibrate. The girl seemed proud of her tears, proud of her debt of gratitude.

"And I've never forgotten you," she said, her voice eager and trembling, "and what you did for me. And I've watched you come to this city, and fight it, and fight it, until you made them put you where you are." She stopped to control her voice, and smiled at him. "And *that's* why I knew you were District Attorney," she said; "and, please—" She fumbled in the mesh purse at her waist and taking a bill from it, threw it upon the table. "And, please, there's the money I owe you, and—and—I thank you—and good-by." She turned and almost ran from him toward the door to the hall.

"Stop!" cried Winthrop.

Poised for flight, the girl halted, and looked back.

"When can I see you again?" said the man. The tone made it less a question than a command.

In a manner as determined as his own, the girl shook her head.

"No!" she said.

"I must!" returned the man.

Again the girl shook her head, definitely, finally.

"It won't help you in your work," she pleaded, "to come to see me."

"I must!" repeated Winthrop, simply.

The eyes of the girl met his, appealingly, defiantly.

"You'll be sorry," said the girl.

Winthrop laughed an eager, boyish laugh. When he spoke the tenseness in his voice had gone. His tone was confident, bantering.

"Then I will not come to see you," he said.

Uncertain, puzzled, Vera looked at him in distress. She thought he was mocking her.

"No?" she questioned.

"I'll come to see Vera, the medium," he explained.

Vera frowned, and then, in happy embarrassment, smiled wistfully.

"Oh, well," she stammered; "of course, if you're coming to consult me professionally—my hours are from four to six."

"I'll be there," cried the District Attorney.

Vera leaned forward eagerly.

"What day will you come?" she demanded.

"What day!" exclaimed the young man indignantly. "Why, *this* day!"

Vera gave a guilty, frightened laugh.

"Oh, will you?" she exclaimed delightedly. She clasped her fingers in a gesture of dismay. "Oh, I *hope* you won't be sorry!" she cried.

For some moments the District Attorney of New York stood looking at the door through which she had disappeared.

(To be continued.)

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GLIMPSES OF MVNICH LIFE

BY RENÉ REINICKE

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AT THE HOF-BRÄVHAVS

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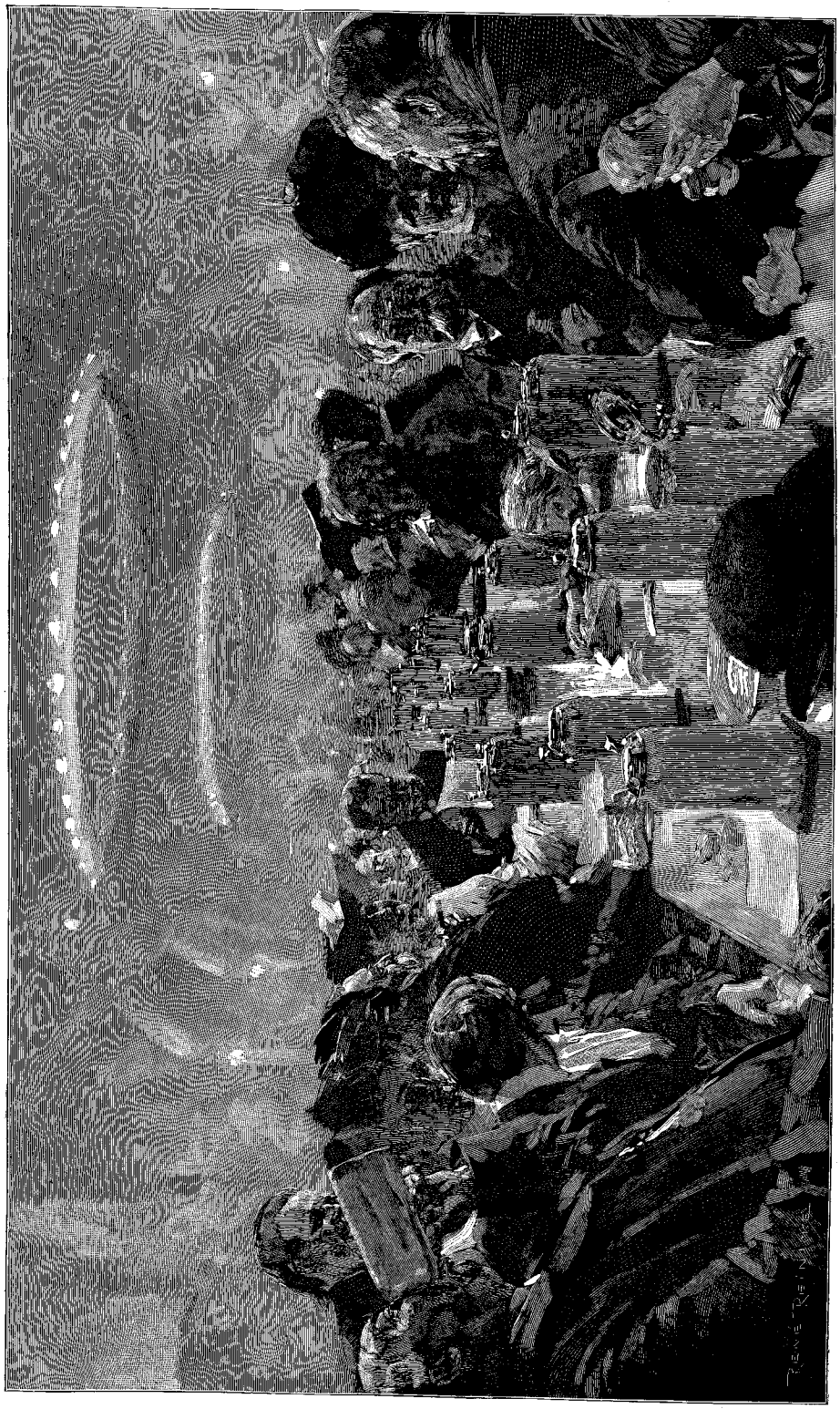

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IN A WOMAN'S RIGHTS MEETING

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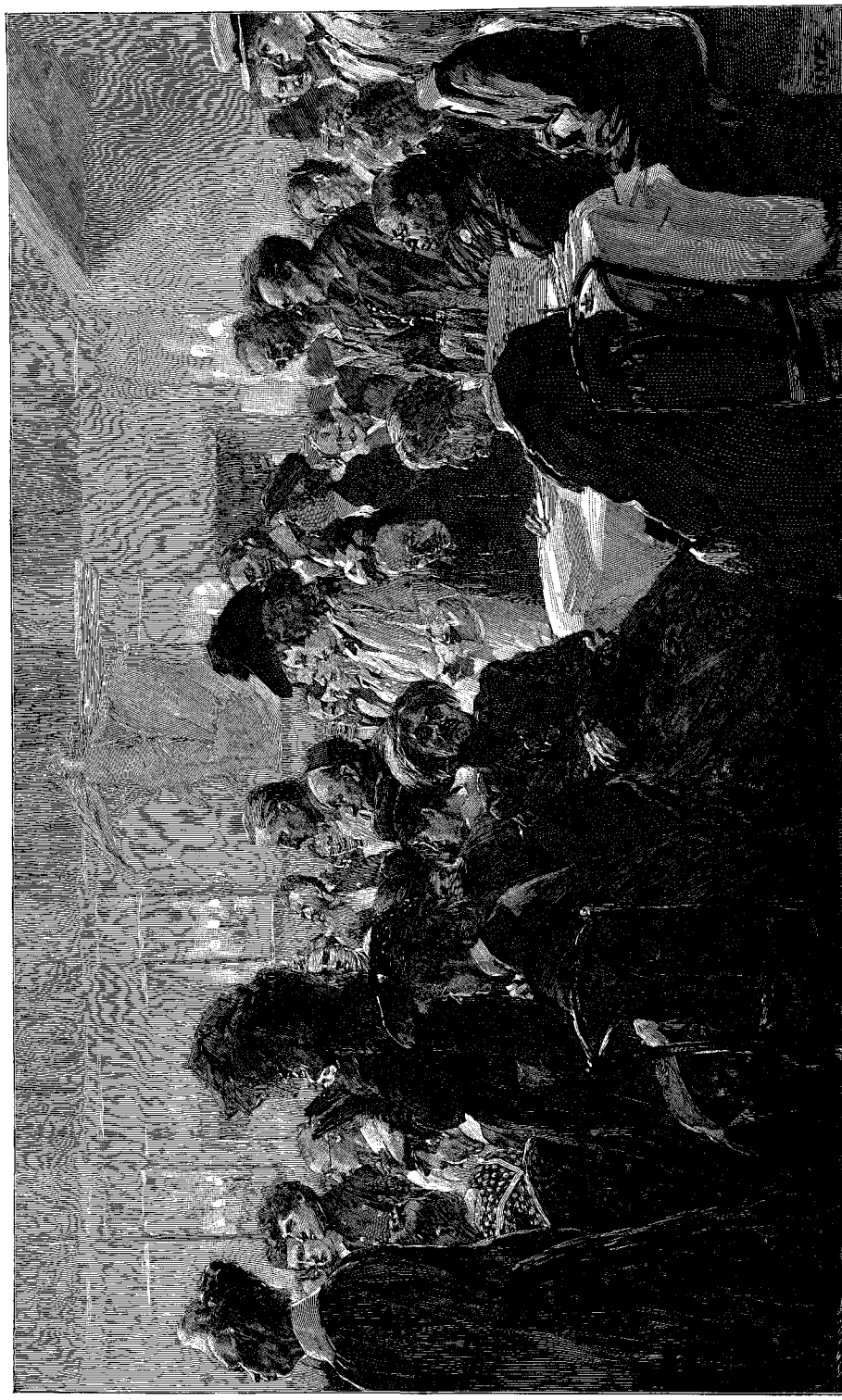

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A MASKED BALL

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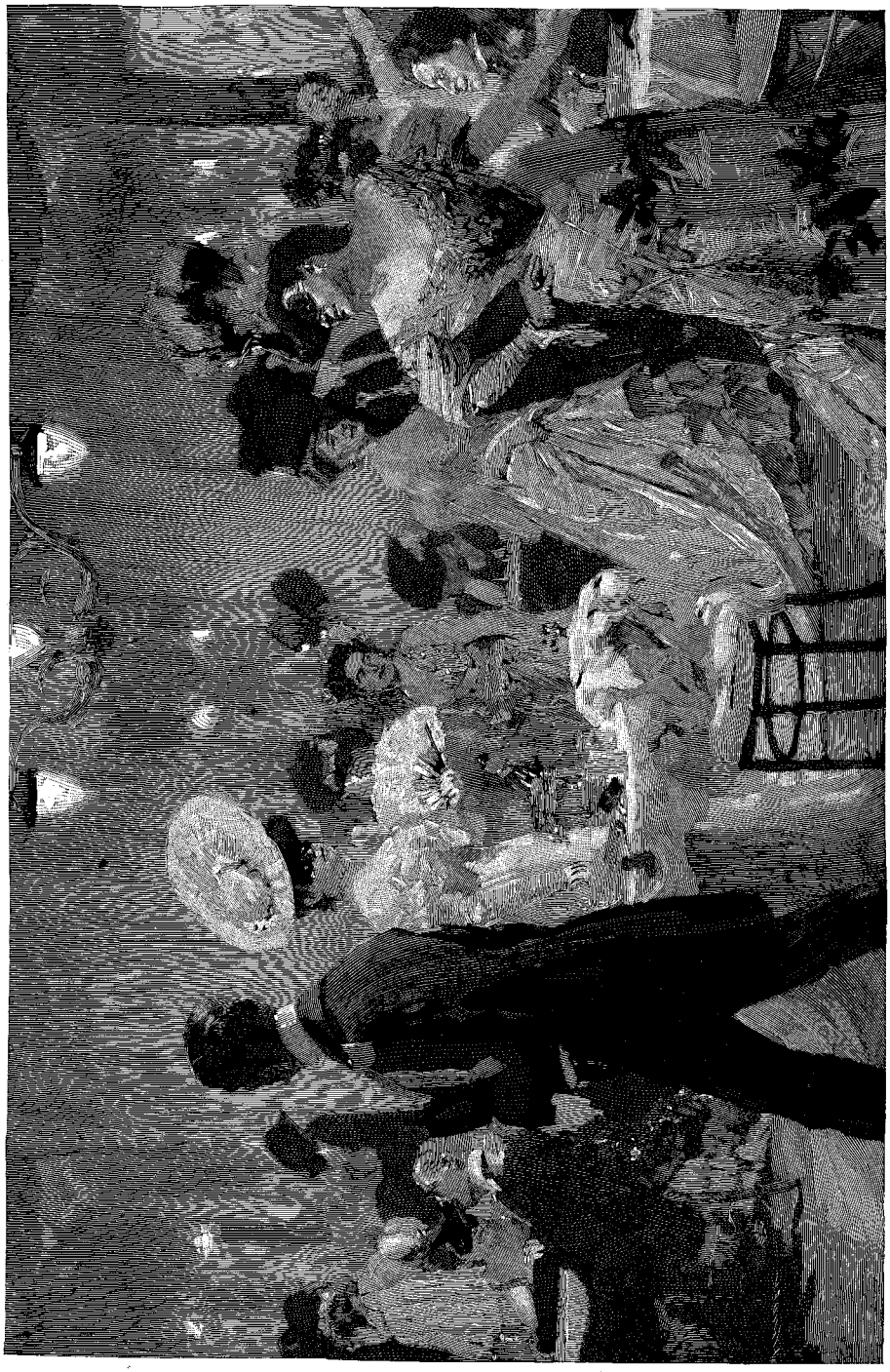

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AFTERNOON COFFEE IN A WOMAN'S CAFÉ

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I'm proud—proud—why little sweetheart——"—Page 433.

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THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XIV

BUT June did not go home. Hale anticipated that resolution of hers and forestalled it by being on hand for breakfast and taking June over to the porch of his little office. There he tried to explain to her that they were trying to build a town and must have law and order; that they must have no personal feeling for or against anybody and must treat everybody exactly alike — no other course was fair — and though June could not quite understand, she trusted him and she said she would keep on at school until her father came for her.

"Do you think he will come, June?"

The little girl hesitated.

"I'm afeerd he will," she said, and Hale smiled.

"Well, I'll try to persuade him to let you stay if he does come."

June was quite right. She had seen the matter the night before just as it was. For just at that hour young Dave, sobered, but still on the verge of tears from anger and humiliation, was telling the story of the day in her father's cabin. The old man's brows drew together and his eyes grew fierce and sullen, both at the insult to a Tolliver and at the thought of a certain moonshine still up a ravine not far away and the indirect danger to it in any finicky growth of law and order. Still he had a keen sense of justice, and he knew that Dave had not told all the story, and from him Dave, to his wonder, got scant comfort—for another reason as well: with a deal pending for the sale of his lands, the shrewd old man would not risk giving offence to Hale—not until that matter was settled, anyway. And so June was safer from interference just then than she knew. But Dave carried the story far and wide, and it spread as a story only can in the hills. So that the two people most talked about among the Tollivers and, through Loretta, among the Falins, as well, were June and Hale, and at the Gap similar talk would come. Already Hale's name was on every tongue in the town, and there, because of his recent purchases of town-site land, he was already, aside from his personal influence, a man of mysterious power.

Meanwhile, the prescient shadow of the coming "boom" had stolen over the hills and the work of the guard had grown rapidly. Every Saturday there had been local lawlessness to deal with. The spirit of personal liberty that characterized the spot was traditional. Here for half a century the people of Wise County and of Lee, whose border was but a few miles down the river, came to get their wool carded, their grist ground and farming utensils mended. Here, too, elections were held *viva voce* under the beeches, at the foot of the wooded spur now known as Imboden Hill. Here were the muster days of war-time. Here on Saturdays the people had come together during half a century for sport and horse-trading and to talk politics. Here they drank apple-jack and hard cider, chaffed and quarrelled and fought fist and skull. Here the bullies of the two counties would come together to decide who was the "best man." Here was naturally engendered the hostility between the hill-dwellers of Wise and the valley people of Lee, and here was fought a famous battle between a famous bully of Wise and a famous bully of Lee. On election days people would bring in ginger-cakes made of cane-molasses, bread home-made of Burr flour and moonshine and apple-jack which the candidates would buy and distribute through the crowd. And always during the afternoon there were men who would try to prove themselves the best Democrats in the State of Virginia by resort to tooth, fist and eye-gouging thumb. Then to these elections sometimes would come the Kentuckians from over the border to stir up the hostility between state and state, which makes that border bristle with enmity to this day.

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For half a century, then, all wild oats from elsewhere usually sprouted at the Gap. And thus the Gap had been the shrine of personal freedom—the place where any one individual had the right to do his pleasure with bottle and cards and politics and any other the right to prove him wrong if he were strong enough. Very soon, as the Hon. Sam Budd predicted, they had the hostility of Lee concentrated on them as siding with the county of Wise and they would gain, in addition now, the general hostility of the Kentuckians, because as a crowd of meddlesome "furriners" they would be siding with the Virginians in the general enmity already alive. Moreover, now that the feud threatened activity over in Kentucky, more trouble must come, too, from that source, as the talk that came through the Gap, after young Dave Tolliver's arrest, plainly indicated.

Town ordinances had been passed. The wild centaurs were no longer allowed to ride up and down the plank walks of Saturdays with their reins in their teeth and firing a pistol into the ground with either hand; they could punctuate the hotel sign no more; they could not ride at a fast gallop through the streets of the town, and, Lost Spirit of American Liberty!—they could not even yell. But the lawlessness of the town itself and its close environment was naturally the first objective point, and the first problem involved was moonshine and its faithful ally "the blind tiger." The "tiger" is a little shanty with an ever-open mouth—a hole in the door like a post-office window. You place your money on the sill and at the ring of the coin a mysterious arm emerges from the hole, sweeps the money away, and leaves a bottle of white whiskey. Thus you see nobody's face; the owner of the beast is safe, and so are you—which you might not be if you saw and told. In every little hollow about the Gap a tiger had his lair, and these were all bearded at once by a petition to the county judge for high license saloons which was granted. This measure drove the tigers out of business, and concentrated moonshine in the heart of the town, where its devotees were under easy guard. One "tiger" only indeed was left, run by a round-shouldered crouching creature whom Bob Berkley—now at Hale's solicitation a policeman and known as the Infant of the Guard—dubbed Caliban. His shanty stood midway in the Gap, high from the road, set against a dark clump of pines and roared at by the river beneath. Everybody knew he sold whiskey, but he was too shrewd to be caught, until, late one afternoon, two days after young Dave's arrest, Hale coming through the Gap into town glimpsed a skulking figure with a hand-barrel as it slipped from the dark pines into Caliban's cabin. He pulled in his horse, dismounted and deliberated. If he went on down the road now, they would see him and suspect. Moreover, the patrons of the tiger would not appear until after dark, and he wanted a prisoner or two. So Hale led his horse up into the bushes and came back to a covert by the roadside to watch and wait. As he sat there, a merry whistle sounded down the road, and Hale smiled. Soon the Infant of the Guard came along, his hands in his pockets, his cap on the back of his head, his pistol bumping his hip in manly fashion and making the ravines echo with his pursed lips. He stopped in front of Hale, looked towards the river, drew his revolver and aimed it at a floating piece of wood. The revolver cracked, the piece of wood skidded on the surface of the water and there was no splash.

"That was a pretty good shot," said Hale in a low voice. The boy whirled and saw him.

"Well—what are you——?"

"Easy—easy!" cautioned Hale. "Listen! I've just seen a moonshiner go into Caliban's cabin." The boy's eager eyes sparkled.

"Let's go after him."

"No, you go on back. If you don't, they'll be suspicious. Get another man"—Hale almost laughed at the disappointment in the lad's face at his first words, and the joy that came after it—"and climb high above the shanty and come back here to me. Then after dark we'll dash in and cinch Caliban and his customers."

"Yes, sir," said the lad. "Shall I whistle going back?" Hale nodded approval.

"Just the same." And off Bob went, whistling like a calliope and not even turning his head to look at the cabin. In half an hour Hale thought he heard something crashing through the bushes high on the mountain side, and a little while afterwards—the boy crawled through the bushes to him alone. His cap was gone, there was

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a bloody scratch across his face and he was streaming with perspiration.

"You'll have to excuse me, sir," he panted, "I didn't see anybody but one of my brothers, and if I had told him, he wouldn't have let *me* come. And I hurried back for fear—for fear something would happen."

"Well, suppose I don't let you go."

"Excuse me, sir, but I don't see how you can very well help. You aren't my brother and you can't go alone."

"I was," said Hale.

"Yes, sir, but not now."

Hale was worried, but there was nothing else to be done.

"All right. I'll let you go if you stop saying 'sir' to me. It makes me feel so old."

"Certainly, sir," said the lad quite unconsciously, and when Hale smothered a laugh he looked around to see what had amused him. Darkness fell quickly, and in the gathering gloom they saw two more figures skulk into the cabin.

"We'll go now—for we want the fellow who's selling the moonshine."

Again Hale was beset with doubts about the boy and his own responsibility to the boy's brothers. The lad's eyes were shining, but his face was more eager than excited and his hand was as steady as Hale's own.

"You slip around and station yourself behind that pine tree just behind the cabin"—the boy looked crestfallen—"and if anybody tries to get out of the back door—you halt him."

"Is there a back door?"

"I don't know," Hale said rather shortly. "You obey orders. I'm not your brother, but I'm your captain."

"I beg your pardon, sir. Shall I go now?"

"Yes, you'll hear me at the front door. They won't make any resistance." The lad stepped away with nimble caution high above the cabin, and he even took his shoes off before he slid lightly down to his place behind the pine. There was no back door, only a window, and his disappointment was bitter. Still, when he heard Hale at the front door, he meant to make a break for that window, and he waited in the still gloom. He could hear the rough talk and laughter within and now and then the clink of a tin cup. By and by there was a faint noise in front of the cabin, and he steadied his nerves and his beating heart. Then he heard the door pushed violently in and Hale's cry:

"Surrender!"

Hale stood on the threshold with his pistol outstretched in his right hand. The door had struck something soft and he said sharply again:

"Come out from behind that door—hands up!"

At the same moment, the back window flew open with a bang and Bob's pistol covered the edge of the opened door. "Caliban" had rolled from his box like a stupid animal. Two of his patrons sat dazed and staring from Hale to the boy's face at the window. A mountaineer stood in one corner with twitching fingers and shifting eyes like a caged wild thing and forth issued from behind the door, quivering with anger—young Dave Tolliver. Hale stared at him amazed, and when Dave saw Hale such a wave of fury surged over his face that Bob thought it best to attract his attention again; which he did by gently motioning at him with the barrel of his pistol.

"Hold on there," he said quietly, and young Dave stood still.

"Climb through that window, Bob, and collect the batteries," said Hale.

"Sure, sir," said the lad, and with his pistol still prominently in the foreground he threw his left leg over the sill and as he climbed in he quoted with a grunt: "Always go in force to make an arrest." Grim and serious as it was, with June's cousin glowering at him, Hale could not help smiling.

"You didn't go home after all," said Hale to young Dave, who clenched his hands and his lips but answered nothing; "or, if you did, you got back pretty quick." And still Dave was silent.

"Get 'em all, Bob?" In answer the boy went the rounds—feeling the pocket of each man's right hip and his left breast.

"Yes, sir."

"Unload 'em!"

The lad "broke" each of the four pistols, picked up a piece of twine and strung them together through each trigger guard.

"Close that window and stand here at the door."

With the boy at the door, Hale rolled the hand-barrel to the threshold and the white liquor gurgled joyously on the steps.

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"All right, come along," he said to the captives, and at last young Dave spoke:

"Whut you takin' me fer?"

Hale pointed to the empty hand-barrel and Dave's answer was a look of scorn.

"I nuvver brought that hyeh."

"You were drinking illegal liquor in a blind tiger, and if you didn't bring it you can prove it later. Anyhow, we'll want you as a witness," and Hale looked at the other mountaineer, who had turned his eyes quickly to Dave. Caliban led the way with young Dave, and Hale walked side by side with them while Bob was escort for the other two. The road ran along a high bank, and as Bob was adjusting the jangling weapons on his left arm, the strange mountaineer darted behind him and leaped headlong into the tops of thick rhododendron. Before Hale knew what had happened the lad's pistol flashed.

"Stop, boy!" he cried, horrified. "Don't shoot!" and he had to catch the lad to keep him from leaping after the runaway. The shot had missed; they heard the runaway splash into the river and go stumbling across it and then there was silence. Young Dave laughed:

"Uncle Judd'll be over hyeh to-morrow to see about this." Hale said nothing and they went on. At the door of the calaboose Dave balked and had to be pushed in by main force. They left him weeping and cursing with rage.

"Go to bed, Bob," said Hale.

"Yes, sir," said Bob; "just as soon as I get my lessons."

Hale did not go to the boarding-house that night—he feared to face June. Instead he went to the hotel to supper and then to bed. He had hardly touched the pillow, it seemed, when somebody shook him by the shoulder. It was Macfarlan, and daylight was streaming through the window.

"A gang of those Falins are here," Macfarlan said, "and they're after young Dave Tolliver—about a dozen of 'em. Young Buck is with them and the sheriff. They say he shot a man over the mountains yesterday."

Hale sprang for his clothes—here was a quandary.

"If we turn him over to them—they'll kill him." Macfarlan nodded.

"Of course, and if we leave him in that weak old calaboose, they'll get more help and take him out to-night."

"Then we'll take him to the county jail."

"They'll take him away from us."

"No, they won't. You go out and get as many shotguns as you can find and load them with buckshot."

Macfarlan nodded approvingly and disappeared. Hale plunged his face in a basin of cold water, soaked his hair and, as he was mopping his face with a towel, there was a ponderous tread on the porch, the door opened without the formality of a knock and Devil Judd Tolliver, with his hat on and belted with two huge pistols, stepped stooping within. His eyes, red with anger and loss of sleep, were glaring, and his heavy moustache and beard showed the twitching of his mouth.

"Whar's Dave?" he said shortly.

"In the calaboose."

"Did you put him in?"

"Yes," said Hale calmly.

"Well, by God," the old man said with repressed fury, "you can't git him out too soon if you want to save trouble."

"Look here, Judd," said Hale seriously. "You are one of the last men in the world I want to have trouble with for many reasons; but I'm an officer over here and I'm no more afraid of you"—Hale paused to let that fact sink in and it did—"than you are of me. Dave's been selling liquor."

"He hain't," interrupted the old mountaineer. "He didn't bring that liquor over hyeh. I know who done it."

"All right," said Hale; "I'll take your word for it and I'll let him out, if you say so, but——"

"Right now," thundered old Judd.

"Do you know that young Buck Falin and a dozen of his gang are over here after him?" The old man looked stunned.

"Whut—now?"

"They're over there in the woods across the river *now* and they want me to give him up to them. They say they have the sheriff with them and they want him for shooting a man on Leatherwood Creek, day before yesterday."

"It's all a lie," burst out old Judd. "They want to kill him."

"Of course—and I was going to take him up to the county jail right away for safe keeping."

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"D'ye you mean to say you'd throw that boy into jail and then fight them Falins to pertect him?" the old man asked slowly and incredulously. Hale pointed to a two-store building through his window.

"If you get in the back part of that store at a window, you can see whether I will or not. I can summon you to help, and if a fight comes up you can do your share from the window."

The old man's eyes lighted up like a leaping flame.

"Will you let Dave out and give him a Winchester and help us fight 'em?" he said eagerly. "We three can whip 'em all."

"No," said Hale shortly. "I'd try to keep both sides from fighting, and I'd arrest Dave or you as quickly as I would a Falin."

The average mountaineer has little conception of duty in the abstract, but old Judd belonged to the better class—and there are many of them—that does. He looked into Hale's eyes long and steadily.

"All right."

Macfarlan came in hurriedly and stopped short—seeing the hatted, bearded giant.

"This is Mr. Tolliver — an uncle of Dave's—Judd Tolliver," said Hale. "Go a-head."

"I've got everything fixed—but I couldn't get but five of the fellows—two of the Berkley boys. They wouldn't let me tell Bob."

"All right. Can I summon Mr. Tolliver here?"

"Yes," said Macfarlan doubtfully, "but you know——"

"He won't be seen," interrupted Hale, understandingly. "He'll be at a window in the back of that store and he won't take part unless a fight begins, and if it does, we'll need him."

An hour later Devil Judd Tolliver was in the store Hale pointed out and peering cautiously around the edge of an open window at the wooden gate of the ramshackle calaboose. Several Falins were there—led by young Buck, whom Hale recognized as the red-headed youth at the head of the tearing horsemen who had swept by him that late afternoon when he was coming back from his first trip to Lonesome Cove. The old man gritted his teeth as he looked and he put one of his huge pistols on a table within easy reach and kept the other clenched in his right fist. From down the street came five horsemen, led by John Hale. Every man carried a double-barrelled shotgun and the old man smiled and his respect for Hale rose higher—high as it already was—for nobody—mountaineer or not—has love for a hostile shotgun. The Falins, armed only with pistols, drew near.

"Keep back!" he heard Hale say calmly, and they stopped—young Buck alone going on.

"We want that feller," said young Buck.

"Well, you don't get him," said Hale quietly. "He's our prisoner. Keep back!" he repeated, motioning with the barrel of his shotgun—and young Buck moved backward to his own men. The old man saw Hale and another man—the sergeant—go inside the heavy gate of the stockade. He saw a boy in a cap, with a pistol in one hand and a strapped set of books, come running up to the men with the shotguns and he heard one of them say angrily:

"I told you not to come."

"I know you did," said the boy imperturbably.

"You go on to school," said another of the men, but the boy with the cap shook his head and dropped his books to the ground. The big gate opened just then and out came Hale and the sergeant, and between them young Dave—his eyes blinking in the sunlight.

"Damn ye," he heard Dave say to Hale. "I'll get even with you fer this some day"—and then the prisoner's eyes caught the horses and shotguns and turned to the group of Falins and he shrank back utterly dazed. There was a movement among the Falins and Devil Judd caught up his other pistol and with a grim smile got ready. Young Buck had turned to his crowd:

"Men," he said, "you know I never back down"—Devil Judd knew that, too, and he was amazed by the words that followed—"an' if you say so, we'll have him or die; but we ain't in our own state now. They've got the law and the shotguns on us, an' I reckon we'd better go slow."

The rest seemed quite willing to go slow, and, as they put their pistols up, Devil Judd laughed in his beard. Hale put young Dave on a horse and the little

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shotgun cavalcade quietly moved away toward the county-seat.

The crestfallen Falins dispersed the other way after they had taken a parting shot at the Hon. Samuel Budd, who, too, had a pistol in his hand. Young Buck looked long at him—and then he laughed:

"You, too, Sam Budd," he said. "We folks'll rickollect this on election day." The Hon. Sam deigned no answer.

And up in the store Devil Judd lighted his pipe and sat down to think out the strange code of ethics that governed that police guard. Hale had told him to wait there, and it was almost noon before the boy with the cap came to tell him that the Falins had all left town. The old man looked at him kindly.

"Air you the little feller whut fit fer June?"

"Not yet," said Bob; "but it's coming."

"Well, you'll whoop him."

"I'll do my best."

"Whar is she?"

"She's waiting for you over at the boarding-house."

"Does she know about this trouble?"

"Not a thing—she thinks you've come to take her home." The old man made no answer, and Bob led him back toward Hale's office. June was waiting at the gate, and the boy, lifting his cap, passed on. June's eyes were dark with anxiety.

"You come to take me home, dad?"

"I been thinkin' 'bout it," he said, with a doubtful shake of his head.

June took him upstairs to her room and pointed out the old water-wheel through the window and her new clothes (she had put on her old homespun again when she heard he was in town), and the old man shook his head.

"I'm afeerd with all these fixin's—you won't never be satisfied agin in Lonesome Cove."

"Why, dad," she said reprovingly. "Jack says I can go over whenever I please, as soon as the weather gits warmer and the roads gits good."

"I don't know," said the old man, still shaking his head.

All through dinner she was worried. Devil Judd hardly ate anything, so embarrassed was he by the presence of so many "furriners" and by the white cloth and table-ware, and so fearful was he that he would be guilty of some breach of manners. Resolutely he refused butter, and at the third urging by Mrs. Crane he said firmly, but with a shrewd twinkle in his eye:

"No, thank ye. I never eats butter in town—I've kept store myself," and he was no little pleased with the laugh that went around the table. The fact was he was generally pleased with June's environment and, after dinner, he stopped teasing June.

"No, honey, I ain't goin' to take you away. I want ye to stay right where ye air. Be a good girl now and do whatever Jack Hale tells ye and tell that boy with all that hair to come over and see me." June grew almost tearful with gratitude, for never had he called her "honey" before that she could remember, and never had he talked so much to her, nor with so much kindness.

"Air ye comin' over soon?"

"Mighty soon, dad."

"Well, take keer o' yourself."

"I will, dad," she said, and tenderly she watched his great figure slouch out of sight.

An hour after dark, as old Judd sat on the porch of the cabin in Lonesome Cove, young Dave Tolliver rode up to the gate on a strange horse. He was in a surly mood.

"He lemme go at the head of the valley and give me this hoss to git here," the boy grudgingly explained. "I'm goin' over to git mine ter-morrer."

"Seems like you'd better keep away from that Gap," said the old man dryly, and Dave reddened angrily.

"Yes, and fust thing you know he'll be over hyeh atter *you*." The old man turned on him sternly.

"Jack Hale knows that liquer was mine. He knows I've got a still over hyeh as well as you do—an' he's never axed a question nor peeped an eye. I reckon he would come if he thought he oughter—but I'm on this side of the state-line. If I was on his side, mebbe I'd stop."

Young Dave stared, for things were surely coming to a pretty pass in Lonesome Cove.

"An' I reckon," the old man went on, "hit 'ud be better grace in you to stop sayin' things agin' him; fer if it hadn't been fer him, you'd be laid out by them Falins by this time."

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It was true, and Dave, silenced, was forced into another channel.

"I wonder," he said presently, "how them Falins always know when I go over thar."

"I've been studyin' about that myself," said Devil Judd. Inside, the old stepmother had heard Dave's query.

"I seed the Red Fox this afternoon," she quavered at the door.

"Whut was he doin' over hyeh?" asked Dave.

"Nothin'," she said, "jus' a-sneakin' aroun' the way he's al'ays a-doin'. Seemed like he was mighty pertickuler to find out when you was comin' back."

Both men started slightly.

"We're all Tollivers now all right," said the Hon. Samuel Budd that night while he sat with Hale on the porch overlooking the mill-pond—and then he groaned a little.

"Them Falins have got kinsfolks to burn on the Virginia side and they'd fight me tooth and toe-nail for this a hundred years hence!"

He puffed his pipe, but Hale said nothing.

"Yes, sir," he added cheerily, "we're in for a hell of a merry time *now*. The mountaineer hates as long as he remembers and—he never forgets."

XV

HAND in hand, Hale and June followed the footsteps of Spring from the time June met him at the school-house gate for their first walk into the woods. Hale pointed to some boys playing marbles.

"That's the first sign," he said, and with quick understanding June smiled.

The birdlike piping of hylas came from a marshy strip of woodland that ran through the centre of the town and a toad was croaking at the foot of Imboden Hill.

"And they come next."

They crossed the swinging foot-bridge, which was a miracle to June, and took the foot-path along the clear stream of South Fork, under the laurel which June called "ivy," and the rhododendron which was "laurel" in her speech, and Hale pointed out catkins greening on alders in one swampy place and willows just blushing into life along the banks of a little creek. A few yards aside from the path he found, under a patch of snow and dead leaves, the pink-and-white blossoms and the waxy green leaves of the trailing arbutus, that fragrant harbinger of the old Mother's awakening, and June breathed in from it the very breath of Spring. Near by were turkey peas, which she had hunted and eaten many times.

"You can't put that arbutus in a garden," said Hale, "it's as wild as a hawk."

Presently he had the little girl listen to a pewee twittering in a thorn-bush and the lusty call of a robin from an apple-tree. A bluebird flew overhead with a merry chirp—its wistful note of Autumn long since forgotten. These were the first birds and flowers, he said, and June, knowing them only by sight, must know the name of each and the reason for that name. So that Hale found himself walking the woods with an interrogation point, and that he might not be confounded he had, later, to dig up much forgotten lore. For every walk became a lesson in botany for June, such a passion did she betray at once for flowers, and he rarely had to tell her the same thing twice, since her memory was like a vise—for everything, as he learned in time.

Her eyes were quicker than his, too, and now she pointed to a snowy blossom with a deeply-lobed leaf.

"Whut's that?"

"Bloodroot," said Hale, and he scratched the stem and forth issued scarlet drops. "The Indians used to put it on their faces and tomahawks"—she knew that word and nodded—"and I used to make red ink of it when I was a little boy."

"No!" said June. With the next look she found a tiny bunch of fuzzy hepaticas.

"Liver-leaf."

"Whut's liver?"

Hale, looking at her glowing face and eyes and her perfect little body, imagined that she would never know unless told that she had one, and so he waved one hand vaguely at his chest:

"It's an organ—and that herb is supposed to be good for it."

"Organ? Whut's that?"

"Oh, something inside of you."

June made the same gesture that Hale had.

"Me?"

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"Yes," and then helplessly, "but not there exactly."

June's eyes had caught something else now and she ran for it:

"Oh! Oh!" It was a bunch of delicate anemones of intermediate shades between white and red—yellow, pink and purple-blue.

"Those are anemones."

"A-nem-o-nes," repeated June.

"Wind-flowers—because the wind is supposed to open them." And, almost unconsciously, Hale lapsed into a quotation:

"And where a tear has dropped, a wind-flower blows."

"Whut's that?" said June quickly.

"That's poetry."

"Whut's po-e-try?" Hale threw up both hands.

"I don't know, but I'll read you some—some day."

By that time she was gurgling with delight over a bunch of spring beauties that came up, root, stalk and all, when she reached for them.

"Well, ain't they purty?" While they lay in her hand and she looked, the rose-veined petals began to close, the leaves to droop and the stem got limp.

"Ah-h!" crooned June. "I won't pull up no more o' *them*."

"'These little dream-flowers found in the spring.' More poetry, June."

A little later he heard her repeating that line to herself. It was an easy step to poetry from flowers, and evidently June was groping for it.

A few days later the service-berry swung out white stars on the low hill-sides, but Hale could tell her nothing that she did not know about the "sarvice-berry." Soon, the dogwood swept in snowy gusts along the mountains, and from a bank of it one morning a red-bird flamed and sang: "What cheer! What cheer! What cheer!" And like its scarlet coat the red-bud had burst into bloom. June knew the red-bud, but she had never heard it called the Judas tree.

"You see, the red-bud was supposed to be poisonous. It shakes in the wind and says to the bees, 'Come on, little fellows—here's your nice fresh honey, and when they come, it betrays and poisons them."

"Well, what do you think o' that!" said June indignantly, and Hale had to hedge a bit.

"Well, I don't know whether it *really* does, but that's what they *say*." A little farther on the white stars of the trillium gleamed at them from the border of the woods and nearby June stooped over some lovely sky-blue blossoms with yellow eyes.

"Forget-me-nots," said Hale. June stooped to gather them with a radiant face.

"Oh," she said, "is that what you call 'em?"

"They aren't the real ones—they're false forget-me-nots."

"Then I don't want 'em," said June. But they were beautiful and fragrant and she added gently:

"'Tain't their fault. I'm a-goin' to call 'em jus' forget-me-nots, an' I'm givin' 'em to you," she said—"so that you won't."

"Thank you," said Hale gravely. "I won't."

They found larkspur, too——

"Blue as the heaven it gazes at," quoted Hale.

"Whut's 'gazes'?"

"Looks." June looked up at the sky and down at the flower.

"'Tain't," she said, "hit's bluer."

When they discovered something Hale did not know he would say that it was one of those——

"Wan flowers without a name."

"My!" said June at last, "seems like them wan flowers is a mighty big fambly."

"They are," laughed Hale, "for a bachelor like me."

"Huh!" said June.

Later, they ran upon yellow adder's tongues in a hollow, each blossom guarded by a pair of ear-like leaves, Dutchman's breeches and wild bleeding hearts—a name that appealed greatly to the fancy of the romantic little lady, and thus together they followed the footsteps of that spring. And while she studied the flowers Hale was studying the loveliest flower of them all—little June. About ferns, plants and trees as well he told her all he knew, and there seemed nothing in the skies, the green world of the leaves or the under world at her feet to which she was not magically responsive. Indeed, Hale had never seen a man, woman or child so eager to learn, and one day, when she had apparently reached the limit of inquiry, she grew very thoughtful and he watched her in silence a long while.

"What's the matter, June?" he asked finally.

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"I'm just wonderin' *why* I'm always axin' why," said little June.

She was learning in school, too, and she was happier there now, for there had been no more open teasing of the new pupil. Bob's championship saved her from that, and thereafter school changed straightway for June. Before that day she had kept apart from her school-fellows at recess-times as well as in the school-room. Two or three of the girls had made friendly advances to her, but she had shyly repelled them—why she hardly knew—and it was her lonely custom at recess-times to build a play-house at the foot of a great beech with moss, broken bits of bottles and stones. Once she found it torn to pieces, and from the look on the face of the tall mountain boy, Cal Heaton, who had grinned at her when she went up for her first lesson, and who was now Bob's arch-enemy, she knew that he was the guilty one. Again a day or two later it was destroyed, and when she came down from the woods almost in tears Bob happened to meet her in the road and made her tell the trouble she was in. Straightway he charged the trespasser with the deed and was lied to for his pains. So after school that day he slipped up on the hill with the little girl and helped her rebuild again.

"Now I'll lay for him," said Bob, "and catch him at it."

"All right," said June, and she looked both her worry and her gratitude so that Bob understood both; and he answered both with a nonchalant wave of one hand.

"Never you mind—and don't you tell Mr. Hale," and June in dumb acquiescence crossed heart and body. But the mountain boy was wary, and for two or three days the play-house was undisturbed, and so Bob himself laid a trap. He mounted his horse immediately after school, rode past the mountain lad, who was on his way home, crossed the river, made a wide détour at a gallop and, hitching his horse in the woods, came to the play-house from the other side of the hill. And half an hour later, when the pale little teacher came out of the school-house, he heard grunts and blows and scuffling up in the woods, and when he ran toward the sounds the bodies of two of his pupils rolled into sight clenched fiercely, with torn clothes and bleeding faces—Bob on top with the mountain boy's thumb in his mouth and his own fingers gripped about his antagonist's throat. Neither paid any attention to the school-master, who pulled at Bob's coat unavailingly and with horror at his ferocity. Bob turned his head, shook it as well as the thumb in his mouth would let him, and went on gripping the throat under him and pushing the head that belonged to it into the ground. The mountain boy's tongue showed and his eyes bulged.

"'Nough!" he yelled. Bob rose then and told his story and the school-master from New England gave them a short lecture on gentleness and Christian charity and fixed on each the awful penalty of "staying in" after school for an hour every day for a week. Bob grinned:

"All right, professor—it was worth it," he said, but the mountain lad shuffled away.

An hour later Hale saw the boy with a swollen lip, one eye black and the other as merry as ever—but after that there was no more trouble for June. Bob had made his promise good and gradually she came into the games with her fellows thereafter, while Bob stood or sat aside, encouraging but taking no part—for was he not a member of the Police Force? Indeed he was already known far and wide as the Infant of the Guard, and always he carried a whistle and usually, outside school-house, a pistol bumped his hip, while a Winchester stood in one corner of his room and a billy dangled by his mantel-piece.

The games were new to June, and often Hale would stroll up to the school-house to watch them—Prisoner's Base, Skipping the Rope, Antny Over, Cracking the Whip and Lifting the Gate; and it pleased him to see how lithe and active his little protégé was and more than a match in strength even for the boys who were near her size. June had to take the penalty of her greenness, too, when she was "introduced to the King and Queen" and bumped the ground between the make-believe sovereigns, or got a cup of water in her face when she was trying to see stars through a pipe. And the boys pinned her dress to the bench through a crack and once she walked into school with a placard on her back which read:

"June-Bug." But she was so good-

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natured that she fast became a favorite. Indeed it was noticeable to Hale as well as Bob that Cal Heaton, the mountain boy, seemed always to get next to June in the Tugs of War, and one morning June found an apple on her desk. She swept the room with a glance and met Cal's guilty flush, and though she ate the apple she gave him no thanks—in word, look or manner. It was, moreover, curious to Hale to observe how June's instinct deftly led her to avoid the mistakes in dress that characterized the gropings of other girls, who, like her, were in a stage of transition. They wore gaudy combs and green skirts with red waists, their clothes bunched at the hips, and to their shoes and hands they paid no attention at all. None of these things for June—and Hale did not know that the little girl had leaped her fellows with one bound, had taken Miss Anne Saunders as her model, and was climbing upon the pedestal where that lady justly stood. The two had not become friends as Hale hoped. June was always silent and reserved when the older girl was around, but there was never a move of the latter's hand or foot or lip or eye that the new pupil failed to see. Miss Anne rallied Hale no little about her, but he laughed good-naturedly, and asked why *she* could not make friends with June.

"She's jealous," said Miss Saunders, and Hale ridiculed the idea, for not one sign since she came to the Gap had she shown him. It was the jealousy of a child she had once betrayed and that she had outgrown, he thought; but he never knew how June stood behind the curtains of her window, with a hungry suffering in her face and eyes, to watch Hale and Miss Anne ride by and he never guessed that concealment was but a sign of the dawn of womanhood that was breaking within her. And she gave no hint of that breaking dawn until one day early in May, when she heard a wood-thrush for the first time with Hale: for it was the bird she loved best, and always its silver fluting would stop her in her tracks and send her into dreamland. Hale had just broken a crimson flower from its stem and held it out to her.

"Here's another of the 'wan ones,' June. Do you know what that is?"

"Hit's"—she paused for correction with her lips drawn severely in for precision—"*it's* a mountain poppy. Pap says it kills goslings"—her eyes danced, for she was in a merry mood that day, and she put both hands behind her—"if you air any kin to a goose, you better drap it."

"That's a good one," laughed Hale, "but it's so lovely I'll take the risk. I won't drop it."

"Drop it," caught June with a quick upward look, and then to fix the word in her memory she repeated—"drop it, drop it, *drop* it!"

"Got it now, June?"

"Uh-huh."

It was then that a wood-thrush voiced the crowning joy of Spring, and with slowly filling eyes she asked its name.

"That bird," she said slowly and with a breaking voice, "sung just that-a-way the mornin' my sister died."

She turned to him with a wondering smile.

"Somehow it don't make me so miserable, like it useter." Her smile passed while she looked, she caught both hands to her heaving breast and a wild intensity burned suddenly in her eyes.

"Why, June!"

"'Tain't nothin'," she choked out, and she turned hurriedly ahead of him down the path. Startled, Hale had dropped the crimson flower to his feet. He saw it and he let it lie.

Meanwhile, rumors were brought in that the Falins were coming over from Kentucky to wipe out the Guard, and so straight were they sometimes that the Guard was kept perpetually on watch. Once while the members were at target practice, the shout arose:

"The Kentuckians are coming! The Kentuckians are coming!" And, at double quick, the Guard rushed back to find it a false alarm and to see men laughing at them in the street. The truth was that, while the Falins had a general hostility against the Guard, their particular enmity was concentrated on John Hale, as he discovered when June was to take her first trip home one Friday afternoon. Hale meant to carry her over, but the morning they were to leave old Judd Tolliver came to the Gap himself. He did not want June to come home at that time, and he didn't think it was safe over there for Hale just

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then. Some of the Falins had been seen hanging around Lonesome Cove for the purpose, Judd believed, of getting a shot at the man who had kept young Dave from falling into their hands, and Hale saw that by that act he had, as Budd said, arrayed himself with the Tollivers in the feud. In other words, he was a Tolliver himself now, and as such the Falins meant to treat him. Hale rebelled against the restriction, for he had started some work in Lonesome Cove and was preparing a surprise over there for June, but old Judd said:

"Just wait a while," and he said it so seriously that Hale for a while took his advice.

So June stayed on at the Gap—with little disappointment, apparently, that she could not visit home. And as Spring passed and the summer came on, the little girl budded and opened like a rose. To the pretty school-teacher she was a source of endless interest and wonder, for while the little girl was reticent and aloof, Miss Saunders felt herself watched and studied in and out of school, and Hale often had to smile at June's unconscious imitation of her teacher in speech, manners and dress. And all the time her hero-worship of Hale went on, fed by the talk of the boarding-house, her fellow pupils and of the town at large—and it fairly thrilled her to know that to the Falins he was now a Tolliver himself.

Sometimes Hale would get her a saddle, and then June would usurp Miss Anne's place on a horseback-ride up through the Gap to see the first blooms of the purple rhododendron on Bee Rock, or up to Morris's farm on Powell's mountain, from which, with a glass, they could see the Lonesome Pine. And all the time she worked at her studies tirelessly—and when she was done with her lessons she read the fairy books that Hale got for her—read them until "Paul and Virginia" fell into her hands, and then there were no more fairy stories for June. Often, late at night, Hale, from the porch of his cottage, could see the light of her lamp sending its beam across the dark water of the mill-pond, and finally he got worried by the paleness of her face and sent her to the doctor. She went unwillingly, and when she came back she reported placidly that "organatically she was all right, the doctor said," but Hale was glad that vacation would soon come. At the beginning of the last week of school he brought a little present for her from New York—a slender necklace of gold with a little reddish stone-pendant that was the shape of a cross. Hale pulled the trinket from his pocket as they were walking down the river-bank at sunset and the little girl quivered like an aspen-leaf in a sudden puff of wind.

"Hit's a fairy-stone," she cried excitedly.

"Why, where on earth did you——"

"Why, sister Sally told me about 'em. She said folks found 'em somewhere over here in Virginny, an' all her life she was a-wishin' fer one an' she never could git it"—her eyes filled—"seems like ever'thing she wanted is a-comin' to me."

"Do you know the story of it, too?" asked Hale.

June shook her head. "Sister Sally said it was a luck-piece. Nothin' could happen to ye when ye was carryin' it, but it was awful bad luck if you lost it." Hale put it around her neck and fastened the clasp and June kept hold of the little cross with one hand.

"Well, you mustn't lose it," he said.

"No—no—no," she repeated breathlessly, and Hale told her the pretty story of the stone as they strolled back to supper. The little crosses were to be found only in a certain valley in Virginia, so perfect in shape that they seemed to have been chiselled by hand, and they were a great mystery to the men who knew all about rocks—the geologists.

"The ge-ol-o-gists," repeated June.

These men said there was no crystallization—nothing like them, amended Hale—elsewhere in the world, and that just as crosses were of different shapes—Roman, Maltese and St. Andrew's—so, too, these crosses were found in all these different shapes. And the myth—the story—was that this little valley was once inhabited by fairies—June's eyes lighted, for it was a fairy story after all—and that when a strange messenger brought them the news of Christ's crucifixion, they wept, and their tears, as they fell to the ground, were turned into tiny crosses of stone. Even the Indians had some queer feeling about them, and for a long, long time people who found them used them as charms to bring good luck and ward off harm.

"And that's for you," he said, "because

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you've been such a good little girl and have studied so hard. School's most over now and I reckon you'll be right glad to get home again."

June made no answer, but at the gate she looked suddenly up at him.

"Have you got one, too?" she asked, and she seemed much disturbed when Hale shook his head.

"Well, *I'll* git—*get*—you one—some day."

"All right," laughed Hale.

There was again something strange in her manner as she turned suddenly from him, and what it meant he was soon to learn. It was the last week of school and Hale had just come down from the woods behind the school-house at "little recess-time" in the afternoon. The children were playing games outside the gate, and Bob and Miss Anne and the little Professor were leaning on the fence watching them. The little man raised his hand to halt Hale on the plank sidewalk.

"I've been wanting to see you," he said in his dreamy, abstracted way. "You prophesied, you know, that I should be proud of your little protégé some day, and I am indeed. She is the most remarkable pupil I've yet seen here, and I have about come to the conclusion that there is no quicker native intelligence in our country than you shall find in the children of these Mountaineers and——"

Miss Anne was gazing at the children with an expression that turned Hale's eyes that way, and the Professor checked his harangue. Something had happened. They had been playing "Ring Around the Rosy" and June had been caught. She stood scarlet and tense and the cry was:

"Who's your beau—who's your beau?"

And still she stood with tight lips—flushing.

"You got to tell—you got to tell!"

The mountain boy, Cal Heaton, was grinning with fatuous consciousness, and even Bob put his hands in his pockets and took on an uneasy smile.

"Who's your beau?" came the chorus again.

The lips opened almost in a whisper, but all could hear:

"Jack!"

"Jack who?" But June looked around and saw the four at the gate. Almost staggering, she broke from the crowd and, with one forearm across her scarlet face, rushed past them into the school-house. Miss Anne looked at Hale's amazed face and she did not smile. Bob turned respectfully away, ignoring it all, and the little Professor, whose life-purpose was psychology, murmured in his ignorance:

"Very remarkable—very remarkable!"

Through that afternoon June kept her hot face close to her books. Bob never so much as glanced her way—little gentleman that he was—but the one time she lifted her eyes she met the mountain lad's bent in a stupor-like gaze upon her. In spite of her apparent studiousness, however, she missed her lesson and, automatically, the little Professor told her to stay in after school and recite to Miss Saunders. And so June and Miss Anne sat in the school-room alone—the teacher reading a book, and the pupil—her tears unshed—with her sullen face bent over her lesson. In a few moments the door opened and the little Professor thrust in his head. The girl had looked so hurt and tired when he spoke to her that some strange sympathy moved him, mystified though he was, to say gently now and with a smile that was rare with him:

"You might excuse June, I think, Miss Saunders, and let her recite some time to-morrow," and gently he closed the door. Miss Anne rose:

"Very well, June," she said quietly.

June rose, too, gathering up her books, and as she passed the teacher's platform she stopped and looked her full in the face. She said not a word, and the tragedy between the woman and the girl was played in silence, for the woman knew from the searching gaze of the girl and the black defiance in her eyes, as she stalked out of the room, that her own flush had betrayed her secret as plainly as the girl's words had told hers.

Through his office window, a few minutes later, Hale saw June pass swiftly into the house. In a few minutes she came swiftly out again and went back swiftly toward the school-house. He was so worried by the tense look in her face that he could work no more, and in a few minutes he threw his papers down and followed her. When he turned the corner, Bob was coming down the street with his

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cap on the back of his head and swinging his books by a strap, and the boy looked a little conscious when he saw Hale coming.

"Have you seen June?" Hale asked.

"No, sir," said Bob, immensely relieved.

"Did she come up this way?"

"I don't know, but—" Bob turned and pointed to the green dome of a big beech.

"I think you'll find her at the foot of that tree," he said. "That's where her play-house is and that's where she goes when she's—that's where she usually goes."

"Oh, yes," said Hale—"her play-house. Thank you."

"Not at all, sir."

Hale went on, turned from the path and climbed noiselessly. When he caught sight of the beech he stopped still. June stood against it like a wood-nymph just emerged from its sun-dappled trunk—stood stretched to her full height, her hands behind her, her hair tossed, her throat tense under the dangling little cross, her face uplifted. At her feet, the play-house was scattered to pieces. She seemed listening to the love-calls of a wood-thrush that came faintly through the still woods, and then he saw that she heard nothing, saw nothing—that she was in a dream as deep as sleep. Hale's heart throbbed as he looked.

"June!" he called softly. She did not hear him, and when he called again, she turned her face—unstartled—and moving her posture not at all. Hale pointed to the scattered play-house.

"I done it!" she said fiercely—"I done it myself." Her eyes burned steadily into his, even while she lifted her hands to her hair as though she were only vaguely conscious that it was all undone.

"*You* heerd me?" she cried, and before he could answer—"*She* heerd me," and again, not waiting for a word from him, she cried still more fiercely:

"I don't keer! I don't keer *who* knows."

Her hands were trembling, she was biting her quivering lip to keep back the starting tears, and Hale rushed toward her and took her in his arms.

"June! June!" he said brokenly. "You mustn't, little girl. I'm proud—proud—why little sweetheart—" She was clinging to him and looking up into his eyes and he bent his head slowly. Their lips met and the man was startled. He knew now it was no child that answered him.

Hale walked long that night in the moonlit woods up and around Imboden Hill, along a shadow-haunted path, between silvery beech-trunks, past the big hole in the earth from which dead trees tossed out their crooked arms as if in torment, and to the top of the ridge under which the valley slept and above which the dark bulk of Powell's Mountain rose. It was absurd, but he found himself strangely stirred. She was a child, he kept repeating to himself, in spite of the fact that he knew she was no child among her own people, and that mountain girls were even wives who were younger still. Still, she did not know what she felt—how could she?—and she would get over it, and then came the sharp stab of a doubt—would he want her to get over it? Frankly and with wonder he confessed to himself that he did not know—he did not know. But again, why bother? He had meant to educate her, anyhow. That was the first step—no matter what happened. June must go out into the world to school. He would have plenty of money. Her father would not object, and June need never know. He could include for her an interest in her own father's coal lands that he meant to buy, and she could think that it was her own money that she was using. So, with a sudden rush of gladness from his brain to his heart, he recklessly yoked himself, then and there, under all responsibility for that young life and the eager, sensitive soul that already lighted it so radiantly.

And June? Her nature had opened precisely as had bud and flower that Spring. The Mother of Magicians had touched her as impartially as she had touched them with fairy wand, and as unconsciously the little girl had answered as a young dove to any cooing mate. With this Hale did not reckon, and this June could not know. For a while, that night, she lay in a delicious tremor, listening to the bird-like chorus of the little frogs in the marsh, the booming of the big ones in the mill-pond, the water pouring over the dam with the sound of a low wind, and, as had all the sleeping things of the earth about her, she sank to happy sleep.

(To be continued.)

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THE WEST IN THE ORIENT

IV—THE WESTWARD TIDE OF COMMERCE THROUGH SUEZ

BY CHARLES M. PEPPER

Foreign Trade Commissioner, Department of Commerce and Labor

WITH DRAWINGS IN COLOR BY W. J. AYLWARD, AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

THERE was a congestion of marine traffic at Port Said. Half a score of steamers were impatiently awaiting their turn to enter the canal while the slow procession of ships, which through some untoward circumstance had been blocked, was coming out. Down the line, where the pelicans and the flamingoes disported themselves in the weedy waters of Lake Menzaleh, the curling columns of black smoke drifted lazily into the violet skies until they were lost. The brigades of black imps, who formed a continuous moving human ladder, chanted their work-song while they coaled the waiting vessels with a rapidity which suggested that the greatest coaling station in the world showed there were limitations to mechanical efficiency when compared to systematized human energy. The Lascar seamen from Calcutta prostrated themselves on the decks in answer to the Moslem call to prayer. Passengers from the big ships came ashore and wandered among the bazaars, along the de Lesseps jetty, through the sands where Greek, Italian, and other European nationalities have congregated themselves into little towns of their own; but always ended in the swirling streets of the Arab quarters, among the latticed balconies of the reed dwellings and plastered mud walls, for they were seeking the real life of the Orient at the gateway of which they were pausing.

While the delayed voyagers were strolling on shore, the first of the steamers passed out of the canal channel into the Mediterranean basin. It was the handsome French steamship from Madagascar, and it was quickly followed by the British vessel with the mail from India, for which the swift little Brindisi steamer was in readiness for the transfer; another English steamer was in the Indian's wake, a big freighter from Australia. And then, the revelation—a modest cargo and passenger ship of modern build, with low decks, substantial hull, breadth of beam, and the Japanese flag at the mast. This was the *Ceylon-Maru*.

The turn of the ingoing fleet was coming. The musicians on board the German liner struck up, the passengers gathered on deck and cheered, as they usually do when the steamers pass the Canal Company's graceful domed building; the new Austrian liner, which boasted of its enterprise in providing single-berth cabins, followed; two great freighters from Liverpool came next, and a mediæval little Norwegian cargo boat trailed after this stately procession. But my eyes and my thoughts were with that Japanese vessel.

A little more than

"Fifty years of ever-broadening commerce"

since Commodore Perry, with his American fleet, pried open the doors of Japan, the same year in which the Khedive of Egypt signed the first contract with Ferdinand de Lesseps; fifty years during most of which the bulk of the commerce with the East had been of Western origin, in the first stages doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and then the opening of the direct route; but still the carrying trade both ways in the hands of European nations, quarrelling among themselves for it, perhaps, yet never doubting that it was theirs by a divine monopoly. Was the Japanese ship, the *Ceylon-Maru*, in Port Said that day the portent of a change, and is the East coming afloat to the West?

The many-angled Japanese question may be planed down and rounded off enough for us to examine this phase of it without exciting international irritation or apprehension of war. Yet my purpose is not to limit the inquiry to one country, for new impressions of Suez cannot be circumscribed by the boundaries of a single nation. There is not only the Far East, as represented in Japan and China, but the Middle East, as in India, and the Near East, or the turnstile of Egypt and Asiatic Turkey, presenting one gate—now opening

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to the East now to the West. All of these regions are included in our conception of the Orient and all may contribute to the reflex influence of the East on the West. But it is Japan which leads with the concrete forces and we may view the expansion of the Japanese merchant marine without taking too close scrutiny of economic, financial, or political crises that may temporarily retard national development along lines too ambitiously laid down, and that may bring commercial collisions with racial antipathies forcing them forward.

Japan is, on the seas, sweeping westward, for Suez is the entrance to the West. When in the Japanese Budget we read of the annual appropriation for promoting shipping and aiding lines of the merchant marine, we may look with more than casual curiosity to the clauses that relate to the European service and to the plans of the steamship companies which are granted the subsidies, while we may also ponder on the reported offer of the Japanese shipyards to rebuild Spain's navy. The aids and subsidies passed by the Japanese Diet in 1907 for steamship lines and ship construction was only a little below $5,000,000, and in the Budget for 1908 there is $1,300,000 for subsidizing the European, or Suez, service. The Japan Oriental Steamship Company decided to despatch occasional cargo boats to Europe in addition to the regular fortnightly service, and the auxiliary service was opened in 1907 with the *Colombo-Maru*, of 4,700 gross tonnage, and with other ships of a tonnage ranging from 4,500 to 5,000. In the New World West, our interest is enhanced by the rumor that a new line of steamships of 6,000 tons and upwards will be established between Kobe and New York, via Suez.

In 1907 the mercantile marine of Japan consisted of 1,446 steamships of a gross tonnage of 1,035,000, and a registered tonnage of 639,000; and of 4,044 sailing ships of foreign model whose gross tonnage was 346,000. We may leave out the sailing ships from our present survey, because they do not traverse the canal. The story that now claims us is of the Japanese steamships which pass through Suez and of their progressive increase. The first record is in 1873, when there were two transits of a gross tonnage of 1,044. After that the transits varied from one to seven annually through a period of twenty-three years, with one exception, which was in 1884, when there were thirteen Japanese transits, with a net tonnage of 12,556. We properly may take the year 1896 as the beginning of the Japanese merchant marine expansion through Suez. In that year the number of transits was ten, and the net tonnage 30,544; in 1897, 36 transits, net tonnage 114,435; in 1900, 63 transits, net tonnage 245,000; then, perhaps, some lessening of activity on account of war preparations, so that in 1903 the transits were 53, and the net tonnage 220,906. With peace and re-recovering commerce, the five-year period beginning with 1907 may be watched to determine the relative growth.

Without going more fully into the statistical and other details of the development of the Japanese merchant marine and the progress of Japanese shipbuilding, attention may be called to it as the expression of a national instinct. England became the greatest sea-power of the world by building ships to spread her products throughout the world rather than to fetch the products of other countries to her. Germany marked her transformation from a group of agricultural kingdoms into an industrial empire by developing in a single generation a merchant marine which challenges that laboriously built up by her commercial and political rival during a century, and the impelling motive was to find markets for the output of the most highly systematized and scientifically organized industries that the world yet knows. Germany's increased share of the Suez Canal traffic in 1905, as compared with that of 1882, was 544 per cent., the freight carried having risen from 25,000 to 161,000 tons. In 1905 the vessels transiting the canal under the German flag numbered 600, with a net tonnage of 2,113,484. In 1904, vessels under the British flag carried $187,000,000 of the foreign commerce of Japan and those under her own flag $22,000,000, the latter being about equal to her total foreign trade in the years immediately following the opening of Suez.* How will these proportions stand in 1911, or five years after the close of the war with Russia left the island nation free to

*These figures are from "The Commercial Orient in 1905," published by the Bureau of Statistics, U. S. Department of Commerce and Labor.

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follow her own lines of aggressive commercial development?

Japan's motive, conscious or unconscious, is similar to that which impelled the European Powers. After centuries of repression the pent-up energies of the island people have broken forth. Aside from the military instinct their national genius is industrial, and they obey it in constructing ships to carry their natural and their manufactured products. Return cargoes of raw material for the domestic industries and of such foodstuffs as cannot be produced at home are of course in mind, but the first consideration is the outward cargo of native product and of the products of the neighboring countries of the Orient. Japan afloat is Asia afloat.

It does not follow because one country is increasing its merchant marine that the growth of its own commerce is the only aim or the only result. Once established in obedience to the primary instinct, the ocean-carrying trade knows no limitations of national boundaries. Germany will carry freights for her commercial competitor, Great Britain, as cheaply as for her own manufacturers. China has no merchant marine, and few of her export products come in competition with Japan, but whatever they are, the latter country will make the Chinese ports in the steamship itineraries if the freight can be had. So also of Calcutta, Bombay, and Karachi. The designation of the steamers *Bombay-Maru*, *Ceylon-Maru*, and *Colombo-Maru* was not meaningless. Political alliances, treaties, and naval *ententes* cannot and will not prevent competition for the traffic of England's great Indian dependency. The cargoes from the Far East and the Middle East are of more importance than the nationality of the vessels in which they are carried.

Preliminary and contemporary comment on the construction of the canal, as will be found in reviewing the history of that period, viewed the project chiefly with regard to the facilities it would offer for conveying the products of Western Europe to the Orient. On the opening of Suez the tendency was to look upon the Orient more as a customer for the Occident, that is for Europe, than as a seller to it. This was not always so. Once the East was sought for what it could supply rather than for what it wanted from the West. Fifteen centuries B. C. the Egyptian merchants, after Rameses with his navy of 400 sail had passed through the Red Sea and crossed the Ganges, brought porcelain wares from China, indigo and muslins and cunning brasswork from India. The Assyrians and Babylonians sent ships to India by the route of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf and the Indus in order to fetch teak-wood, muslins, silks, pearls and spices. In the route which Alexander opened for them the Greeks had greater profit from the merchandise brought home for distribution along the Mediterranean than from the products which were sent out for exchange. In the Middle Ages, Venice reaped her largest gains from the monopoly of the sale of the rare articles of the East which her jealously guarded routes gave her. In the British conquest of India the value of the silks, muslins, the fine cotton piece goods, brasswork and other metal work to be brought back was oftener heard of than the building up of a market for English goods. But by the middle of the nineteenth century Western industrialism had made such rapid strides that the East was looked to principally as a place of distribution for manufactured products. After the waterway was opened it was well that the ships could find partial return cargoes, especially of wheat and rice, which were much needed foodstuffs; but the outward cargo would be despatched even when there was no certainty that the vessels would not return in ballast.

The conception of the Orient as a market for English products and of the Suez Canal as their channel is expressed in the British Board of Trade summary of the effect of the Suez Canal on British trade, published in 1906. The title is curious, and I give it because of its suggestiveness:

"Effect of the Suez Canal upon British trade with India, Australia, New Zealand, Mauritius, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Hongkong, East Africa, ports on the Red Sea, Persian Gulf and Euphrates, as well as China, Japan, Dutch, French and Portuguese East Indies, Abyssinia, Siam, and the Philippines, etc., etc."

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS

1868.	Imports into the United Kingdom....	£65,000,000
	Exports from the United Kingdom to these markets, inclusive of transit trade.....	50,000,000
	Total.....	£115,000,000
1904.	Imports into the United Kingdom....	£93,000,000
	Exports from the United Kingdom, including transit trade.....	100,000,000
	Total.....	£193,000,000
	Increase.....	£78,000,000

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The desolate sand flats were turned into water basins and a great harbor created.—Page 445.

The complacency over the doubling of the exports is natural, and the satisfaction is not lessened by the £28,000,000 ($140,000,000) increase of imports, since this swelled the volume of commerce with the East. But of really greater significance is the growth of imports from the East, and thoroughly to appreciate its meaning the review should not be limited to the United Kingdom. Fifteen years after the Canal was opened the value of exports from India alone to Continental Europe had risen from $13,000,000 to $85,000,000. In 1904 it was approximately $160,000,000.

Another view of the Canal traffic in both directions may be had by analyzing a tabular exhibit of the import and export transit for the regions beyond Suez for a period of fifteen years, or from 1890 to 1905. This showed increases in net tons as follows:

	1890 tons	1905 tons
East Coast of Africa	149,000	482,000
Bombay and West Coast of India	1,988,000	2,623,000
Calcutta and East Coast of India	1,882,000	3,722,000
East Indies (Siam, Philippines, Dutch possessions, etc)	879,000	1,671,000
China, Cochin-China, and Japan	928,000	2,943,000
Australia	716,000	995,000
Other regions	348,000	698,000

In 1890 the total tonnage was 6,890,000, and in 1905, 13,134,000, almost an actual doubling. For various causes of a local character, India, in the year cited, was considerably below the previous year, but in their entirety these figures may be taken to represent the growth in Suez traffic outward and inward.

Again, segregating Japan temporarily and keeping in mind the expansion of her merchant marine, it appears that in 1906 the trade with Europe—principally Suez traffic—was slightly in excess of $128,000,000, the imports being almost double the exports. This of itself would not indicate an overwhelming return current; but a large proportion of the imports, particularly those from Great Britain, were of machinery installations to enable her to lessen future imports of manufactured products and to send abroad articles of her own manufacture, so that after all it is an approach to an equilibrium in international trade.

Then there is China, with a total foreign commerce of more than $500,000,000 and with the imports—to the great joy of all Western nations, including the United States—amounting to twice the exports. The sleeping Dragon is only half awake economically and industrially, and the effect of the full awakening both on the ambitious and aggressive Asiatic neighbor and

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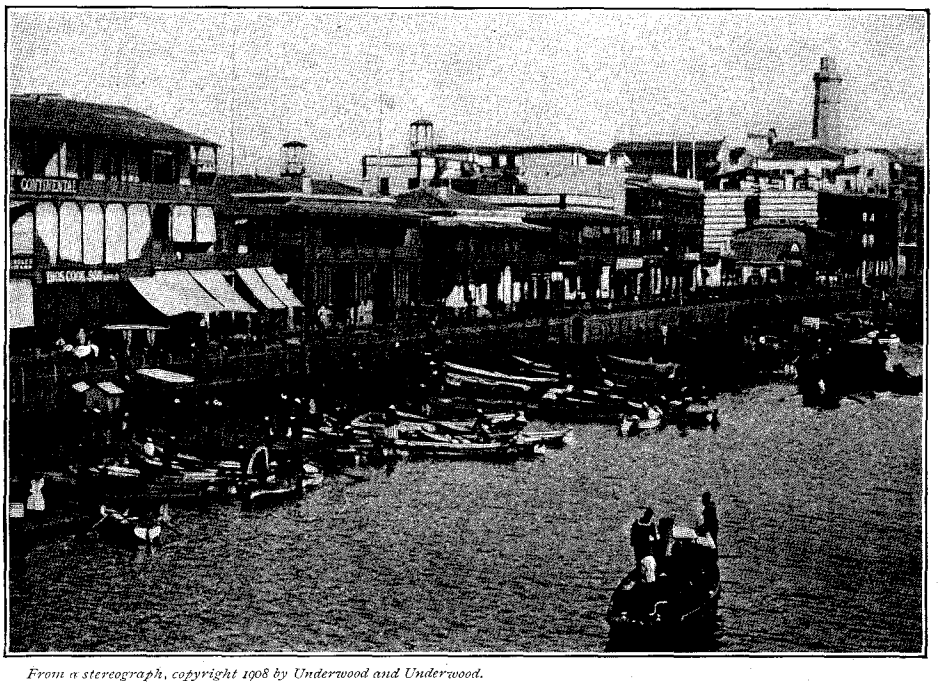
on the Western World, are as yet dimly realized. But the movement to oust foreign capital from the control and construction of the railways and from the development of the native mines and other natural resources cannot be misinterpreted. Industrialism may be of slower growth than in Japan, yet the new policies mean less dependence on foreign countries and larger home markets. There may be consequently a lessening, if not in the total foreign purchases, at least in their proportion as compared with the sales abroad. On the other hand the products of China which Europe most wants—silks and tea—she will continue to supply, and thus there will be an approach to an equilibrium of the traffic through Suez. In a year when China was taking $78,000,000 of merchandise from Europe that was about the amount of her total exports of silk and tea.

India, in the sense of the Middle East, calls for special consideration. Her foreign trade has the same fascination that her varied races and religions exert, for it is full of contrasts, economic paradoxes, hidden springs of action, all inscrutable to the Western mind. But there are some comprehensible aspects, and one of these which is easily grasped is that India furnishes *more than one-half* the Suez traffic. Another is the growth of the foreign commerce.

In 1854, when the East India Company was forced to yield its administrative sovereignty to the British Government, the exports from India were $50,000,000; in 1906 they were $557,000,000, and of this about 70 per cent. went by way of Suez. The tonnage of the vessels transiting the canal to and from the ports of India in 1905 was 6,387,000 tons. Agricultural products, jute, wheat, rice, oil, seeds, cotton, and tea, make up the bulk of the Indian exports. I have had occasion in the article on irrigation to refer to the Punjab wheat fields and their share in feeding Europe, and incidentally to the function of the Indian cotton fields in clothing Europe. The influence of the canal in developing an Indian trade is felt in all these products, but is greatest in the cereals. Before the opening of Suez, Indian wheat was almost unknown in England and on the Continent. In 1870 the entire quantity was a little more than 100,000 bushels. Shipments around Cape



From a stereograph, copyright 1908 by Underwood and Underwood.

A city grew in which the races of the East and West meet.—Page 445.

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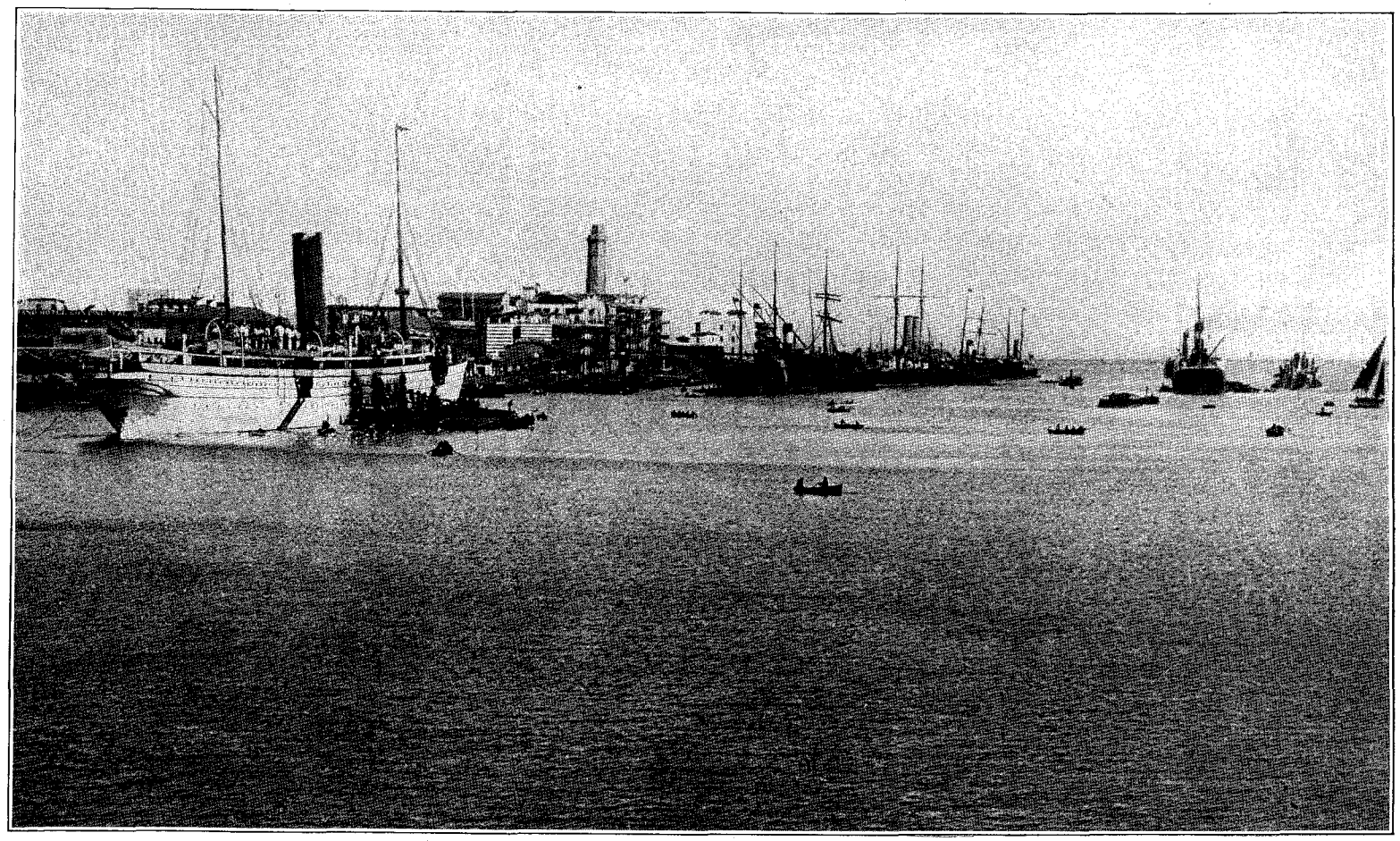

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Coaling a vessel in the Suez Canal at Port Said.

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of Good Hope resulted in losses through over-heated cargoes, mould, weevil, and similar causes. From the grain-growing districts to Calcutta or Bombay a long rail haul, more than 1,000 miles in the case of Calcutta, also was necessary. The canal may be said to have created the grain shipping port of Karachi, on the Arabian Sea, which until the waterway was opened had been a seaport for the comparatively unimportant Persian Gulf traffic. In 1870 there were no grain, oil, seed, or other shipments of consequence from Karachi. In 1907 the foreign commerce of this port exceeded $82,000,000, of which more than $51,000,000 was exports, and of this $23,000,000 was wheat.

In describing the irrigation of the Punjab, I have stated my belief that, while the inhabitants of India will in the future feed themselves in a larger degree than at present from the increased products of their lands, at the same time there will be an additional quantity which yearly will be available for shipment abroad. Thus India will continue to give back to the West foodstuffs as a return for the gifts which the Suez Canal brings. Rice, which was not subject to the same drawbacks as wheat shipments, was a leading commodity before the canal opened. Jute for bagging has been important always, but its growth has been enormous since the facilities of shipment offered by the canal have been utilized. Without the shortening of transit which the Suez route afforded, it may be assumed that in the normal expansion of commerce increased quantities of Indian products would have been taken by Europe for consumption and distribution, so that a mere exhibit of figures showing increased shipments would not be conclusive as a basis for deductions. Yet we have some positive evidence of the increased consumption of rice in the Mediterranean countries as the result of a readier market afforded through the shortened route, and we may conclude that this also has contributed largely to the growth of the distributing trade from Liverpool and Hamburg, whence rice is sent to America.

Let us now view the Indian trade in some other aspects. The parliamentary debates and the annual symposiums in the London journals over the drain from India, with their accompanying acerbities, I shall not recapitulate, beyond registering a dissent from the contention of one faction of the controversialists: that since the United States exports more than it imports, and its people have been phenomenally prosperous, India, in exporting far more than she imports, ought to be contented and to consider *herself* prosperous, whatever may be the material condition of the individuals who compose her huge conglomeration of population. That the United States, after a century of developing enormous natural resources and vast areas, and with a population only 30 per cent. that of India, should be selling more than it buys, cannot be accepted as proof that India must also be prosperous because she sells more than she buys.

It is raw material that India sells now, as against fine silks and muslins, brasswork and other manufactured articles, which was once the market that she commanded in Europe. The Swadeshi, or nationalistic movement, which permeates India, in spite of soothing explanations, has grave consequences for British rule, and ultimately must cause some modifications in the repressive economic policy that the United Kingdom has imposed on the Indian dependency. The manufacture of Indian raw cotton into piece goods cannot always be hampered by a countervailing tax in the interest of Manchester. The aim of the Swadeshi movement, aside from the sentimental object, is the development of domestic industries and the consuming of a larger share of the native products at home. The agitators and political leaders have a sincere aspiration to restore the old cottage and village industries and to make them the basis of the new national life, but they hold some mistaken views. Just as are many of the counts in the indictment against English economic policy, it is nevertheless a perversion of the history of industrial evolution to hold British rule responsible for the consequences of the age of machinery. This is one capital error which they must correct. The development of the native cotton mills should have made it clear to them. These leaders turn to the Hindu industrialism of past centuries when their vision should be of the new industrialism of the twentieth century, which is that of the factory and of commercial organization.

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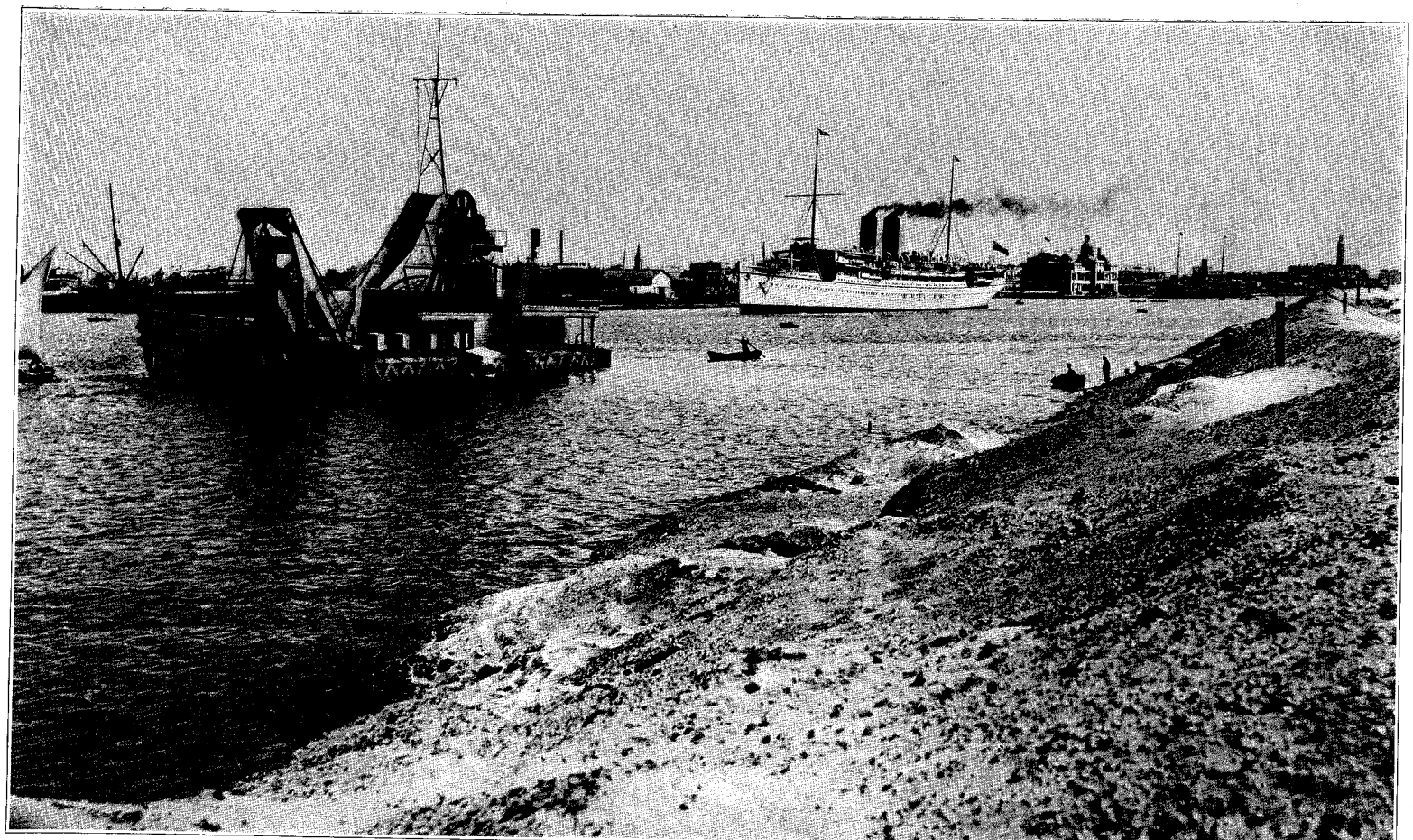

The most vivid impression of all will be the ceaseless dredges.—Page 445.

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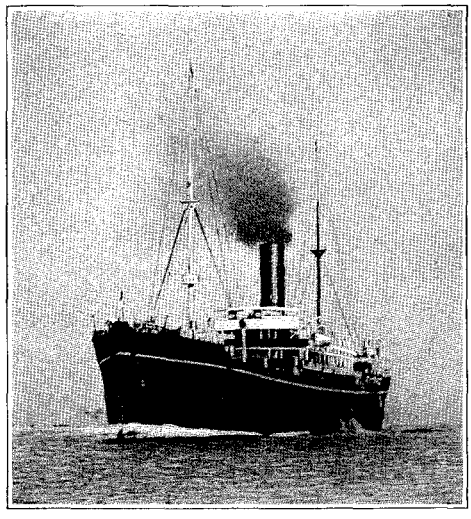
No one will say that the congeries of races and religions known as India presents a similarity to the insular racial solidarity known as Japan, or that the political aspirations can be concentrated and moulded within a generation, or a century, into the same unity of purpose. If this were possible the present attention which 40,000,000 Japanese are exciting would be as nothing compared with the concern over 300,000,000 natives of India moving as a mass. Yet there is, deep down, an instinct, industrial and political, which in the distant future may overcome the obstacles to national unity that the hideous system of caste interposes. Japan is an independent nation, and her industrial growth is unhampered by the restrictions imposed on India. The example is there, and as Japan moves westward to Suez her influence will be felt in India.



The Japanese S. S. Bingo-Maru.

A more direct instance of Far Eastern influence on the Middle East is that of China. There is in Calcutta a prosperous Chinese artisan and commercial colony. The shoe-makers along Bentinck Street are its visible presence, as are the carpenters in all parts of the city. They command higher wages than the Hindus because they are more efficient, and no question of Chinese cheap labor is raised, since there could be none cheaper than Hindu labor. Here is one quarter of the world where that cry would have to be reversed. From densely populated China to more densely populated India no large migration is probable, but in the presence of that Chinese colony the thought often came to me of its prospective effect in raising wages by the incentive it offered to the Hindu artisans for the rewards of greater efficiency. China is also the chief customer of the cotton yarn produced by the India mills. Closer commercial relation between the two countries is certain to be developed, and while Chinese industrial and trade influences may not strike India with the same impetuosity as the material forces of the West, the effect will be felt in some form.

Progressive native rulers in India are seeking to develop creative industries. The commercial legions of the Western world will not thunder past and leave them to contemplation as the military legions of the various conquerors left their predecessors. Enlightened leaders, while assimilating the industrialism and the business methods of the West, will give something back. In the words of the Gaekwar of Baroda, they would teach philosophy to the West, impart purity of life to Europe, and inculcate spirituality to the American mind. Hindu teachers, indifferent to the industrial development of India, have voiced the aspiration for refining the Western world by the demarcation of creeds that have not been commercialized. We may smile a little at this notion of inculcating Oriental spirituality into the grasping twentieth century business and industrial practices, yet with closer contact Hindu philosophy may find expression. To spiritualize the Occidental world of gainful occupations may be too much to expect, to give its energy more reposeful methods may not be beyond the powers of a reposeful people imbued with a new-born missionary spirit.

With Chinese commercial integrity and economic efficiency, and Japanese assimilation and political aggressiveness converging in a common stream and descending on India, the accelerated current which reaches Suez acquires new force. India, China, and Japan take manufactured products. In the case of Japan's industrial development, after arming herself with industrial

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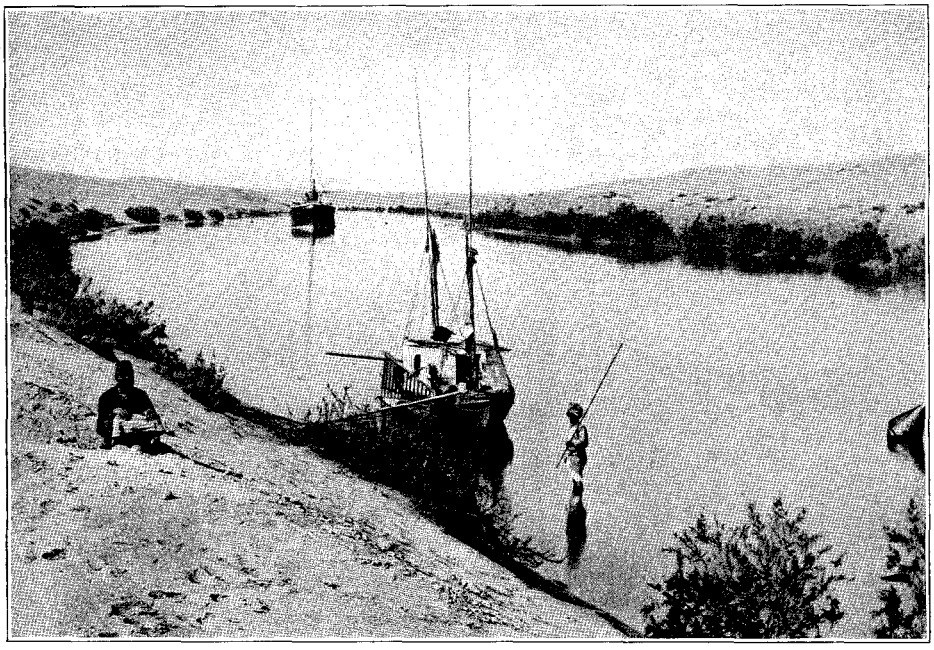

A native boat in the Suez Canal.

machinery, she assuredly will do with fewer manufactured articles from abroad. India, not yet recognizing that the age of machinery is for her, will for a time require more manufactured articles, but she has about reached the limits of machinery imports in textile machinery for her cotton and jute mills. Without question, she could do with less of the cotton goods of Manchester if the restrictions of Great Britain did not force them upon her. But Europe must have the wheat of India and the rice and tea of India, China and Japan; without the raw silk of China and Japan the looms of France would be idle. Thus the situation is again coming around to the centuries before the Christian era. Not with all the articles, for in place of indigo, which in the past centuries came from India, the German chemists have supplied the artificial composition, and the native production languishes, because the garments of the hundreds of millions of Hindus are dyed with indigo from Germany. But this is an exceptional case. Broadly, we may cease to consider the East, and especially the Suez East, as a market for Occidental products and as a field for Western influence solely, and consider what the Orient sends back.

In the coming assertion by the Orient of its commercial equality with the West the initial advantage is with it, for nature has endowed it with numerous products which the Occident must have. There is the $100,000,000 of jute and its manufactured products which India alone can supply. The Western world in its efforts to cultivate silk has emphasized its dependence on the East for this article. There is tea now becoming the universal beverage instead of the solace of Englishmen and Russians only. There are the spices, cinnamons, cloves, peppers, ginger, and other condiments which whet a world appetite; and the gums, dye-woods, camphor and medicinal plants, all of which enter into the total value of world commerce. Western energy in the midst of the wider projects of developing the resources of the Orient by railways and irrigation canals has not overlooked these lesser products. It is the English planters who have given the enormous increase to the tea crop of India. It was the British government which by patient and costly experiments transferred the market for the quinine bark from its natural habitat in the Andes to its artificial home in Ceylon and India. It was Europeans who, when the region from which the india-rubber tree took its name proved

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incapable of meeting a fraction of the world's demand, transferred the rich *hevea* rubber tree from the Amazon to the Malay Straits with results which now are becoming commercially apparent. Other instances might be cited, but these will do for illustration. There have been, of course, individual profits (and individual losses), but is there compensation, equalization, which will balance the rising tide of Oriental products? It may be found in another result of Occidental influence in the Orient. The incessant effort of the Western man to teach new wants to the natives of regions where nature has supplied so much has not been fruitless. The wants are approximating Western civilization, the standard of living is becoming higher, industrial and commercial evolution is slowly but surely raising the wage level, and the purchasing power of huge aggregations of individuals is being increased.

When de Lesseps promised that the result of the Canal would be to draw Europe nearer to the Indies and to augment the domain of the sea, he, like his contemporaries, was thinking not of attracting Oriental products, but of the expansion of European trade sales, and he meant the augmented domain of the sea by Western Powers, for he did not dream of an Asiatic domain. Who did dream of it at that time?

Contemporary comment on contemporary construction, through ten years, from the day in April, 1859, when the first pick wounded the sands of what was to be Port Said, until that November day in 1869 when the French Empress Eugénie, in the Imperial yacht *L'Aigle*, headed the procession of 68 vessels through the waterway and the canal was declared open, is of value now, for, in recalling it, we have pictured at once the hopes, the doubts, the fears of failures of plans, the realization of anticipated results, which marked its inception, progress, interruption, and completion. I made my own review from the contemporary documents in the leisure afforded during two voyages through the canal. The foreground figure is of de Lesseps, the master *intrigant* of his age, persuading by threats and arguments or cajoling and bribing his Egyptian patrons after the Oriental manner, meeting squarely and with Anglo-Saxon vigor the English opposition, overcoming the doubts of his French countrymen, impressing on Europe the certainty of ultimate success, surmounting financial embarrassments and warding off impending bankruptcy by devious but successful methods.

Besides the personality of the canal builder, it is the vivification of the dead desert wastes that is still of greatest human interest. After the first spadeful of earth was turned at Port Said came the letting of the waters of the Mediterranean into Lake Timsah, at the end of 1862, by a channel 50 feet wide and 7 feet deep; the signing of the contract for the fresh-water canal in March, 1863, and its completion to Suez in December of the same year, so that the waters of the Nile mingled with the Red Sea. Other noteworthy events were the entrance of the canal channel into the Bitter Lakes; the passage of the half hundred delegates of the Chambers of Commerce of the World from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea in April, 1865; the cholera epidemic and the useless sacrifice of life in what should have been harmless sand digging; the *corvée* or forced labor of the fellaheen and the outcry, partly genuine and partly hypocritical, which caused its abandonment; and—what was significant of future ditch-digging—the resort to machinery to rëenforce and replace men's labor by means of dredges, traction engines, steam excavators and steam cranes; the entrance of the steamer of 13 feet draught into Port Said *from the East*, December 9, 1865, and the latter part of the same month the passage of the steamer *Eugénie* from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea in 27 hours.

But from the perspective of the present day I should give importance to a commercial event. The first consignment of freight—it was not a cargo—was from Bangkok, from the King of Siam. This freight from the East to the West was transferred from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean boat under the eyes of the Governor of Bombay.

Contemporary with the canal building was the making of the entrances. Suez, a wretched mud village spread over the sands and swamps, had always existed, yet it was not made in the modern sense until the canal management provided fresh water from the Nile for its parched inhabitants and constructed the terrace of Port Tewfik, which to-day is the most attractive section

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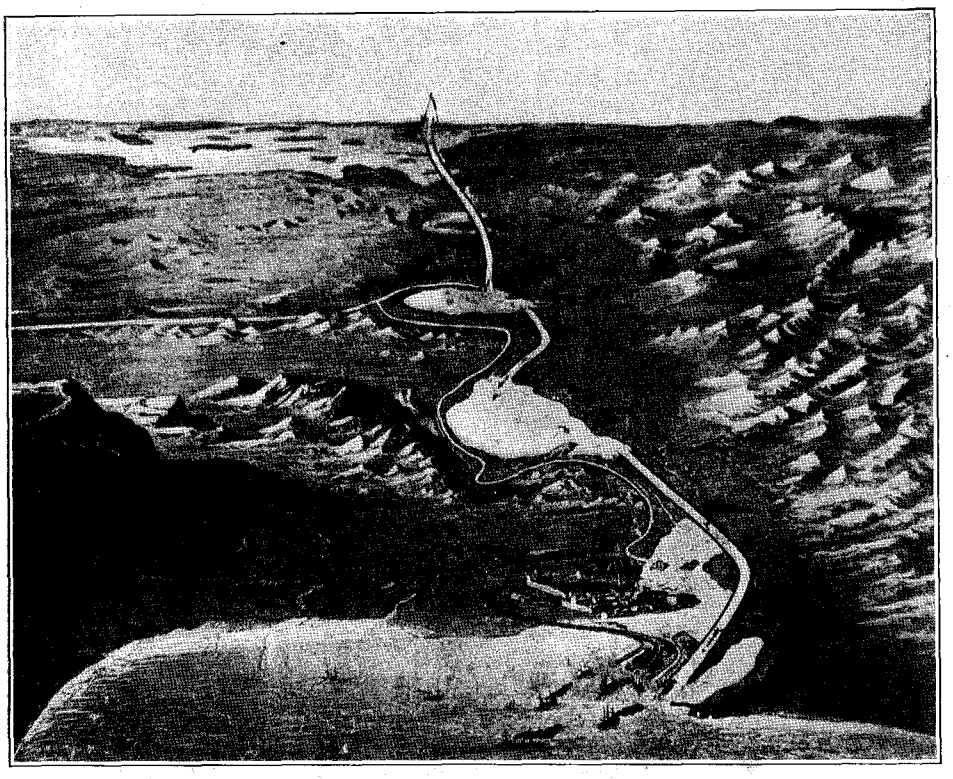

A relief map of Suez Canal.

of the waterway. But at the point selected by the engineers for inflicting the gash that would let in the waters of the Western Ocean there was nothing but a bank of sand, sometimes covered by the Mediterranean at high tide, sometimes by the overflow of the Nile delta, and again by the spreading surface of Lake Menzaleh. The nearest human habitation was the fishing hamlet of Gemileh, hid somewhere in the dunes three or four miles away. Here, at the head of the canal—where the desolate sand flats were turned into water basins and a great harbor created, while a city grew in which the races of the East and the West meet and mingle without merging, where coal basins have been so constructed that ships can coal quicker than anywhere else in the world, and where the improvements had gone so far towards enlarging the shipping capacity in 1907 that the Port Said harbor of five years previously would not be recognized—the progress of navigation and the influence of the world's commerce always will be felt most deeply.

The most vivid impression of all will be that of the ceaseless dredges. It is the same on the Isthmus of Panama. The traveller from the tropical countries who enjoys the enforced hospitality of the quarantine station of Colon has ample opportunity to reflect on the function of the dredges in keeping open international waterways. In the morning one is seen holding its way back and forth across the Atlantic entrance; at night its moving lights testify to continuous activity. But the desert is far different from the country through which the Panama Canal passes. Forever blow the desert winds and forever whirl the desert sands. At Suez the prevailing winds and the mud nature of the soil require continued dredging to keep the Port Tewfik channel open. Along the route to the Bitter Lakes, and from these lakes to Timsah, the sands are militant; the dredges must fight them without intermission. But the greatest function of these machines is at the Mediterranean entrance. Here at Port Said the message and the

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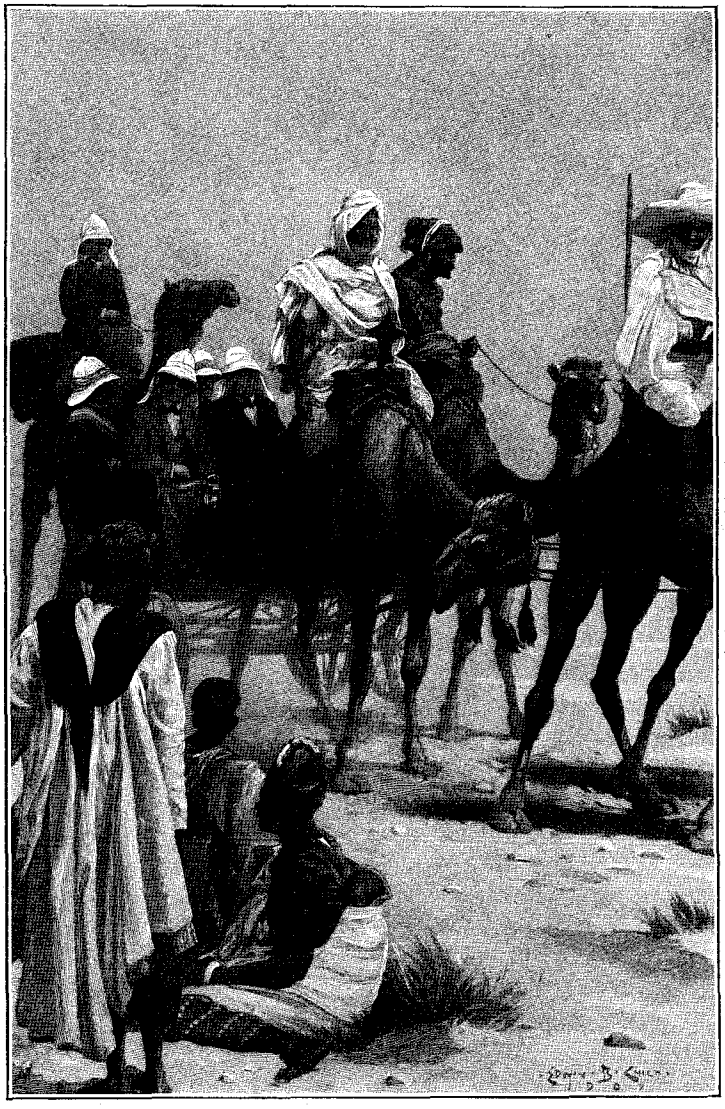

Tour of inspection by M. de Lesseps over the works of the Isthmus of Suez.
After an old print.

mission of the dredges are felt intensely. Night and day their hoarse voices cry out, sometimes losing the raucous quality and screeching. Their ceaseless call is to action, to preserve the fruits of past digging, and to provide larger fruits for the commerce of the future. They maintain what has been gained, and enable us to review the sources of these gains since the canal was opened.

There was in the first place the mechanical gain to ships, which by improvements in the compound engine and by devising workable high and low pressure engines gradually raised steam pressure to 200 pounds, so that the motive power attainable from a ton of coal was quadrupled. This was in 1872, when coal cost from 60 to 80 shillings per ton. Coincident with the increased coal efficiency was the revolution in the character of the shipping traffic to the East effected by the saving in the expenses of coaling. On the Cape of Good Hope route, coaling places were few, and much

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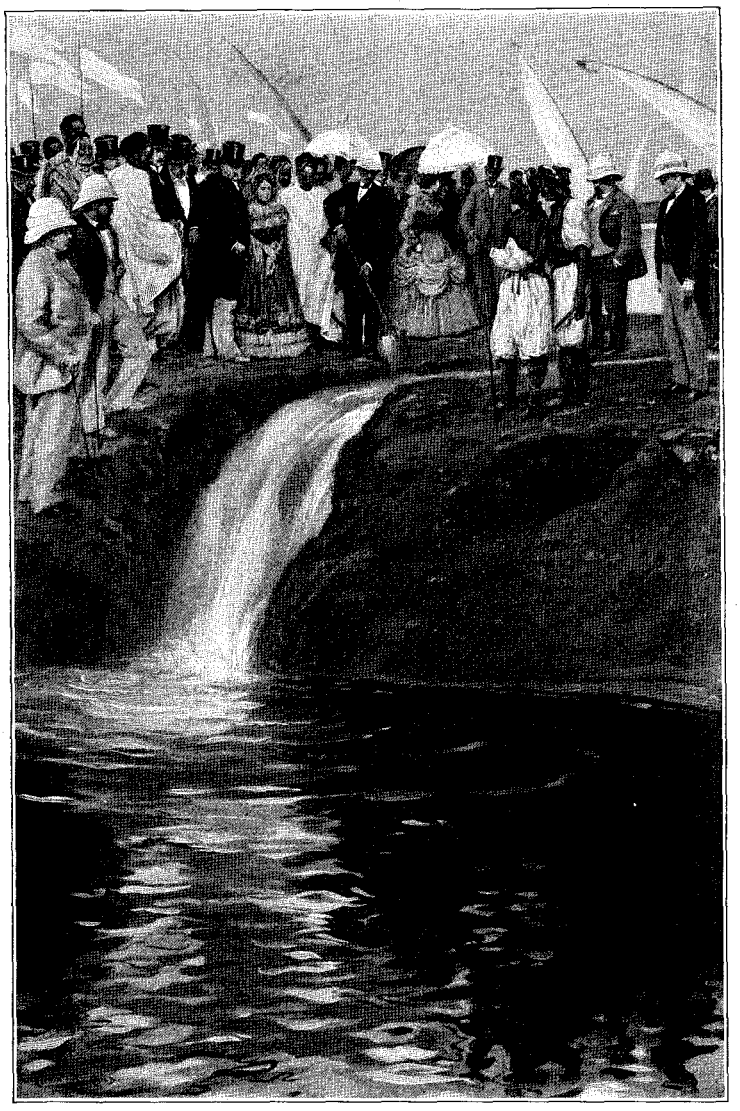

S. E. Ali-Pacha opening the dam of the reservoir of the Suez Plain.
After an old print.

space that should have been available for the freight was taken up by bunkers. By the canal route, all the Mediterranean ports could be utilized for coaling. Port Said drew much of its importance from being a coaling station, and Aden at the entrance to the Red Sea was a convenient place for the ships from India and beyond. So fuel could be had at a moderate charge and much larger space be given to cargo.

Then the building of iron screw steamers busied the shipyards of Great Britain and the development of the carrying capacity of the steamers using the canal was phenomenal. The increase in capacity was greater than in the number of vessels constructed, the interior capacity being augmented proportionately more than the ship's dimensions and speed, though both the latter were given attention. Though the addition to the volume of traffic has been enormous, the increase in the tonnage of the vessels passing through the canal has been more notable. In 1885 the mean tonnage per

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vessel, Danube measurement, was 1,747; in 1905, 3,191—an increase of approximately 80 per cent. The merchant marine has this advantage over war vessels: Fleets on which huge sums have been spent do not become valueless through the building of *Dreadnoughts*. Speed is not the prime object in carrying cargo, and as newer ships with larger capacity are built the old ones can be put on different routes without their usefulness being entirely destroyed. The problem of future shipbuilding for the canal, therefore, is increase of dimensions proportionate to the enlargement of the channel and the greater depth which is to be obtained. Turbines and gas producers are not of prime importance to Suez except as they enable smaller space to be used for the machinery and leave more room for cargo.

That Western application of the new force of electricity in old lands, of which I wrote in a previous article, might have had a chapter devoted to its utility at Suez. The facilities for increasing the volume of traffic passing through the canal received a most decided impetus in 1887, when by the adoption of electric lights night navigation was secured, and the vessels were no longer restricted to the hours of daylight, and the time required for the transit was also shortened. Thus it is an endless procession of steamers that is passing, and to me this procession is most impressive at night. Then it is that the psychology of the canal is felt and one gives himself over to the varying moods of the shifting scenes, and to reflections.

On one occasion I took passage on a cargo boat which left Port Said in the evening of an August day. Under weigh the green fringes of the canal-bordering trees disappeared in the blur of the sandy landscape. The illusion of grassy mounds and sloping green banks dissolved in the occasional flash of the searchlight, and when it was withdrawn there were only the level sand plains under the black starlit skies, and the gleaming lights of the signal stations. Then the tying up and watching the curious spectacle presented by the approaching steamers, the electric light beams falling on the waters in perpendicular shafts. It holds its way mute while along the banks the whirring lights of the night train from Cairo for Ismailia appear and reappear. More tying up, more approaching lights, and the 10,000 ton mail steamer from Australia passes in stately silence, lights shining from port-holes and saloons, a floating hotel, equal to what a few years back was considered luxurious transatlantic accommodations, and a reminder of what the travel to and from the East has become. There are now 250,000 passengers each year, and with every twelvemonth there is a larger proportion of travellers from the East who come to study Western lands and life.

An incident is a line of canal boats towed along shore, and the strange appearance of the short masts and the long yards, the lateen-sails being furled. They are spectral figures, but they play their part in the movement of the canal traffic. There is also the pilot gull, which flies from station to station ahead of the steamer.

In the morning hour we are passing through the high banks which shut out the surrounding desert and through the deep cuts to Ismailia. The fresh-water canal is a stone's throw off. Ismailia is a panorama of green plain bordered by tall, fringing trees. It is the entrance to Lake Timsah, and one sees the mosque and the jetty. Out of Lake Timsah into the canal channel there are many buoys, and the dredges are constantly at work. The voyage through the Bitter Lakes is more like a cruise. Then, the level stretches, the mirage of palms and rippling lakes, the hummocks of sand and the distant Arabian mountains, the camel caravans and the Bedouin idlers, all characteristic of the desert. A fleet of humble canal boats passes, their crews dragging and hauling the boats by human power instead of by the mule so familiar on the American canals. The currents and bends are handled with seamanship skill. The range of Libyan Mountains becomes clearer, the dreary sand shelter huts grow more numerous, and then is the first view of Suez huddled as in the bottom of a saucer. All around are yellow sand sheets blinding in their brilliancy.

My return trip was made in midwinter. At sunset the dissolving opal skies entranced us as we left Suez and steamed into the canal. A penetrating chill reminded us how swiftly the heat is radiated when the sun leaves the sands and the winter

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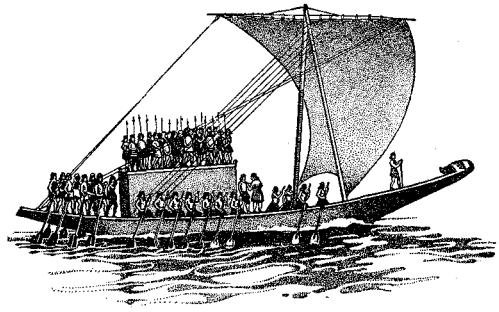
temperature was felt to the marrow. A rising moon, and once more I felt the pyschology of the canal amid the white silence of those barren stretches. Arid and broken Mount Gebel Geneffe, with its rocky sides and its craggy summit, the savage sentinel of the whispering sands, stood out with abrupt outlines. There were again the signals from the signal stations, the tie-ups for the outward-bound steamers, and in the morning the sight of the red and white flamingoes on Lake Menzaleh; then we were in Port Said basin and the commerce of the world was once more spread around us. And again there was the Japanese merchant vessel, this time coaling.

It may have been chance, but on this return trip I happened to read the London papers with their articles on Japan's effort to establish an embassy at Constantinople and to secure the privileges of the Capitulations and extraterritorial jurisdiction on the same footing as Western nations. There are not many Japanese subjects in the Turkish Empire, but the moral effect would be great for Japan. I do not know when this diplomatic triumph will be secured for the island nation of the Orient, but we may feel assured that she will not rest without it, even though Great Britain's support may cool since the Anglo-Russian *entente*. The effort savors of the suggestion of Asia at Suez in fifty or a hundred years as the dominating factor in the crowding commerce of 800,000,000 Orientals awakening to their own powers and to the power of numbers. The geographical isolation of the West and the East was healed by the Suez Canal. The union of the civilizations of the Occident and the Orient could not be affected by the joining of the waters of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. There are no vanishing races in the East. Compressed Japan, Chinese in numbers beyond census computation, Hindus by the hundreds of millions, do not disappear. They may spread westward to Suez as well as eastward to the western shores of America. European publicists may temper their concern over transpacific trade, the mastery of the Pacific, Asiatic colonization in Latin America, and the relation of Asia and all America, by taking thought of the Indian Ocean and its channel of communication to Europe. I do not write this in the trite sense of yellow peril pamphleteers, but in that of a significant natural movement of world trade. Of

Wonder out of West and East

the return currents of the commerce of the Orient may be the marvel which sometimes marks a rising tide. The mark of the West, new wants, the higher standard of living, modified customs and habits, the adaptation of new and old forces of civilization, the results of machinery, will be there; but still the return currents of broadening commerce will be Oriental currents.



A Nile boat 2500 B. C.

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PROVINCIAL OR NATIONAL?

By Louis Howland

WE have many philosophers to-day, but, true to precedent, we pay little heed to them. Matthew Arnold has given us an idea of the way in which the people of Athens regarded the wise man—or rather did not regard him, for they paid no attention to him—who predicted the ruin of Athenian civilization at the very period of its greatest glory. And we have all read of those who built tombs to the prophets whom their fathers had stoned. The trouble is that, from the days of Isaiah down to the present moment, the philosopher has been a pessimist, and we all dislike the pessimist, and refuse to listen to his croakings. Doubtless it would be foolish to exalt Mr. O. Henry to the prophetical office, and yet the following words, which he puts into the mouth of Mr. Jeff Peters, do seem to have an application to the subject in hand:

"One day in the papier-maché palm-room of a chloral hydrate and hops agency, in a side street about eight inches off Broadway, me and Andy had thrust upon us the acquaintance of a New Yorker. This New Yorker had made his money keeping a cigar store in Beekman Street, and he hadn't been above Fourteenth Street in ten years. He was a typical city Reub—I'd bet the man hadn't been out of sight of a skyscraper in twenty-five years. 'Keep that little roll for me,' says he, 'and oblige. I guess I know when I'm among friends. A man that's done business on Beekman Street for twenty years, right in the heart of the wisest little old village on earth, ought to know what he's about.' Now this cigar man is one of the types. He's lived twenty years on one street without learning as much as you would in getting a once-over shave from a lock-jawed barber in a Kansas cross-roads town. But he's a New Yorker, and he'll brag about that all the time he isn't picking up live wires or getting in front of street-cars or paying out money to wire-tappers or standing under a safe that's being hoisted into a skyscraper."

So it is that what interests Westerners is not the opinion which New Yorkers and Eastern people generally have of them, but the opinion which New Yorkers and Eastern people have of themselves. For it is this opinion that constitutes the real problem—this opinion that prevents the people that hold it from getting any adequate comprehension of their fellow-countrymen who live, say, west of Buffalo, to extend the horizon of the Eastern man to the utmost possible limit. Personally I should set the boundary of his vision far more narrowly. I never feel that I am out of my own country till the train rolls into the Grand Central Station and I am vociferously and vehemently urged by the New Yorkers at the station's exit to take a "keb."

The problem is to account for the patronizing attitude which is so often maintained by the East to the West, and which, it is assumed, is so annoying to those who are patronized. At the risk of solving the problem before it is fairly stated I must say that it is hard to see how, under present conditions, the attitude could be other than it is. Our brethren of the Atlantic seaboard are entirely satisfied with themselves—not personally, of course, but sectionally—their institutions, their customs, and even their prejudices. And where self-satisfaction is there can be no stimulus powerful enough to awaken curiosity about others, and consequently no incentive to travel, no motive to investigate. Had Ulysses felt at home in Ithaca after his return from the Trojan campaign he would never have undertaken the trip arranged for him by Tennyson. But he felt that there were still some things to be learned, and even had an idea that he might reach the "happy isles." When a man has attained what he truly believes is ultimate perfection it would be foolish for him to look further. His mistake is in thinking that he has reached perfection, not in refusing to go further. If his thought were right, his inference would be plainly right, too. Contentment chokes ambition and stifles the spirit of inquiry. And the contentment in this case is so absolute and unshakable, so

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much a part of the atmosphere, that the man who is its prey is quite unconscious that it even exists at all. Our Beekman Street friend, we may be very sure, was convinced in his very soul that there never had been and never could be such another street.

I read in a New York paper a few months ago a sort of apology—or rather explanation—for the poor showing made by the New York base-ball club. The clubs of other cities, it seemed, always played harder against the "Giants" because they felt that there was a special glory in beating New York. Obviously the writer thought so, too. Do you catch the idea? I heard another New York man say, contrasting a Western President with an Eastern one, that a New York politician was in every way to be preferred to a bucolic statesman. He had never thought of Lincoln, Morton, Chase, Stanton, Grant, the two Shermans, Matt Carpenter and the rest—to say nothing of the great Southerners, who, if not sons of the West, assuredly do not belong to New York, and are, from the point of view of my friend, bucolic statesmen. It is not so remarkable that New Yorkers should know so little of the West as that they should know so little of what is going on beyond the Bronx. A New York paper not long ago said that the people of that city were hardly acquainted with the names of those who administer the national Government and make laws for it. Washington, it seems, is too far away. A Tammany picnic is of more importance than the passage of a tariff law. Straight across the country from Washington to San Francisco there is the greatest interest in what is done or talked of in the Nation's capital. But there is practically no interest in such things in New York unless Wall Street is in some way affected. Not long ago an important church gathering, of a national character, was held in Brooklyn. It received practically no attention from the papers of the big city. Possibly this was because it was held in Brooklyn. Had it been a meeting of New York clergymen to condemn Bishop Potter's late subway saloon the papers would have "played it up strong."

Lest it should be thought that New York is alone in this narrowness, I hasten to add that much of the same spirit prevails throughout the East. I remember an experience on a certain Yankee island. A barbarian from the region unshadowed by the Berkshires ventured a criticism on a certain way of doing things, which was absurd, not from his point of view alone, but when judged by any common-sense standard. There was no attempt to justify it by an appeal to reason, or, indeed, to consider it as at all a matter with which reason had anything to do. For the native closed the discussion by saying: "The most part of the people of the island have always done it that way." On this theory cannibalism could be defended with entire success in regions where it had prevailed for a few score years. A visitor in another part of New England, seeing that the country swarmed with quail, asked her hostess why they never had any of them to eat. To her astonishment she was told that it was too much trouble, as it took all day to cook a quail. The theory was that the bird must be boiled, the woman never having heard of roasted or broiled quail, and refusing to admit that it could be palatable. However, she consented to try the experiment. When asked why the meat was so dry and tough and tasteless, she admitted that she had parboiled the birds for several hours. Here was a total inability to profit by the experience of others, or to give any weight to it at all. What she and her neighbors and progenitors had done must be right. There could be no appeal. Certainly people who came from a part of the country which she no doubt supposed to be still full of Indians, but which had seen a white man before Plymouth Rock had, could not teach her or her section anything. Clearly we have to do, not with rural backwardness, or with metropolitan narrowness and provincialism, for the same spirit is shown in the little New England village and in the great city that sits at the continent's gates, and takes toll of all of us.

I had just reached this point when Professor Sumner's great book entitled "Folkways" fell into my hands. While it is hard to see how anyone after reading it can attempt anything even faintly approaching a social study—so scholarly and profound is it—yet there was consolation in it for me. In showing that folkways are right, or rather held to be right, simply because they exist, Professor Sumner says:

"The right way is the way which the

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ancestors used and which has been handed down. The tradition is its own warrant. It is not held subject to verification by experience. The notion of right is in the folkways. It is not outside of them, of independent origin, and brought to them to test them. In the folkways, whatever is, is right."

Here, plainly, is the case of my New England friends of whom I have spoken. They were governed despotically by forces and influences of the very existence of which they were ignorant. So there comes the further thought of the futility of discussing such a question as this. And for two reasons. In the first place, men change in these matters very slowly, and never in response to reason. And in the second place, we all have our folkways, and these are "right" simply because they exist. There is no place for reason. Like "boasting," it is "excluded." If the East patronizes the West, it does it in obedience to a law or custom of which it is probably not conscious. While if the West has made up its mind that its fate is to be patronized, doubtless it would be unhappy if the arrangement were in any way disturbed. Why, then, should any one be distressed? Yet there is a difference even in folkways. And it is believed that those of the East are more settled and hardened, and much more binding and coercing, than those of the West, if for no other reason than that they have been longer established, and have not been subjected to the shock resulting from change of residence and general conditions. The farther west you go, the more willing do you find people to make experiments in society and government—so willing, indeed, that you feel that they need a more rigid government by folkways. What Mr. Bagehot calls the "cake of custom" is less "set" in Oklahoma than in Massachusetts, or even than in Boston. There is more pride of individual opinion and less reliance on tradition and corporate habits. So the East is more fairly judged by the West than the West is by the East. Therefore it is that the national spirit is more strongly developed in the West than in any other part of the country. This being the case, it may, after all, be true that a discussion of this question from the national point of view may not be wholly without profit. This national point of view must be strictly adhered to or else the discussion will degenerate into a mere recrimination between sections, and that would be foolish and harmful. But the discussion cannot be national in spirit unless it is controlled by a desire to do justice to all sections.

Manifestly it would be most unfair to say that the self-limiting contentment of which I have spoken is without anything whatever to rest on. That, indeed, is not true. There is not a Westerner who goes once or twice a year to the Waldorf-Astoria who does not think that "Little Old New York," with its lobster palaces, has many excellent qualities. He even feels, with a glow of pride, that he is part owner of "the Great White Way." Generally speaking, if there is yet any sensitiveness in the West over the supposed attitude of the East to it, it is mostly felt by those who in their inmost souls realize that the advantage is with the East. Only those meanly conscious of inferiority think much about Eastern opinion of themselves. Yet it is true that our trans-Hudson friends have the better of it in many ways. They are closer to places to which it seems worth while to go. For years the leadership was with the East—and is so yet in some things. In some sections of New England and among some people in New York—and it must be remembered that New York is often judged, and most unjustly, by its importations, temporary or permanent, from the West—wealth is now old enough to have acquired a certain refinement and grace which it does not have, say, in Chicago. We got our literature from the East, and our art. Society is better organized, and life, for the well to do, is more easy. Of course, every one admits the superiority of Eastern hotels, theatres and restaurants, but of these I do not propose to speak. They count for little—do not "affect the orbic quality of the matter." Yet they no doubt minister to the feeling of contentment which so limits those who possess it. Greater age, older historic background, more settled convictions and more imperious traditions—all these are important things, and they do make for culture. We all realize this, all admit it. There can be no helpful discussion of the subject that is not largely based on this admission.

Yet there are counterbalancing disad-

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vantages, while the advantages are only temporary, and are even now fast passing away. The West, too, is growing old, and with its age is acquiring a quietness and poise, an elegance and culture, a delightful society, a refined wealth, and a real love of the beautiful and elevated. Never without traditions—and of the most inspiring kind—it is being more and more influenced by them. The great historic background, which has always existed, is more and more coloring our life. I heard, the other day, of an Englishwoman who had for years passed her vacation in the Lake region, but had never heard of Southey and Coleridge, and had never associated Wordsworth with the lakes and mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland. It has been so with the people of the West to a very considerable extent. But we are gradually opening our eyes to the splendor of our heritage. The names of Western heroes are on every tongue. Books describing their exploits are widely read. When the people of Indiana reflect that the territory which they inhabit has owed allegiance to three flags they realize that they and their civilization are not of yesterday. The influence of the past is being felt here as in New England, and we are all growing old together. So I say that the advantages enjoyed by the East are fast disappearing.

But the disadvantages are likely to endure unless there comes a change in the mental attitude. I have tried to show how the feeling of contentment, justifiable as it is in many respects, limits the intellectual life and the sympathies of the Easterners. It prevented the Yankee woman from ever knowing the deliciousness of broiled quail, precisely as it prevents her and her neighbors from knowing anything of the West. More than this, a settled and fixed society tends to develop a spirit of caste, a narrow outlook, a distaste for travel, and a slavish adherence to old traditions and customs which may be, and often are, exceedingly foolish. Thus the intellectual fruitfulness of the people tends to decay. In literary matters the East is even now hardly more than *primus inter pares*. In politics the West has long been predominant. Every elected President since the war, except Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt, has been a Western man. Even Western art is beginning to compete with the art of the older section. And if the West has not achieved its independence in finance—as it never will do, since such independence in any section is impossible—it at least no longer shivers every time Wall Street has a chill. So the very virtues of the East, those which give it a charm in its own eyes and in the eyes of many of the people of the West, are likely still further to limit it and harden it—even to ossify it. Advantages through misuse may easily become disadvantages. When those virtues are developed in other sections they may run the same course and work the same harm unless guided and checked by a different spirit.

There is another factor in the problem for which no one is responsible, and that is the physical vastness of the country. We have no real centres—possibly shall have none for years, if ever. No foreigner can visit us without feeling a sense of distraction. The hidden and deeper unity does not impress him even faintly. He cannot find his America in New York, or Boston, or Washington, or Chicago, as he finds his England in London. Being unable to find it anywhere, he wonders if it exists anywhere. To the eye of the poet it exists very obviously. After having returned from his Western trip, Walt Whitman wrote:

"Not long ago I was down New York Bay, on a steamer, watching the sunset over the dark-green heights of Navesink, and viewing all that inimitable spread of shore, shipping and sea, around Sandy Hook. But an intervening week or two, and my eyes catch the shadowy outlines of the Spanish Peaks. In the more than two thousand miles between, though of infinite and paradoxical variety, a curious and absolute fusion is doubtless steadily annealing, compacting, identifying all. But subtler and wider and more solid (to produce such compaction) than the laws of the States, or the common ground of Congress and the Supreme Court, or the grim welding of our national wars, or the steel ties of railroads, or all the kneading and fusing processes of our material and business history, past and present, would, in my opinion, be a great, throbbing, vital, imaginative work, or series of works, or literature, in constructing which the Plains, the Prairies, and the Mississippi River, with the demesnes of its varied and ample valley,

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should be the concrete background, and America's humanity, passions, struggles, hopes, there and now—an *éclaircissement* as it is and is to be, on the stage of the New World, of all Time's hitherto drama of war, romance, and evolution—should furnish the lambent fire, the ideal."

But works of imagination cannot be ordered and commanded. They must come out of the very sense of solidarity which they are asked to create and establish. The compaction can hardly be effected by the imaginative artist, but it can be revealed by him. It is for him, realizing it first, to make the rest of us realize it.

Two other causes contribute to the lack of understanding. The first is our political system, which is based on the principle of local self-government. This, in its extreme form, tends even to political disruption, as we have seen. There has of late been a strengthening of the local feeling, which has come by way of reaction against the growing centralization. As we have no geographical centre so we have no controlling and all-absorbing political centre. In many parts of the South the States even today are exalted above the Nation. This is, to a certain extent, true of New England. In the West it is not true. But everywhere there are strong local centres and strong local governments which have to do with the affairs which most closely concern the people. Washington is not national, but rather, as far as it has any distinctive tone, cosmopolitan. We do not there get an American type—we get all sorts of types, and each type persists. The localization of power carries with it the localization of interest. And as the things that engage our attention lie close at hand we find it difficult to be much concerned over what happens or over the people who live a thousand miles away. This influence cooperates with our geographical vastness to keep alive the ignorance and misunderstanding which so many of us deplore. There are other things, such as the influence of cities with their multiplicity of "things," and their city pride, which have still further weakened the national idea. These, however, can only be hinted at. One other thing must be spoken of, and that is the demand of the West—unconsciously made in most cases—to be judged as a precocious child. It rather insists on its youth, and this because it is proud—like a boom town—of having done so much in so short a time. It asks the world to admire its achievements, not for their own sake, but because they are the work of a young community. It is time for the West to realize that it is grown up, and to submit its work to the judgment of mankind on its merits. Yet there is another side even to this question. The East, too, must understand that the West has attained its majority, and recognize it—even over its own protest if need be—as an equal partner in the great commonwealth of American States. Western literature, if it is good at all, must be good as literature, and not as Western literature. No concessions on the score of our supposed youthfulness ought to be asked or granted. For the West is old, and not at all a child. The spirit which too often prevails in both sections is very like that so often manifested by the women who talk of "woman's work," and insist that it be appraised, not as work, but as woman's work. I am persuaded that we have here a very fruitful cause of misunderstanding. The West poses as a "smart" young man—or woman—and the East applauds border dramas or "Wolfville" stories, not simply because they are or may be good, but chiefly because it is believed that they accurately reflect Western life.

I have rather assumed the existence in the East of an ignorance of the West, but as that is practically my theme I could hardly do anything else. This ignorance will become more formidable and dangerous every year, because the subject in regard to which it manifests itself is every day growing larger and more important. Fifty years ago one could have afforded to know little or nothing of the West. But to know nothing of it now is to know nothing of the controlling influence in our national life. What we have to consider is no mere petty question of the misunderstanding of one section of the country by another section. That is a subject which has not the remotest interest for the people of the West. They have lost whatever sensitiveness they ever had in this regard, precisely as the American people as a whole are no longer stung by foreign criticism. When Mr. James attempted, a few months ago, to appraise this country and its people, we all

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felt sorry (when we were not amused) because of his sad inability to understand what we were doing or trying to do, what our institutions meant, or to appreciate, even remotely, the enormous value to the world of the American idea. So the Westerner is no longer offended by the patronizing temper of the Easterner—indeed, he is hardly conscious of it. As far as he is personally concerned, he is more anxious to understand himself and his own section than that the East should understand the West. What grieves him is to note the limitations that the people of the East impose on themselves, for those limitations make it impossible for them to think nationally by making it impossible for them to put themselves into relation with the dominant forces of the nation's life. The loss is not the loss of the East, but that of the nation —of both East and West. In a word, we are without that unity which we must have if we are ever to become a nation in any true and high sense.

Fortunately, many influences are at work to bind the nation together. We all know what they are. The very tendency of the time is toward consolidation. A true and deep unity does exist even now underneath all differences. And how superficial and trivial those differences are as compared with those which characterize the people of different sections in even so small a country as England! Our sense of equality, our love of liberty, our common speech, common schools and common law, are all great solvents. Many of us do not think nationally; but when, in the history of the world, did the ordinary, average man think nationally? We ought not to make too much of this defect, for it is one that marks human beings rather than Americans as such. Whitman is right, for there is "a curious and absolute fusion steadily annealing, compacting, identifying all." Often we fail to appreciate one another because we think we see differences where none exist. When two Americans meet abroad, and in an environment that is markedly unlike that which they have known and which has helped make them what they are, they have no difficulty in understanding each other, or in appreciating the differences which set them off from the rest of the world. But though we should strive for a more national sense, a closer unity of feeling, a stronger sympathy between the different sections of the country, and a more accurate knowledge of each by the other, we ought not to desire a centralized thought any more than we desire a centralized government. We must preserve the "infinite and paradoxical variety," and the lights and shades which contribute so largely to the picturesqueness of American life. It is not well that the Yankee should be like the Southerner, or the Southerner like the Westerner. The levelling and assimilating forces may spoil our whole national life. Differences there ought to be. Indeed, it is through these that men should be able to enter into sympathetic relations. A living society tends to variety—variety, indeed, means life. Even the folkways of different sections work out into different forms. This is no plea for uniformity or conformity. Rather it is an argument for self-criticism, which, to quote Professor Sumner once more, is "the supreme criticism." There is too great a passion for uniformity as it is—uniform text-books, uniform examination papers, uniform divorce laws, etc., some of which are good. But they all indicate a tendency toward a rather dull and stupid sameness. Where there is progress there is always unlikeness. To lose variety may be to lose life.

Men should love their homes, their States, their sections; and if they live as they should they will take their color—the only sort of local color that amounts to anything—from them. But each can appreciate the other, understand the other and learn something from the other. Thus there shall be "diversities of gifts," but "one spirit." In this sense nationality can hardly be too strongly developed. Lincoln was probably the most national man we have ever had, and this was because, though he was a Westerner of the Westerners, he knew and loved the whole country. We cannot know even our own section unless we know something of the whole of which it is a part. Without this knowledge a man can hardly realize how great America is, or how much it means to the world. Therefore it is that we cannot afford to limit ourselves, as certain people in the East seem content to do. They hurt themselves and the nation, and not the West, except as that is part of the nation.

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BART HARRINGTON, GENIUS

By Elizabeth Jordan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

THE assistant Sunday editor of the *New York Searchlight* was busy. This was not an unusual condition, but it frequently included unusually irritating features. His superior, Wilson, the Sunday editor, was a gentleman with a high brow and a large salary, who, having won a reputation as "a Napoleon of Journalism," had successfully cultivated a distaste for what he called "details." His specialty was the making of suggestions in editorial council, in cheery expectation that they would be carried out by his associates—an expectation so rarely realized that Mr. Wilson's visage had almost a habit of hurt wonder. "Details" continued to absorb the activity of *The Sunday Searchlight* office, and Maxwell, the assistant editor, attended to them all, murmuring bitterly against his chief as he labored.

On this special morning, moreover, he was receiving telephoned bulletins of the gradual disintegration of his biggest "special," scheduled for the coming Sunday edition, which was to tell with sympathetic amplitude of a beautiful French maiden who had drowned herself because some young man no longer loved her. The active reporter assigned to the case had telephoned first his discovery that the girl never had a lover, but cheerily suggested that this explained her suicide as well as the earlier theory, and wasn't so hackneyed, sagely adding that he would get the story, anyhow. Subsequently, he had rung up the office to report, with no slight disgust, that there was no suicide to explain as the girl was not dead. She had merely gone to visit friends in the country, and the people in the house, missing her, had decided that the peaceful waters of the Hudson——

Maxwell hung up the receiver with a few crisp remarks addressed to space, and absorbed in awestruck silence by a young woman at the other end of the room, who eased her typewriting labor by pausing to hear them fully. It was at this inauspicious moment that the card of Mr. Bart Harrington was brought in by an office boy. Maxwell surveyed it with strong disfavor.

"Who is he?" he asked, regarding the office boy severely.

The office boy avowed deprecatingly that he didn't know.

"He ain't never been here before," he submitted in extenuation. "He says he's got a Sunday story."

Maxwell resigned himself to the waste of five minutes of precious time.

"Show 'm in," he commanded testily. He sat down at his desk and turned toward the door an expression that reminded callers of the value of time and the brevity of life. Mr. Harrington, who had followed the boy through the door with conviction of these two things, dropped into a chair beside the editor's desk and surveyed Maxwell with a smile so young, so trustful, and withal so engaging, that unconsciously the stern features of that functionary relaxed. Nevertheless, he was not jarred out of his routine.

"Got your story with you, Mr. Harrington?" he asked briskly, holding out his hand for the manuscript. "If you'll leave it, I'll read——"

Harrington interrupted him with an impressive shake of his head. Then he settled back in his chair, crossed one leg comfortably over the other, plunged his hands deep in the pockets of his very shabby overcoat, and continued to regard the editor with his singularly boyish, dimpling smile. With one swift glance Maxwell took him in, from the broken boot on the foot he was gently swinging to and fro, to the thick, curly locks on his handsome head. He had a complexion like a girl's, a dimple in each cheek, and a jaw like a bulldog's. He was all of six feet tall, and his badly made clothes could not wholly conceal the perfect lines of his figure. He was about twenty-two years old, Maxwell decided, and, notwithstanding his dimples, his complexion, his youth, and his smile,

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he conveyed a vivid impression of masculinity and strength. He was wholly self-possessed, and his manner suggested that the business which had brought him where he was was of such urgent value and importance that the busy world itself might well hush its noisy activities long enough to hear of it. To his own great surprise, Maxwell waited until his caller was prepared to speak.

Harrington shook his head again, slowly. Then he tapped his forehead with the second finger of his right hand.

"I have it heah," he said slowly, referring evidently to the brow he had indicated, and speaking with a slight drawl and the strongly marked accent of the southern mountaineer. "I 'lowed I wouldn't write it till I knew you-all wanted it. I'd like to tell it. Then if——"

Maxwell nodded, and glanced at his watch.

"Fire away," he said, elegantly. "But be as quick as you can, please. This is closing day and every minute counts."

Harrington smiled his ingenuous smile. It was a wistful smile—not a happy one—but it seemed, somehow, to illumine the office. Maxwell reflected irritably that there was something unusually likable about the fellow, but he wished he'd hurry up and get out. From force of habit his fingers grasped a blue pencil on his desk, and he began to fumble nervously among the manuscripts that lay before him. Harrington settled back more firmly in his chair, and the swinging of his torn boot was accelerated a trifle, but his voice when he spoke was full of quiet confidence.

"It's a good thing, suh," he said, "and I can tell you-all about it in a sentence. I'm goin' to commit suicide to-day, an' I agree to write the experience foh you, up to the last minute, if you-all will have me buried decently. I don't cayah to be shoveled into the Pottah's Field."

Maxwell dropped the blue pencil and wheeled to look at him. Then his face hardened.

"It's a pretty bad joke," he said, "or a bum sort of bid for charity. In either case you can't waste any more of my——"

But Harrington had sprung to his feet, his blonde young face black with passion.

"Damn you!" he hissed, thrusting his head down close to the other's and clenching his fists. "How dahe you-all say I lie o' ask charity? I'd see you-all in hell befoah I'd take a cent of youah damned money. Ain't you got brains enough in youah haid to see that I've got to the end of mah rope?"

Maxwell was a clever man, educated in the world's university. He knew truth when he met it, and he knew human nature.

"Sit down," he said quietly, "and tell me about it. I'm sorry I spoke as I did, but you must admit that your proposition was rather startling."

Harrington sat down, still breathing hard in his excitement, but evidently making a resolute effort to control himself.

"That's why I brought it heah," he said, answering the other's last words. "You-all like stahtlin' things, don't you? That's what you print. I'm offerin' you a straight bahgain, suh—a business proposition. If you-all don't want it, say so."

Maxwell smiled in his turn, but there was nothing ironic in the smile, nor in the look he turned on his fellow-man.

"It's not quite as simple as you seem to think," he explained gently. "But tell me more about it. What led to this decision? What makes you think suicide is the only way out of your troubles? That's a part of the story, you know. Let me have that first, in a few words.

"It can be told, suh, in three," said the southerner. His smile had returned. His voice was the cool voice of one who discusses abstract things. "I'm a failyuh. This wo'ld ain't no use foh failyuhs. I've given myself all the time and chances I dese'ved, but I cayn't win out, so I've got to *git* out. The's no one to ca'e. I've no kin, no one dependin' on me in any way. As foh me, I'm ti'ed; life ain't wuth the effo't."

Maxwell regarded him.

"You don't look like a quitter," he said thoughtfully.

The boy's face blazed again, but he kept his temper.

"To quit means to give somethin' up," he said doggedly. "I ain't givin' anythin' up. I ain't got anythin' to give up. Life without wo'k, o' interest, o' fren's, o' ambition, o' love—that ain't livin'! If you-all evah tried it, you'd know. I ain't been so chee'ful in yeahs as I've been sence I made up my mind to 'quit,' as you-all call it."

"You've got health, haven't you?" demanded Maxwell.

"Yes."

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Maxwell brought his hand down on the desk with an air of finality.

"Then you've got everything. Do you mean to tell me that a fellow like you can't earn enough to support himself? If you do, you're talking rot."

Harrington took this with his wide, guileless grin. He was not offended now, for he felt the friendly interest and sympathy under the other's words. His voice when he replied was gentler.

"I ain't sayin' I can't keep body an' soul together, foh maybe I can," he conceded. "But I'm sayin' *that* ain't *life*. I'm sayin' I ain't been fitted fo' wo'k. I ain't been educated. I've lived in a log cabin down in the Virginia mountains all mah life. I left thah six weeks ago, after mah mother died. She was the last of ouah family but me. I ain't never been to school. She taught me to read in the Bible, an' to write. I ain't nevah read anotheh book except the Bible and Mistah Shakespeah's poems, an' Mistah Pluta'ch's Lives of Great Men. I know them b hea't. I don't know whe' she got them o' whe' she came from. She was different from othah mountain women. I've been No'th six weeks, and I've tried ha'd to find a place whah I could fit in, but th' ain't none. Men must be trained fuh wo'k; I ain't trained. I cyan't go back, foh the's no one thah, an' I hate the mountains."

Maxwell's reply was brief and to the point.

"Think you could learn to run our elevator without killing us all?" he inquired. "Well, you've got to. You've been talking awful guff, you know. Now you're going to work, right here. We need a new man. The one we have has been drunk three days. You're going to run the elevator and get fifteen dollars a week to begin with. Here's your first week's salary in advance. I'll arrange about the job with the Superintendent. I'll give you some books, and you can educate yourself. When you're above elevator work we'll give you something better. You'll probably have my job inside of a year," he ended, jocosely.

The hand the mountaineer stretched out to him trembled as Maxwell grasped it.

"You ah the only white man I've found in the No'th," said the southerner breathlessly. "I'll make good, as they say up heah. But I don't know how I can thank you."

"Don't try," said Maxwell, brusquely. "Be here at eight in the morning. By nine there will be a few callers I may want you to throw down the shaft."

Thus began the connection between the *Searchlight* and Bart Harrington, subsequently its most popular employé. Before the week was over all the reporters and most of the editors had casually sought from Maxwell some details concerning his protégé, but had received few. Harrington was a new man and he came from the Virginia mountains, and was most obliging and altogether engaging. This was all the information acquired even by the indefatigable Miss Mollie Merk, whose success in extracting from individuals information it was their dearest desire to conceal had made her a star member of the *Searchlight's* staff. It was to Miss Merk, however, that Harrington announced his first important discovery. Leaning across her desk one evening after his successor had taken the "car," the new elevator man touched a subject much upon his mind.

"I got wet the othah day," he began conversationally, "an' mah landlady let me go to the kitchen to dry mah clothes. I obse'ved as I sat by huh stove that the lid of the wash boilah kept liftin' up, all by itself, an' then I saw 't'was raised by the steam of the hot watah inside. I kep' thinkin' 'bout it, an' it seems to me that's an idea thah, a soht of ene'gy, you know, that might be used in big ways. I mus' think it out."

Mollie Merk looked at him, vague memories of one James Watts stirring uneasily in her brain.

"There's a good deal written about steam," she said sympathetically. "I'll bring you a book on it."

She did, for Harrington was already high in her regard; and quite possibly the volume killed in that youth's aspiring soul the germ of a beautiful hope. But he was to the fore very soon with a discovery of equal weight. This time his confidant was Maxwell.

"Why is it," he asked that busy citizen one evening, "that when I get in the bathtub the water rises highah? Ain't the' some principal the' that is impo'tant? As I think it ovah——"

Maxwell hurriedly assured him that there was, and the volume on steam was followed by a treatise on specific gravity, which gave Mr. Harrington food for reflection for sev-

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eral days. Nevertheless the discovery that others had been before him did not depress him in the least. He gave the Sunday editor an insight into his views on one occasion when that gentleman was able to convince him that Isaac Newton and not Bart Harrington had discovered the law of gravitation while watching an apple fall from a tree.

"I obse'ved it, too, suh," argued Harrington sturdily, defending his position as a scientific discoverer. "Of co'se I see the fo'ce of you'h rema'k that the othah man was *first*. That is unfo'tunate foh me. But does it affect the value of *my* discovery? It does not, suh."

"There's a good deal in it," Wilson conceded to Maxwell after he had delightedly repeated this conversation. "Of course, the fellow has an unusual mind. It's a pity he's always a few hundred years behind the time, but, as he hints, that needn't dim our admiration for the quality of his brain fibre."

Maxwell laughed uneasily.

"I can't make up my mind," he admitted in his turn, "whether he's a genius or a plain fool. He lost his dinner last night explaining to me how the power of Niagara could be applied to practical uses. He was horribly depressed when I told him it not only could be, but was. I let him talk, though, to see what his ideas were, and they were very practical."

"I call that mighty encouraging," said the chief, optimistically. "He's getting down to modern times. After he has discovered the telephone and telegraph and cable and wireless telegraphy he may tackle telepathy and give us something new."

But Harrington indulged in an unexplained digression at this point. He discovered literature and became acquainted with the works of one Charles Dickens, of whose genius he made himself the sounding trumpet-call for the ears of an indifferent world.

"The's a book called 'David Coppe'field,'" he confided to Maxwell one night when he had lingered for a chat with his benefactor. "It's great, suh. You should read it sometime, Mistah Maxwell; you would appreciate its wo'th." He outlined the plot then and there, and Maxwell goodnaturedly listened, finding his compensation in the enthusiast's original comments on character and situation. This, however, established a bad precedent, and Maxwell was subsequently obliged to hear a careful synopsis of "Little Dorrit," "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Oliver Twist," in quick succession, followed by the somewhat painful recitation of most of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"—for Harrington was now entering the daisied field of poetry.

It was at this point that Maxwell felt himself constrained to give his protégé a few words of advice, the city editor having objected to an enforced hearing of the plot of "Ivanhoe," and Mollie Merk having admitted that she had climbed six flights of stairs twice a day for a week in preference to hearing the final eighteen stanzas of "Paradise Lost."

Maxwell explained the situation to his friend as gently as he could one morning when Harrington had interrupted a talk between himself and a distinguished western editor who was spending a few days in New York.

"You see, old man," he ended kindly, "this is a big, new world to you, but the rest of us have been living in it all our lives. We've taken in these things you're discovering—or we've had them driven into us at school. So—er—they're not new, and while we appreciate them we haven't got time to go over them all again. When you get up to modern fiction—the things people are reading to-day——"

With one expressive gesture of the hand Mr. Harrington demolished modern fiction.

"*I* ain't got time foh that, Mistah Maxwell," he said, respectfully. "I read one, an I regret to say, suh, that it was too much. I have looked into othe's, but I go no fu'thah. I have tried to open to you gentlemen the great wo'ks I have discove'ed, an' youah reply is that you-all have read them, suh. I am surprised. Do you give one glance at a picture an' nevah look again? Do you listen once to music, o' must it be something new and mode'n ev'ry time? Last night I heard the composition of a musician named Beethoven, who, I have learned, has been dead foh yeahs. Yet people still listen to his notes. Why don't they read these books of Mistah Dickens and Mistah Scott and Mistah Shakespeah?"

Maxwell murmured feebly that a few did. A fitting response to Harrington's arraignment somehow eluded him, and before he had found the words he wanted an unexpected interruption came from the western

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editor, who had been listening to the conversation with almost painful interest.

"Mr. Harrington," he asked abruptly, "can you write?"

Harrington looked surprised and boyishly injured.

"Yes, suh," he replied stiffly. I can read and write."

"Oh, of course, of course," explained the other hastily. "I don't mean that. Can you write for the press? Have you tried to write anything for other people to read?"

Harrington's characteristic smile flashed forth.

"I have submitted sev'al ahticles to Mistah Maxwell," he said with some dignity, "but thus far I have not been fo'tunate enough——"

Maxwell drew a little package of manuscripts from a pigeon-hole in his desk and handed them to the visitor without a word. They spoke for themselves. The latter glanced through them, frowning. Maxwell returned to his work. Harrington waited. At last the westerner handed the papers back to his eastern colleague, shaking his head as he did so.

"These won't do at all," he said decidedly, "but they confirm my impression that this man can write something worth while." He addressed himself to Maxwell now, discussing Harrington as impersonally as if he were absent, but from time to time his keen eyes returned to the southerner's face.

"Here's a man," he began didactically, "who is hundreds of years behind the times. But please to remember that he would have been Watts, Newton, and several other discoverers if he had existed before them. He's as much of a pilgrim on this earth to-day as if he were a visitor from another planet. But he has an extraordinary type of mind and very good taste—a strong, ignorant, instinctive feeling for the best. If he would write a series of short articles giving his point of view to the busy men and women of to-day, they should be 'good stuff'—a sort of artistic voice crying in the commercial wilderness, don't you see. You or some one else may have to put them into shape, until he catches the idea, but he will catch it all right. He's clever enough. If you want to try him, and it turns out as I think it will, I'll buy the material for simultaneous publication in Chicago. What do you say?"

"Agreed," said Maxwell, briefly. "I think you're right. We'll try it, anyhow. I guess we won't have much trouble persuading Harrington to favor us with the opportunity of examining his manuscript." He smiled as he glanced at the other. Harrington's eyes were shining. His words, when he spoke, came breathlessly.

"I'll have the first copy ready in the mo'ning, Mistah Maxwell," he promised. "And I reckon," he added, straightening his splendid shoulders—"I reckon I'll give up the elevatah, suh."

Maxwell laughed, in high good humor.

"Oh, yes," he agreed, "I guess we'll have to give you a successor there, in any event. However this experiment turns out, it's time you had something better than that."

. . . . . .

Harrington's first paper was signed *A Visitor from Mars*, and Maxwell marvelled as he read it. It was not a great production and it was full of small faults; but there was an indescribable naïveté and charm about it to which its quaint, old-time style added the final touch. Harrington's studies of what he called "the olden masters" had not been in vain. Late the next evening, in the peace of his small Harlem flat, Maxwell submitted the manuscript to his wife for criticism. He passed it over without comment, desiring the unprejudiced opinion of the intelligent general reader, and Mrs. Maxwell read it twice, very carefully, before she handed it back. When she did there was a mist over her bright brown eyes.

"The darling thing!" she cried. "Who wrote it, Bob? It's as clever as it can be, and yet there's something about it that makes me feel queer and choky. It's—it's ——" her face brightened, "it's something like the feeling I had when little Bobbie wrote me his first letter, that time I went home to take care of mother. One almost expects to see the words staggering down one side of the page in dear little crooked printed letters. It's the manuscript of a grown-up, sophisticated baby."

Maxwell took the copy from her, well pleased at this conjugal confirmation of his own impression.

"It's Harrington's," he explained, "and he's not sophisticated enough to hurt anybody, yet. But he's going to make a success of this job—there's no doubt of that. I'll ask him to come up to dinner to-morrow

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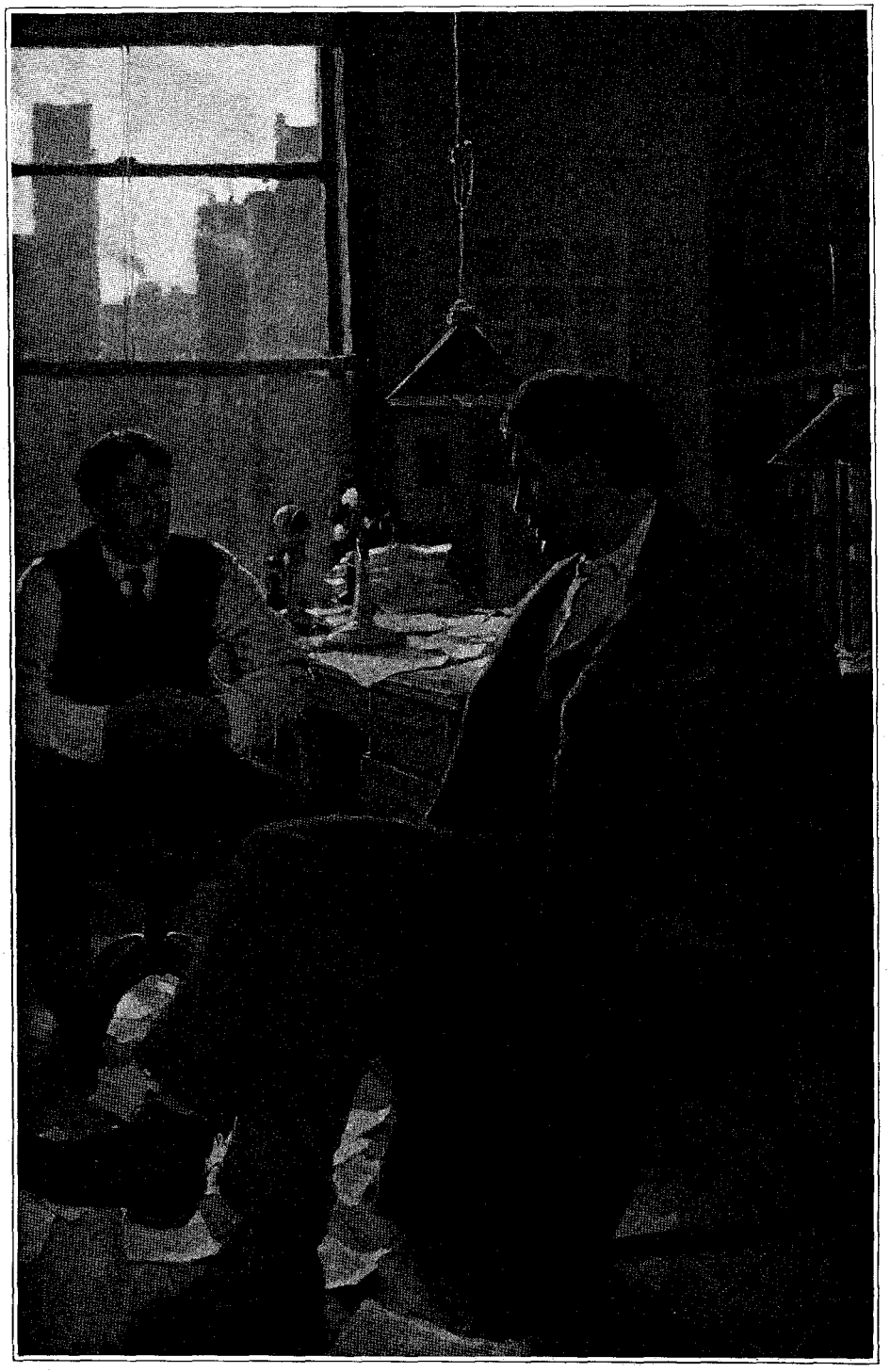

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

The busy world itself might well hush its noisy activities long enough to hear of it.—Page 457.

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night, and go over the stuff with me a bit. I don't want to do it in the office."

The western editor was equally enthusiastic the following day. He was also glowing pleasantly in the confirmation of his own keenness of intuition.

"You wouldn't have seen what you had here," he explained to Maxwell, unnecessarily. "This is pretty much like genius. This fellow will be writing his autobiography some day, and perhaps he'll remember his humble discoverers. Meantime, don't you spoil his work by trying to edit it. Let it alone. It's all right."

The column of "The Visitor from Mars" grew to two columns, and became a strong feature of the Sunday *Searchlight*. Harrington, now in possession of a fair weekly income and unlimited leisure, bought new clothes, rented a sitting-room, bedroom and bath in a comfortable bachelor apartment house, and spent his days browsing in libraries, where he read omnivorously. Incidentally, he discovered not only the telephone, telegraph and other inventions predicted by the Sunday editor, but a locomotive fire-box which had received some favor among railroad officials for ten years, and a superb weapon of destruction which had been used in the Japanese army for six.

"He's getting on," cried Wilson, delightedly, when Maxwell recounted these small disappointments in an otherwise inspiring onward career. "He's learned to dress like a gentleman, speak like a gentleman and look like a gentleman, and he has also learned that there have been a few active minds in the world before his came. Give him time. He'll do something big yet."

Harrington promptly verified this prediction by falling in love, which he did on a scale and with an abandon unprecedented in the history of Park Row. It was a tempestuous upheaval for the emotional southerner, and every other interest in his life retired to the remotest background and remained there, unseen and unsuspected. His choice fell on a woman reporter of the *Searchlight*, a quiet, refined young girl, whose journalistic activities were confined to reports of meetings of women's clubs and the descriptions of other social events. For her Bart Harrington commanded the morning stars to sing together, and dared the dazzled sun to look upon her like. To him she was Laura, Beatrice, Juliet, Francesca—the essence of all the loves of all the ages in one perfect form. During their brief engagement he called for her in a cab each morning, and drove her to her home each night. He would have laid a carpet of flowers for her from the office to the curb had it been practicable. Also, he discovered Keats and Shelley and Byron and Swinburne, and quoted them until the office boys, who alone remained to listen to him, demanded that increase of salary justly attached to increased nervous strain. Swinburne, Harrington promptly decided, he did not like. There was an earthiness in his verse, he explained to Maxwell, a material side, wholly lacking in the love of the right man for the right woman—in other words, in his own love for Miss Evans. He wrote two columns about this kind of love in his Mars department, and half a million men read it with gurgles of warm appreciation and quoted it at dinner the next night. Then he married Miss Evans and became interested in the price of coal and other household supplies. His absorption in these topics was almost feverish. He talked about them morning, noon and night. His interest in literature flickered and died out. To Maxwell, his first and still his best friend, he finally confided his dilemma.

"You see, old man," he began one morning about six months after the wedding, "we've discovered, Clara and I, that the least we can live on is fifty dollahs a week. And you see I'm only getting forty. It's serious, isn't it? But Clara says that if we buy all ouah canned goods at Lacy's——"

Maxwell stopped him with a gesture of desperation.

"Harrington, if you say another word I shall go crazy," he announced with the calmness of despair. "We'll give you fifty dollars a week. Now consider that settled, and for God's sake get your mind off it. If you don't look out you'll be writing about coal and canned goods in your Mars column. What are you going to write this week, anyhow?" he demanded, with sudden suspicion.

Harrington looked guilty.

"I thought I'd say something about how prices have advanced," he faltered. "Clara says that two yeahs ago——" But Maxwell had taken him by the shoulders.

"No, you don't," he shouted fiercely.

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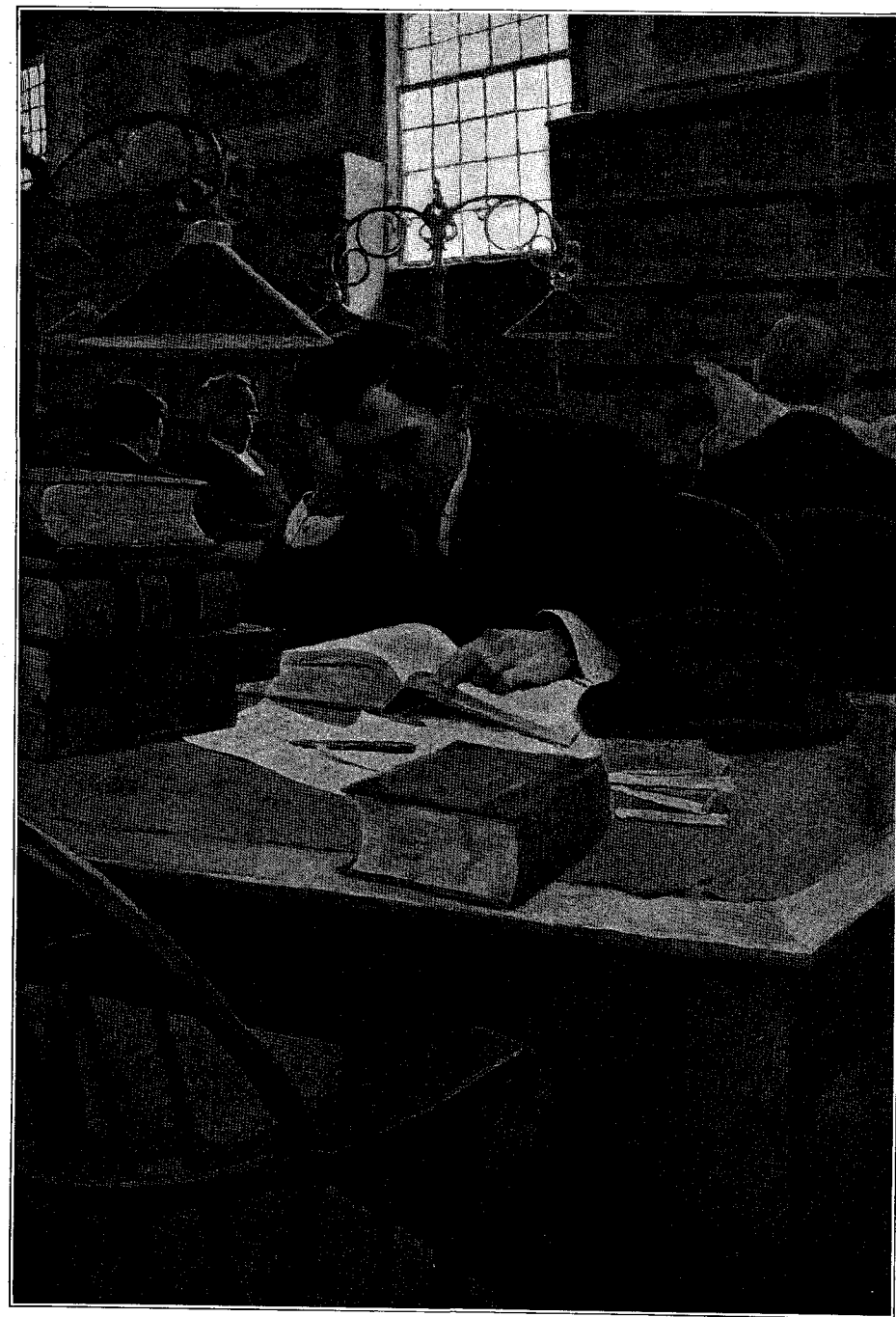

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

Spent his days browsing in libraries, where he read omnivorously.—Page 462.

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"You'll keep on writing about literature and life and lily-pads and love—that's what you'll do. If you don't, you'll lose your job. Don't you dare to introduce a single dollar sign or canned tomato into those columns," he added warningly, as he returned to his work.

Harrington's look of reproach as he went out haunted him for days—so long, in fact, that he bore with extraordinary patience a confidence that gentleman favored him with several months later. He came to the office one morning wearing an expression oddly combined of pride and shame, in which first one and then the other predominated. For a long time he discussed apartments and janitors and domestic supplies, and Maxwell humored him. Then he said:

"I've been an awful ass, Maxwell, but that's no reason why I should keep on being one, is it? I've got to tell you something impo'tant, and I'm going to do it now. I can't write any more about literatuah of the past and lily-pads of the present, as you would say. Who ca'es about 'em? *I* don't. The wo'ld to-day is interested in the life of to-day. Men think about theah wo'k and theah incomes and theah homes and theah wives and theah children, and that's *all* they think about. And women think about men, and that's all *they* think about. And heah I'm writing all the time about literatuah—literatuah." He turned the word over in his mouth and ejected it with supreme contempt.

As once before, Maxwell was silent in the presence of simple truth. He rallied, however, and voiced a protest.

"I suppose you haven't lost interest in earning your living," he suggested ironically. "How do you propose to do that if you give up this job?"

Harrington flushed a little, and cleared his throat nervously before he spoke. Then he drew a paper from his pocket, and as his fingers touched it his face cleared and happy pride beamed from him.

"I've got something else," he said, simply. "I waited to see how it would tu'n out befoah I told you. It's quite a story. You see," he went on expansively, settling back in his chair, and swinging his foot with the characteristic swing of the boy of two years before, "you see, Clara needed a hat-pin, the kind that would stay in and keep a hat *on*. None of them do, Clara said. So I made one foh huh, and Clara's brothah saw it and thought it was a good thing. He's a lawyer, you know. He showed it to some man with money, and they took it up and we patented it, and now we've got a facto'y and we're selling it. It's—it's making lots of money." He turned an apologetic eye on his friend and continued more firmly. "They gave me twenty thousand dollars down, and twenty pe' cent. of the stock, and a block of stock foh you, because I insisted on that. I want you in on my luck. Heah it is. E. W. Hubbard is the chief backah, and he says this is wuth ten thousand dollahs. He says every woman in Ame'ica will be wearing one of ouah hat-pins this time next yeah."

He laid the certificate on the table as he spoke, and for a moment Maxwell sat staring at it, speechless. He knew Hubbard—a rich, shrewd financier, and no leader of forlorn hopes. If Hubbard was in the thing the thing was all right. But a *hat-pin!* Maxwell looked at the certificate and thought of the hat-pin, and reviewed the Harrington of the past two years, and felt a horrible desire to laugh and to cry. Then he pushed the paper toward the inventor.

"It's awfully good of you, old man," he said huskily. "But of course I can't take this. There's no reason why you should give me ten thousand dollars, you know."

Harrington laughed a queer little laugh.

"Ain't they a reason?" he asked, lapsing in his earnestness into the careless grammar he had almost overcome. "Well, I guess I know moah than anyone else 'bout *that*. Do you remembah the fifteen dollahs you lent me the day I came heah? Well, suh—well, old man, I was sta'ving. I hadn't eaten fo' two days, an' I couldn't get wo'k, an' I couldn't beg. That's why I meant to kill myself. That money saved me. Now heah's this thing. It ain't money. It's an *idea*. It's an idea out of my haid, an' that haid wouldn't be heah at all if it wasn't fo' you. You've given me mah chance. What I've done ain't much, but it's brought results, and results ah the things that count. So we'll just call it interest, old man, if you don't mind. I think it's goin' to be wuth while. An' you know," he added almost timidly, "we ah friends—ah'nt we, you and I?"

Maxwell wrung his hand. Then he picked up the certificate, folded it again, and put it carefully into his pocket.

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"Thanks, old man," he said quietly. "It's the biggest thing that's ever come my way, and I'll take it—from my friend."

Later, when Harrington had taken his jubilant departure, Maxwell related the incident to his chief. Wilson listened with flattering attention. At the end he nodded sympathetically.

"He's all right," he said, "and you needn't worry about him. He's got one quality left that sets him far enough apart from the rabble of to-day." He looked keenly at the young man as he added suddenly: "Of all the fellows you've ever helped, Maxwell—and I know you've helped a lot in one way or another—has any one of them before to-day ever shown you any gratitude?"

Maxwell shook his head. "Don't remember any," he admitted. "But I didn't expect any and don't want any."

"And you don't get it," ended the older man with a sigh. "It's the rarest thing in life. So make the most of it this time, my boy. One doesn't often meet a visitor from Mars!"

EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE

By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE PAINTINGS OF CARRIÈRE

The Photographs by A. Giraudon

SOME painters, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, have formulated a theory of their art, only to ignore it in practice, others, like David and Manet, have held rigidly to a system somewhat at the cost of their art. Those who have been theorists and have successfully applied their philosophy in pigment may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The late Eugène Carrière not only did this but also had the skill to put his philosophy into words. Hence M. Morice's book,* which is based on the written and spoken words of his friend, affords a practically unique opportunity to study the inmost soul of a great artist. Criticism one must not expect. One has something better, the picture of a man and mind harmoniously devoted to an exceptional and highly personal form of pictorial expression.

"We must consent to life," was Carrière's favorite aphorism, and it conveys the spirit of his philosophy. We must make the most lavish expenditure of sympathy, seek the greatest number of contacts, welcome all sacrifices, bear all burdens, in order that we may experience the unity of the human lot, the intimate bonds between man and the inanimate universe, the interdependence of the present and the past. If the aim of life is universal sympathy its goal is universal understanding, the recourse being always to what Pascal calls "the reason of the heart." Only through the perception of the infinitely numerous and subtle bonds that are gathered into each single human experience can we really hope to know any individual —or indeed ourselves. We must have felt with everything in order to interpret what lies nearest us. In brief, we must exercise to the utmost the sense of pity and altruism. "Let us restore to that beautiful word sentimentality," writes Carrière, "all its high and happy significance."

Since this chart of life seems to be the very contradiction of the dogma of art for art, it is instructive to note what close parallels it finds in the thinking of so avowed a Pyrronist as Walter Pater, of so metaphysical an æsthete as Lafcadio Hearn. In the remarkable epilogue to "The Renaissance" Pater has admirably set forth the notion of physical continuity:

"Far out on every side of us those elements [that make up the body] are broadcast, driven in many currents; and birth and gesture and death and the springing of violets from the grave are but a few out of ten thousand resultant combinations. . . . This at least of flamelike our life has, that it is but the concurrence, renewed from

* "Eugène Carrière," by Charles Morice. Paris: Société du Mercure de France, 1906.

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moment to moment, of forces parting sooner or later on their ways."

But the process that to Pater seemed awful and impersonal—affording at best a few moments of sublime contemplation to an attentive spirit—seemed to Carrière instinct with possibilities of tenderness. It responds to our love and admiration. Our love completes and gives a kind of fixity to life is force, the record of everything must pass into the infinite. Now what is this force that shapes and unshapes universes? Might it not be old thoughts and passions of men? The ancient East so declares."

To Hearn, again, these influences seemed to lie chiefly in the past and to partake of the inevitable. An infinitesimal responsibility each of us has to the moral cosmos,

Eugène Carrière.
From a painting by himself.

what would otherwise be a flux. "Tradition," he insists, "is merely the human form of nature." It is this fine and true phrase that brings his philosophy very near Hearn's later speculation. Departing from the ghostliness of æsthetic enjoyment, the sense that it has all been experienced before, Hearn declares that such impressions are "the responses of innumerable dead to exterior influence—the weirdest resurrections of buried faculties." And again in a bolder sweep of affirmation he cries, "No thought can utterly perish. All but hardly more than that. Carrière viewed the matter less passively. Pater's counsel to be a sensitive spectator of life he would have regarded as infamous. Hearn's more humane, if solitary, scepticism would have struck him as an unworthy refusal to accept life. His own maxims were of the most affirmative sort. Boethius's assertion—which was Plato's also—that love is the universal bond of things "he would have highly approved, and its symbolic echo in the last line of the 'Divine Comedy,'"

"Amor che fece il sol e l'altre stelle."

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The Child's Kiss.
In the Louvre.

St. Francis's "Hymn to the Sun" is an even closer parallel. In fact Carrière's fundamental maxims were highly practical and, though he was never formally a Christian, might be summed up in the Pauline metaphor, "Ye are members one of another."

Realizing the infinite complexity and extent of the human web, and desiring merely to illuminate certain typical portions of it, he naturally and wisely limited his subjects to the persons with whom his own *rapport* was close and intuitive—his own family and his intimate friends. More than half

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his work would fall under these rubrics. M. Morice declares that Carrière never painted a person he did not esteem, imputing a curious dignity even to his professional models. But we should misunderstand the attitude of the great intimist toward the portraits and the groups representing motherhood, if we imagined they were merely so many records of isolated observation. Those two family groups in the Luxembourg are much more than the expression of a father's feeling for wife and children: such portraits as the "Edmond de Goncourt," the "Daudet," the "Rodin," are far more than so many pictorial souvenirs of so many friendships. Every picture of his is a groping after the universal experience that is symbolized in the individual, the best of the pictures are triumphant assertions of principles that hold for humanity at large. We know that he felt no individual life could be interpreted except by the perception of its bonds with all nature. Conversely, we may believe that he came to clear understanding of these complex interrelations only through divining them at focus in the individuals he loved best. For Carrière, with all his passion for broad speculation, remained essentially the painter, and has assured us that in the case of the painter it is the "forms that suggest ideas." Every canvas, then, represents a double but a harmonious intention—an attempt to plumb an emotional abyss, a desire to present a thing seen refined of all accidents and raised to its highest reality. Accordingly, it would be impossible to find an artist of equal eminence to whom the mere pageantry of life, its grosser appearances, made so little appeal. In this fact lies the contrast between Carrière and the great predecessor with whom he had so much in common, Rembrandt. The fantastic vagaries, the love of masquerade, in the Dutchman, would to the Parisian have seemed, if not a derogation, at least a waiver of the simplicity and directness of his art. They do indeed bespeak, if not a less single ideal, a lower degree of culture; and this is said with the purpose of discriminating solely and without seeking to draw a superficial Plutarchan parallel.

The Family.
In the Luxembourg.

If one sought a quintessential word to convey human compassion and sacrifice at their loftiest, if one were to choose a single experience to contain the idea of the persistence of life through love, that word and

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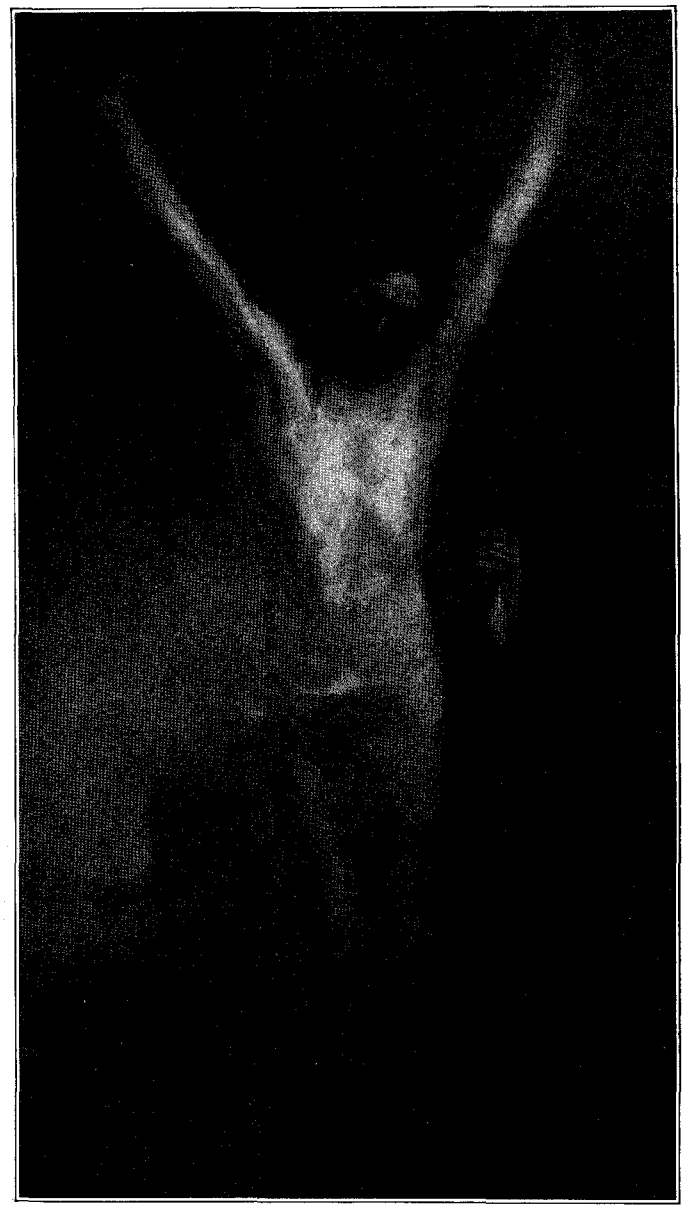

The Christ.

that experience would be motherhood. It was with a fine recognition of this truth that Latin Christianity soon added the figure of the Virgin, *Deipara*, to the masculine pantheon of Jewish Christianity. In a more universal, because a less theological, sense, Buddhism invoked a divine woman of pity, Kwannon. And one may say that the groups which Carrière painted of his wife and children, two of which are fortunately at the Luxembourg, have a significance hardly less universal. One feels of these children, enwrapped in one shadow with their mother, that they are truly flesh of her flesh, and that the bond has cost her and will cost infinite pains and apprehensions. One perceives, too, that this burden of the flesh and spirit is borne with a

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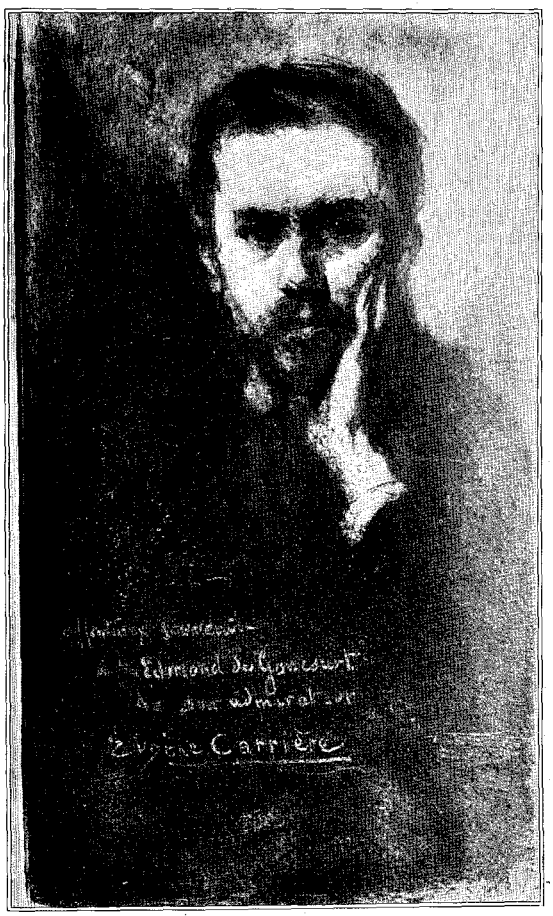
ferocious joy that again borders on the intolerable. We find in this quiet latter-day embodiment an allegory, to express which Mediæval art had recourse to the crude symbolism of the pelican tearing her breast for the sustenance of her young. Maternity appears as a Promethean function, as if the gods pursued the giver of life with grievous punishments: penalties accepted proudly, however, and even courted for their own sake. It is again a conception that the Middle Ages grasped feebly when they enumerated the seven joys against the seven woes of the Virgin. But we should note that in becoming more intimate and pathetic Carrière's reading of the theme has lost nothing of universality. Indeed, by hinting at the artificial pains and hazards of maternity in our day he has gained something in veraciousness, has made his symbolism more poignant.



Gustave Geffroy.

Possibly this is his most valuable contribution to the subject matter of art. The hieratic representations of motherhood have almost universally slurred or actually suppressed the anguish through which that dignity is won. It costs the Venus Genetrix no more to increase her happy progeny than it did of old time to free herself from the foam. Carrière, who has written a fine page on this classical symbol of fecundity, appreciated its splendid naturalism, but found it inapplicable to his own times. He might have noted the same titanesque qualities in the Christian Madonnas almost without exception, or, better yet, in that Buddhist goddess who radiantly gives birth to the divine child in the clouds. But to accept these blither forms of the theme would have been to falsify the complexity of the relation as he observed it in the mother of his children. He had to do with an eternal principle of fealty to the race asserted in the face of physical and social conditions that make such loyalty doubly perilous and fraught with sacrifice. Since it is unlikely that modern womanhood in the so-called privileged classes can ever regain the healthy animalism of old time, it is likely that Carrière's type will be not merely documentary for our age but also valid for the remoter future.

If the "Maternities" of Carrière all express the symbolic, nay, the sacramental nature of that high sacrifice of the individual to the race, it is true only in a lower degree that his portraits, too, are all generalized types—and this without ceasing to be likenesses. In each face he read what was true for kindred human experiences. Thus in the "Edmond de Goncourt" there is a striking irradiation of that sensuous fastidiousness and hauteur which might be predicated of every dilettante from Sardanapalus down. The "Alphonse Daudet" breathes the eternal boyishness, the cultivated whimsicality, that characterizes all minor and

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Motherhood.
In the Luxembourg.

highly self-conscious manifestations of literary genius. It smiles sadly and understandingly at the "Erasmus of Holbein," it would grace an edition of Ronsard. The "Rodin" again is the type of that leonine melancholy, that essential simplicity and energy that has marked the greater geniuses of the creative sort. Carrière's portraits of himself typify rather the self-contained enthusiasm of the seer. It is a face that grown old would strangely resemble Donatello's eternally vivid mask of Marsilio Ficino the Platonist. In every case we have an attempt of the mind to assert what is permanent of that ephemeral association of forces which we call a personality. One might even say that both Carrière and Rodin, both believers in the principle of correspondences, both convinced that the artist's vision has a higher reality and validity than the so-called facts of observation, deal in a sort of visual Hegelianism, but the phrase would imply a greater doctrinarianism than I intend. In any case it is instructive to note that two great artists, professing an identical æsthetic, have arrived at a product so essentially different. You will nowhere find in Carrière the morbid profundities of Rodin —the Dantesque preoccupation with the nether depths of evil; and you will find the tenderness of Carrière only episodically in the work of Rodin. In artistic creation temperament is, after all, the master—an Ariel to which mind is a more or less serviceable Caliban.

Certain readers may take it amiss that I have said so much about a remarkable life without furnishing a single biographical fact, and more, perhaps, will deplore the literary infatuation that can perpetrate so many words about a great technician without rising to the drawing-master's point of view. In apology, I can only say that aside from Carrière's art there is practically nothing to say. When we have noted that he was born in 1849, at Gournay, and studied at the Academy of Strasburg; in obedience to his father, tried to be a manufac-

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Alphonse Daudet and Daughter.

turer, but had to give it up, entered Cabanel's atelier in 1869, only to enlist in the army of defence and be taken prisoner; married in 1877; gradually struggled towards the success he began to attain by 1882, and suffered heroically from cancer until, after two years, death released him in March, 1906—when we have said this, his formal biography is complete. No man ever lived more thoroughly the inner life, and whatever is valuable in that intimate record is in his pictures. We may infer his relation with his wife and his six children in a whole series, of beautiful works: the story of the critics, his friends, who encouraged him in the obscure years—Marx Morice, above all Geffroy, appears in the portraits, and the same roll avows his admirations—Rodin, Anatole France, Daudet, Puvis, Verlaine, Metchnikoff. What does it profit us then to recall that in 1879 he exhibited his first picture at the Salon, and became the object of polemics, that the same year he happily failed to carry off the Prix de Rome, that in 1881 he won his first medal, that from the next year the State began to buy his works, until in 1889, he received a medal of honor and the ribbon of the Legion, and therewith the guinea stamp for his work? That year a well-meaning acquaintance remarked that to arrive at forty was, after all, doing better than the average, to which Carrière smilingly rejoined, "I don't compete with it!" So much biographical small change I concede grudgingly to those who want it.

For declining to ascend prematurely the high seat of the drawing-master, my excuse is similar. Carrière himself perversely chose to give precedence to precisely such general considerations as have detained us. He was more concerned with his attitude towards life than with his manipulation of the brush. Indeed, on the matter of his peculiar craftsmanship, he is reticent. One may gather only by hints what he intended by his notably evasive manner, and his critics have given rein to esoteric and not very happy interpretations of the mist that envelops his strongly asserted forms. In fact this fog has bothered everybody. It was the subject of easy ridicule and malicious legend. It used to be whispered about the ateliers of Paris that he got it by observing

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his subjects through skilfully chosen veils. Some tried this simple recipe, but nobody got the effect. M. Morice regards this twilight as an arcanum—"in which the magnetic waves from which and through which human beings are evolved may be perceived. Carrière defines them in an atmosphere that keeps their universal relations intact." Mr. Arthur Symons, in his essay on "Nineteenth Century Painting," takes much the same view, writing, "Carrière evokes a mist or twilight which clothes his humanity with that tenderness that lurks transformingly behind our eyes when we look at one another, not in observation (which is science), but in love (which is the beginning of art)." Of the two, Mr. Symons's explanation is the clearer and more suggestive of the creative act, but either commentary is perilously remote from the simple appearance, which we shall do well to consider at last under the dry light that the drawing-master affords.

Considered merely as so much workmanship, a painting of Carrière is a brusque, powerful, and structural drawing, with infinite superadded strokes—true caresses of the brush, which at once express the main tensions of skin and muscle over bone, impart a uniform feeling—asserting the dominant mood of the individual—and also bind the object to the enveloping brown atmosphere. The pregnancy of this method, the extraordinary manner in which the palpable form advances and recedes in the obscurity, is based on a learned apprehension of the actual bulk and dimensions of the object. One cannot observe the delightful bits of still life that adorn the interiors of Carrière without perceiving that he understands form in the severe and classical sense. Indeed, one may say that all the artists who have successfully delineated not in lines or conventional chiaroscuro, but in atmospheric planes, adopting all the short-cuts of the human eye itself, have first mastered the analytical method. One need only recall the early painting of Rembrandt or Velasquez. The failure to achieve this pedantic but necessary certitude is what vitiates the fascinating art of Monet and marks the inferiority of the "Intimists" who have tried to follow in Carrière's footsteps. His own hand plays so freely with the modelling, suppressing in the main, exaggerating fearlessly at will, because the brush never loses its touch with the underlying form.

Taking this method now, from the onlooker's point of view, we begin to get the meaning of the much debated mist. Whatever it is or is not, it is surely an attenuating of the gaunt and possibly intolerably poignant first painting that lies beneath. The "Maternities," the portraits, are in their inception of an emotional appeal that exceeds the bounds of discretion. Carried to completion by the so-called realistic methods, the appeal would be unreasonable, the effect would approach caricature of the sentimental order. The mist, then, whatever may be its more recondite function—and I doubt if it has one—represents the sort of reserve that the true poet or the fine orator interposes between himself and the public when the emotion veers towards the painful. In pity for us Carrière will give us only so much of his affections as we may properly share, and his method of painting makes that share a shifting one, according to the capacity of the seeing eye. For the mist is variously penetrable, both as regards the form and the emotion it enfolds.

So far we have regarded Carrière's favorite twilight as chiefly negative—a veil for what would otherwise be too cruelly exposed. It is, of course, more than that. It permits a swift and highly intense execution in which the representation of form and the rendering of emotion proceed as by a single process. I do not mean to suggest that a fine painting at any stage is coldly put together, but it is clear that by the ordinary methods of analytical draughtsmanship and successive repaintings much of the work is relatively inert, making not for the general impression but for the mere recording of the form. A great painter will preserve the primal emotion through all these mechanical stages; a highly sensitive genius will gladly abridge them, and, as a matter of fact, we find practically all the keenly interpretative painters passing rapidly from the slower to the swifter methods. In a painting by Carrière one may safely say there was no inert or merely mechanical stage—no suspension of the first enthusiasm. As he drew the harsh fundamental image, itself highly expressive, into suaver and more complicated forms, every flick of the brush served a double purpose. It asserted a marked physical trait selected from many only be-

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cause it implied something in character. Only by this swift and intense method could that admirable portrait of Verlaine have been done in a single morning while the "Sitter" took his holiday from hospital by strolling and chattering incessantly about the atelier. If anybody would understand the difference between expressive draughtsmanship and mere competent rendering of form let him take the poorest cut of the Verlaine into the Taylorian Institution, Oxford, and compare the print with the clever portraits that Professor Herkomer also did each in a half day for the edification of artistic Oxford.

To have done with this famous mist, it seems to need no more recondite explanation than that given above, being the predestined vehicle for Carrière's tense and intuitive emotionalism. Indeed, it is hard to see either how he could have expressed himself in any other way, or why anyone else should presume to borrow so idiosyncratic a mode of expression. From the point of view of simple craftsmanship it marked an effort towards economy of means. Lafcadio Hearn dreamt of a similar prose style. "My own hope," he wrote to Miss Bisland, "is to do something in accordance with this idea; no descriptions, no preliminaries, no explanations—nothing but the feeling itself at highest intensity. I may fail utterly; but I think I have divined a truth which will yet be recognized by stronger minds than mine. The less material the more force:—the subtler the power the greater, as water than land, as wind than water, as mind than wind." Then, with a curious echo of Carrière's theory of correspondences, he adds: "I would like to say something about light, heat, electricity, rates of ether vibration—but the notion will work itself out in your own beautiful mind without any clumsy attempts of mine to illustrate."

It would be pleasant and perhaps wise to take leave of Carrière with these illuminating words of an artist in letters. But M. Morice makes one or two claims for his hero which we should still scrutinize, and there are withal one or two pregnant sayings of Carrière that I would not willingly omit. When M. Morice declares that Carrière was not only a great colorist but also a great decorator he strains sorely the accepted meaning of these words. When he writes that "the grand harmonic lines and magnetic vibrations of these paintings are arbitrarily interrupted by the brutal presence of the frame, and would find their true melodic (?) continuation, their natural outlet, in the architectural lines of building as in the logical movement of crowds and the open air," he comes perilously near to writing nonsense. We read of the Chinese painter who walked into his own screen and disappeared forever, but it never yet was a decorative merit for any picture to strain at its established bounds, or to present itself as a thoroughfare either for architectural lines or for human beings in throngs. Indeed, the intimate sentiment and the vaporous method of Carrière seem to preclude excellence in the monumental style. This mist pretty well disguises that large and simple balance of line and mass which is the very essence of good mural painting. For that matter Carrière's twelve panels of the Sciences in the Hôtel de Ville would convince any unprejudiced observer that here was unrealized intention and mediocre decoration—a whisper where the full voice was emphatically required.

To say that Carrière was a great colorist is merely to abuse the word great. An exquisite colorist he undoubtedly was, obtaining every loveliness of tint that his convention permitted. And his manner invited beautiful opalescences where the light falls upon the flesh, and permitted occasionally the contrast of a dull red or green garment seen in the brown air. But generally speaking, color in Carrière is a thin and subtile accompaniment played about a melody—to admit M. Morice's word—conceived in monochrome. I hope not to be suspected of confusing mere polychromy with splendid coloring when I say that we can properly speak of a man as a great colorist only when he employs something like the whole scale, and compels a harmony out of the extremes of the palette. We need not say that a man who has limited his palette or even renounced color entirely is thereby less an artist. There are fortunately many kinds of excellence. But we merely darken counsel when we insist that a man who has subordinated color to tone or mood is nevertheless a great colorist. To illustrate —Titian, Giorgione, Veronese, Rubens,

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Claude, Vermeer, Watteau, Tiepolo, Turner, these may, it seems to me, fairly be called great as colorists. Velasquez is great at times in this regard and could have been anything he wished, but since his conception of character led him progressively to the subordination of color to tone and atmospheric effect, we may more accurately call him a fine than a great colorist. Rembrandt, I feel, belongs also to this category; in fact, one can hardly conceive any supremacy in painting as such without the color sense fully developed. On the other hand we must judge artists by what they elect to be, not by our estimate of their latent powers. We only mess matters when we call Chopin a sublime composer for the orchestra, because he is lord of the pianoforte. In fact when we ignore the renunciations that an artist imposes upon himself we go far towards effacing all distinctions and proclaiming the nullity of criticism itself.

But I have dwelt too long upon these exceptional vagaries of Carrière's friend and eulogist. There remains the more rewarding task of putting together three or four sayings of the artist that show unmistakably his attitude towards his work. For its vitality, we have the bold metaphor "The body is a repoussé, not a cast." It is, in other words, not a mere surface to be explored and coldly represented, but something thrust out into space and there maintained by the pulsating forces within. The element of sacrifice and artful exaggeration in his method is explained in the distinction he draws between "the figure presented in its ensemble, containing the details, and the figure devoured by the details and losing the unity of its essential form." We have seen that he regarded every work of his as a symbol of manifold relations, as a type of all kindred things. This thought finds expression in a simile devoted to the sculpture of Rodin but equally true of his own painting: "so the earth projects from its surface visible forms, images, statues which fill us with a sense of its inner life." We are to read, that is, the fragmentary evidence we have in a marble of Rodin or a canvas of Carrière much as the geologist reads the vicissitudes of the earth on an exposed ledge or broken-down river terrace. It is an art, in fine, that asks cooperation of the seer. To an inattentive mind it can reveal little.

Carrière is still so near us that it would be vain to inquire as to his ultimate place in the history of art. Indeed such class lists are rarely quite worth the pains. It is enough for us to recall that he pursued a narrow vein with singular tenacity and insight. His painting must be measured not by its extent but by its depth. He has contributed a peculiar nervous tension to portraiture which, whether of enduring value or not, is highly characteristic of our age. He has given the eternal theme of motherhood a new poignancy. In the striving of his brush towards that manifold suggestiveness which is the peculiar function of poetry he is again eminently of our times, and in this *Andersstreben* he is something more or less than French. Clarity, a sense of limits, has been the ruling trait of French painting from the first. One may observe it in fourteenth-century missals and in the latest work of Degas. In the attempt to freight a canvas with a general theory of life, Carrière approaches the German mood or the English. Seeking "something far more deeply interfused," he transcends in a manner the bounds of his craft, and takes his place beside such symbolists as Blake or Watts. It was an emprise that would have been disastrous in one without the craftsman's conscience, and it was the vivid sense of scientific reality and the joy in the manipulation of the brush that kept Carrière upright in a path where hundreds have fallen. The future historian, while citing him as a glory of the French school at the end of the nineteenth century, will hardly fail to note what an isolated apparition he was—as exceptional in that Paris from which he drew so electric a sense of life—as exceptional if not as portentous as Rembrandt was in Holland, as Velasquez in Spain.

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THE PROFESSOR AND THE SMILE

By Helen Sterling Thomas

THE professor made his way awkwardly across the library among the book stacks, the readers' chairs, and the tables piled with papers and magazines. The April sunlight lay in warm yellow squares along the floor, while through the open windows came the sound of birds twittering in the elms in the college yard. But the professor was oblivious of this; since he carried his head bent and his eyes lowered he was not disturbed by the sensuous world. There had been a time when he had squandered many a good hour in company of poets and novelists and had been wont to go afield in spring like any vagabond; but such vain pleasures had long since been renounced and the great gates of the university had closed behind him.

He required certain volumes now for research, for he was writing a ponderous work entitled "The Life of Reason," but unfortunately his routine university courses took time and delayed his labors for the intellectual progress of humanity. Now as he hurried across the delivery room the world was calling to him, but he saw no pitfall, he heard no siren voices, and all unaware he moved into the rays of a smile. It was a whimsical little smile that dented the corners of a flexible mouth and then broke and flew across the hushed room, over the bent heads of the students, straight to the professor. It fluttered lightly as a moth around his shabby old coat and antiquated collar and brushed against his thin face. By the time he reached the delivery desk it rested gently upon him; but he did not lift his eyes—he was planning the third chapter of "The Life of Reason." He was unconscious that behind the counter stood a small person with brown eyes and a bunch of arbutus pinned on her blouse. There was a faint fragrance in the air; he felt strangely disturbed. The syllabus of that third chapter? He tapped his foot; he could not remember. Why that haunting perfume, that suggestion of moist, leafless woods? The ventilation in the library really must be inadequate. Yes, yes, in the third chapter of "The Life of Reason" he would expound the machinations of sophists. He must have those essays.

"My books?" he questioned.

Again the smile floated toward him, but it flickered and vanished unseen. The small person leaned across the counter, the rounded curve of her cheek was almost childish, but there were circles beneath the brown eyes. Out of doors it was spring; there was youth in the riotous wind, but within the library the world was old and sad. When one is just seventeen delivering books from nine until six daily is a dull calling; imagination must ride hard to the rescue.

"I sent the list," explained the professor; "ten volumes on Greek philosophy."

"I did my best," she began. "I really did, but there are no duplicates——"

"But I assure you I ordered them," he insisted, thinking passionately of his "Life of Reason."

"As soon as they come in I will keep them for you, no matter who else wants them." She fingered the fragrant arbutus, but he would not see her.

"Dear, dear," he murmured, "this is very annoying! The sophists I have treated exhaustively, the human mind, the only real and precious thing in this world, the centripetal tendency which links together the self-conscious order in the universal light of understanding. I must have those essays."

"If one should come in, I could bring it to your office."

For some unknown reason the professor lifted his head, and the smile vanished under his scrutiny.

"That will do, I suppose," he replied absently, as he moved away. "Leave it at Norris." Then he turned back to add an impersonal word of thanks.

The smile went with him to the door, but it was shadowed with wistfulness. The shabby, round-shouldered figure of the professor might seem inadequate for a hero; but when one views life from behind a delivery desk of a university library by day

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and reads "The Idylls of the King" at night romance can touch even an absent-minded scholar. During the reflective idleness of one Sunday Hilda had contrasted him with a tow-haired sophomore of gymnasium renown, but she had finally fixed upon the less obvious charms of the professor, although the sophomore had made it perfectly evident that he would have appreciated the smile which the elderly scholar overlooked. Her decision taken, however, she abided by it; and even during rush hours was alert for the professor's entrance.

As he left the library that afternoon he felt an absurd irritation against the small person who had disappointed him. None but responsible women should serve at the delivery desk; he remembered a voice that was quite young, and there were flowers somewhere—flowers!—distinctly out of place. As he sat at work in the evening, again that curious woodland fragrance oppressed him; he rose and closed the window and put a shade over his eyes. As he responded to a knock a moment later, Hollis entered and laid a book on his desk.

"This came over from the library, to be delivered at once."

He did not observe the amused expression on the senior's face, but seized the volume eagerly as Hollis turned away. He glanced at the title: "The Adventures of Alice in Wonderland." He threw it down angrily; it fell open and the Cheshire Cat grinned at him; outside in the hall there was an explosion of laughter. The professor slept badly that night; broken memories of infancy were curiously jumbled with pawns, queens, and a white rabbit, and all through his dreams floated the scent of arbutus. The next morning he walked over to the library and laid the book on the delivery desk. The room had the vacant tidiness of the beginning of the day and through the open windows came the rush of fresh air, but nothing in the atmosphere mollified the professor; as he confronted Hilda and looked severely down at her, his eye was caught by her smile, flickering like a fitful flame. He wiped his spectacles and with clearer vision recognized her as the same incompetent person who had served him the day before; she even wore the same flowers. She was no proper librarian! He thrust "Alice in Wonderland" toward her.

"It was you—you that sent me this? It is a juvenile, I believe. I do not exaggerate, I think, in saying the mistake was inexcusable."

She looked up toward him without seeming to be greatly impressed by her crime. Excitement had taken possession of Hilda; she was alone with the professor and he was looking at her. She answered lightly:

"It happened because I was carrying this home for myself, and I had your book, too, and of course I left the wrong one at Norris; but," she added sweetly, "perhaps you have never read "Alice," and it really is a classic, you know."

"I was not aware," replied the professor rather dryly.

But as he spoke he caught himself observing the delicate line of the brows and a certain way her hair crinkled; he had seen pictures like that long ago in his year of foreign study—Leonardo, or was it Luini? He stood staring down at her, then suddenly remembered that this little person had made him ridiculous, and taking out his note-book, said with severe politeness:

"Be so good as to give me your name."

The smile fairly danced about him as Hilda replied, and leaning across the desk, he examined it as though he had discovered some peculiar specimen beneath a microscope. Slowly he became conscious of a new and pleasant sensation; he bent a little nearer. Then the doors swung open and a group of noisy undergraduates spilled into the room. He straightened himself and hurried away. He passed Hollis in the corridor and fancied the fellow chuckled irreverently. The professor would no longer tolerate the library service; this absurd young person should learn to respect a member of the faculty. So he betook himself straightway to the office of the governing board, and there registered his complaint. But in the afternoon, when Hilda handed him ten volumes of Greek essays, he repented. Perhaps he had been hasty; the poor girl may have been tired. Was it Leonardo or Luini that painted such hair? Here were his books, after all. He would withdraw his complaint; he really would.

It must be Leonardo—he had seen a drawing somewhere in Italy. Yes, he would send a card to the board requesting that his dissatisfaction be overlooked. Then he opened the first volume of the Greek essays and forgot all else. So the machinery of university

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government continued unchecked and the professor's dissatisfaction with a certain assistant librarian passed on through various channels.

Outside in the college yard the spring continued fair and friendly, the maples blossomed and a row of daffodils unfolded along the southern shelter of the walls; while within the cool gloom of the library the smile that had never wakened a response continued to make its absurd little flights, fluttering and drooping a hundred times a day, whenever the doors opened and the professor failed to appear. The weeks slipped by and "The Life of Reason" progressed steadily. His study was littered with manuscript, his calendar leaves unturned. The president's wife wrote, asking him to meet a distinguished novelist, the guest of the university, but the lady's invitation lay unopened. The editor of the *Pacific Weekly* telegraphed for a review of a scientific publication, but repeated efforts brought no response from the professor. All his energy was concentrated as hour after hour he bent over his desk and toiled by the light of his student lamp. Chapters three, four, and five; the first volume nearly completed; its appearance would change the whole course of modern thought. He kept no record of how long he retained his library books; what consequence was the flight of time? Down at the bottom of his mail lay a postal or two requesting the return of several volumes long since overdue. Sarah, the maid who cared for his room, conscientiously dusted the pile until it grew so large it fell over and irritated her; finally she threw part of it into the grate. She wearily carried the professor a note one evening with the university library seal conspicuous on the envelope, but he took no notice—merely tossed it aside. Some time later she opened his door; she had long since abandoned the ceremony of knocking, since she never wakened a response.

"She says there is sure an answer, sir." The servant's vehement tone penetrated even to the mystic ways of ancient philosophy.

"Do not disturb me," pleaded the professor. After another half-hour his door was once more flung open.

"She is waiting on the porch," screamed Sarah, who always labored under the delusion that the absent-minded gentleman was deaf, "and she says to ask you won't you bring them down. She said, 'please,' she did."

The professor gave in and lifted his head.

"Gently, Sarah, gently; you are expending useless energy. Remember always the economic expenditure of energy."

What was the girl talking about? How warm the room had grown! Thoroughly disturbed now, he rose and flung open the window and leaned outside. The soft dark was fragrant, the wind was just a breath. Why it was spring—spring! In some indefinable way the world was transformed. He was not yet aware that the winter term was over. Behind him Sarah rattled the doorknob uneasily.

"She is waiting, sir, waiting."

"A woman to see me! Did I understand you, Sarah?"

"Yes, a woman," giggled the maid; "but you needn't fear, she ain't very big."

As he descended the stairs he heard the university clock strike. Dear, dear, the evening was well on and scarcely any work done yet! The next moment he stood at the entrance and saw a slight figure outside. He paused awkwardly, the rays from the hall lamp sought the upturned face. Surely this was the little girl from the library! How childish she looked in that white dress, her hands full of flowers and straggling ferns! He caught his breath. Here was youth herself come to him, and he was gray-haired and wrinkled. It was neither Leonardo nor Luini, after all; it was Botticelli, the professor was quite sure—he had been rather intimate with Botticelli at one time. Gradually he became aware of a smile that fluttered across his vision and disarmed him like a flag of truce; he bent forward, but it vanished under scrutiny; a filmy thing, illusive as the rainbow or the silver of the moonlight. He rubbed his glasses—his eyes, the strain of night work! No, there it was again, and before he knew what he was about the professor stepped out on the veranda.

"You wished to see me!" he exclaimed; "me!" and as he spoke he smiled with pleasure. "I am taken by surprise."

"Oh, please excuse me," stammered Hilda, "but it's most important; it's the books."

"The books?" he repeated vaguely. No one but Botticelli ever painted that exquisite freshness, and here it was in the life.

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"If you will give them to me—it's so late—I am sorry to have interrupted."

The vines around the piazza stirred gently and the light wind that wandered up the Charles must have borne back along with the perfume of the spring meadows something of the professor's youth, for he answered gallantly:

"It is not an interruption, let me assure you," and unconsciously he pulled down his coat a little.

"The Greek essays," explained Hilda; "you took them weeks ago."

"Yes, I remember, and you gave me by mistake—" he hesitated. Had he really been annoyed because she sent him "Alice in Wonderland"?

"Even the faculty can only renew twice, you know, and you forgot to come, so I signed for you; I have been sending postals to notify you, but you didn't get them, I suppose."

"Dear me! did I, I wonder?" queried the professor, conscience-smitten.

"Finally, the governing board called me up and said I must have your books back to-morrow and that it was a serious matter that I had signed your name, very serious, indeed; and they spoke of complaints and said I might be dismissed."

"Extremely unjust!" exclaimed the professor, then checked himself.

"So I was obliged to ask you for the books this evening. I intended to come earlier, but it was half-holiday and I went for some wild flowers and the train was late and everything went wrong — don't you have days like that?" she questioned wearily.

"Too many, too many," he agreed, and added: "I have put you to some inconvenience, I see. I am sorry," he shifted awkwardly from one foot to the other, "I am *very* sorry. I did not realize."

He looked down and met her eyes and forgot to look away. She did not answer. He began to smile at her and his discomfort vanished; he found it distinctly agreeable, and drew a long breath.

"I have made you a great deal of trouble," he spoke quite slowly; "it wasn't the least kind of me."

The white frock fluttered in the air and floated out and touched his sleeve. "Complaints are so unpleasant, aren't they? But I think it must be all a mistake."

"Yes, yes," replied the professor hurriedly, "it was certainly a great mistake."

"I try to please everyone, but one can't help trying harder for some than for others."

She had made a little nervous movement and dropped a book which she had under her arm, and the straggling bunch of flowers spilled over the veranda. They stooped at the same instant and their hands grazed; the professor retreated hastily and secured the volume. "'The Poetry of John Keats,'" he read the title slowly in the dim light. Something of the enchantment of the written word crept upon him from the mere touch of the verse.

"'The Poetry of John Keats,'" he repeated dreamily; "I used to know it some time ago, quite some time ago."

"You haven't forgotten?"

"I am afraid I have," he admitted sadly.

"I shall lend it to you, then," said Hilda magnanimously; "it takes you quite out of the real world, it makes everything fairy-like."

"Out of the real world!" he repeated eagerly.

How soft the little white figure looked against the deep shadows!

"... fade away into the forest dim,
Fade far away—dissolve—dissolve——"

he murmured, then his memory failed.

The wind sprang up at that moment and tossed the trees aside and the hard glare of an electric light illumined the shady street; the professor blinked, a couple of students passed whistling. He had been caught quoting poetry to an assistant librarian; he wondered if Hollis had overheard.

"You shall have the Greek essays at once," he said, stepping into the house.

"I will just sit down," sighed Hilda; "I've had such a long day." She slipped into a hammock in a corner of the vine-sheltered porch.

He mounted the stairs with her book still in his hand; as he entered his room a whimsical little smile seemed to dance with the flickering shadows on the wall. Just what was that line?

"Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget—
forget——"

He would look; it would take only an instant. He sank into a chair and turned to the "Ode to a Nightingale"; the rhythm of

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the verse seized him and swept him forward, his heart throbbed with the cadence, his mind was filled with the beauty, his starved sense of poetry woke again in that fair land of John Keats. Upon his study-table lay the "Life of Reason," the one real and existing factor in a multitude of senseless things; he had forgotten it, he was thrall to "La Belle Dame Sans Mercy." He turned the pages while again and again the clocks told the hour; once the stillness was broken by the distant song of a jovial student, then the town slept and the scholar and the poet kept vigil. Finally he roused with a start; his lamp was dim, the cool gray of the spring dawn was in the room. He rose and drew a deep breath; it was poetry, poetry—that was the greatest factor of man's intellectual life. He had known it when young; why had he ever forgotten? Outside his windows the elms rustled and a young robin piped, but he heard the English nightingale:

> Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird,
> No hungry generations tread thee down.

It seemed a thousand years since he had been out in the fields, and it was spring now—spring! He dashed downstairs, but paused on the piazza; the remembrance of his forgetfulness the evening before smote him. Poor little girl! she had grown tired waiting, of course, and gone without the books, and she had left her flowers. Then he perceived something white hanging over the edge of the hammock. What was this—dear, dear! This was amazing! It could never be; yes, there she was, actually sound asleep in the piazza hammock. He tiptoed nearer.

"What ought I to do?" he wondered helplessly; "I can't leave her here. Perhaps she has taken cold."

Her hair had fallen low, and her face was partly covered. He stooped over her. She sat up blinking, the professor straightened.

"I thought I would just sit down while I waited— Why," she cried, springing to her feet, "it's morning! Nobody told me."

"I didn't know myself," he began meekly; "it's my fault."

"Yes, of course it is. I don't know what I shall do; nobody knew where I was."

"Don't be vexed," he pleaded.

"But I am." She looked at him frowning, but the next moment she was smiling, and the professor smiled back and felt positively boyish.

"Do you know," he cried recklessly, "you look exactly like Botticelli's Primavera?"

"What time is it?" said Hilda.

"I am sure I have not the least idea," he answered, feeling rather crushed.

"Such a queer night!" She pushed back her locks. "I've been dreaming——"

"So have I," interrupted the professor.

She laughed softly, "Guess what about?"

"Keats!" he ejaculated with conviction.

"How did you know?"

"I carried your book upstairs; it quite upset me."

"And you never brought the Greek essays."

"I forgot," he confessed, "but I am sorry, *very* sorry."

Hilda started. "They must be returned to the library."

"You can't possibly do it yet." He consulted his watch.

The morning breeze swept temptingly up from the sea. The professor caught his breath; he was struck with an audacious idea.

"We could go on the river before anyone is up!"

And Hilda, as though it was quite what she expected, gave a little affirmative nod and began straightening her hat. Nobody saw them as they passed through the silent streets of the old town and down to the water.

"I am so glad we came." She dropped into the canoe gently as a bird into a nest.

The professor clambered carefully in after her, but he managed to assure her that he, too, was certainly glad.

"Why, I used to do this very well!" He struggled with the paddle and finally let the little craft turn with the current.

"I think you do it beautifully," she affirmed, and after that he found it easier.

"I have not been on the water in many years," he apologized, as he splashed clumsily. She shook the drops off her hair.

"Let's go way on into the country and never mind what time we come back."

The professor agreed recklessly. He was not altogether responsible, being slightly intoxicated after his night with the poetry of John Keats. Light as a lily-pad on a pool the little canoe floated with the tide, ripples

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curved from the prow and tall grasses bent in greeting. The university faded out behind them and the meadows stretched away; along the river reaches lingered a thin wreath of the night mist. He threw back his shoulders.

"Why, it's beautiful here, beautiful," he cried enthusiastically. "I should think everyone would pay a visit—the scenery is superb."

Hilda opened her eyes. "Did you never come before?"

The professor shook his head.

"I suppose you are busy. I am busy, too, but," she added, with a little touch of youthful coquetry, "some one has invited me to go on the river every Saturday afternoon since I can remember."

"Ah," said the professor, "no one has ever invited me before."

"You invited *me*," she insisted.

"It is certainly you that are showing me the river," he affirmed.

At that she laughed and the sunlight made its definite appearance and, looking through the willows, fell in flecked masses of gold all over her hands and white frock.

"Tell me your favorite author," she said. But since he hesitated she narrowed her query: "Do you love Shelley or Keats best?"

"I think I know the latter rather better." Then he ventured a line:

"My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense——"

"Go on," she cried, delighted, and so he actually recited the complete ode.

Hilda sighed. "It's the most beautiful poem in the whole world; don't you think so?"

The professor had not a doubt. There, in a canoe beneath the pale-blue sky of May, with her smile dancing before his eyes, he was rather blinded to his previous beliefs.

"Do you know," she confided, "I have always been perfectly sure that we had tastes in common."

"I should not be surprised if we had a great many," he declared.

Every time he looked at the youthful figure and eager face he found himself making speeches which he could not account for, but Hilda seemed to understand perfectly.

"You are fond of reading, aren't you?"

He admitted that he was; he had never thought of it before.

"I have the advantage," she said, "of being with books all the time; I keep touching them and getting acquainted with them. But you never stop long in the library!" She looked at him archly.

The sun was well up now and the cowslips glistened along the shore. Some witchery of the hour, so fresh and fair, crept upon the professor; he passed his hand across his forehead and brushed the wrinkles away, he ran his fingers through his locks and forgot that they had begun to whiten. Had she brought him the elixir of youth?

"No," he faltered, "I never stopped long in the library then because I was occupied, very much occupied composing something."

"Was it poetry?"

"I used to write poetry, God forgive me!"

"Forgive you?" she questioned.

"It was not very good poetry," he explained.

"Why don't you try again?"

"I am almost twice the age of John Keats when he had written his last."

"You can't help that," she comforted him.

"Poets should be young, as young as Apollo himself, and my hair is gray."

Hilda examined it critically. "It doesn't show much."

"Doesn't it?" he queried with considerable eagerness.

"Everyone has disappointments," she remarked wisely. "Now, I want to be a real librarian. First I just used to help put the books away, then they taught me to write up the cards. If I had to leave the library I might have to go and work in a shop. Oh, dear, I forgot! they said yesterday perhaps I couldn't stay. A shop is so stuffy!"

"It would not do at all." The professor was firm.

"It's because I signed your name!"

"But I don't mind at all," he struggled for expression; "it was most kind of you. I am glad you did."

She was still troubled. "Those complaints! Now who do you suppose?"

He wiped his forehead, it was growing rather warm.

"I never had the least idea there was anyone who didn't like me!"

The professor couldn't bear it. "I am

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sure there is no one, no one in the world who does not like you. I shall go and tell the board so."

She met his eyes and her pleasure smote him; he thought of confession, but abandoned that weakly when she said:

"You are the very kindest person I know."

"I fear you are mistaken," he protested. "I perceive I have been oblivious to the happiness of others. I have thought of nothing but my book, and there are other things in life, many other things."

The canoe swerved unsteadily.

"I had forgotten how to enjoy myself," he cried, and over on the bank a thrush flung out a golden melody; "I never heard the birds, I did not know it was spring, I had forgotten to read poetry, and you came—

'Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art!'"

He dropped the paddle and reached forward, the slender little palm slipped into his, he was trembling with the unaccustomed exercise, overhead the sky was cloudless, the river lay quiet and glassy. Hilda sat very still, red lips curved temptingly near—he glanced about, the landscape was deserted, the professor fell ignominiously, but there was no one to tell tales unless the swallows flew back to start gossip in the college chimneys. The canoe nearly upset, and the professor, to save it, was obliged to clutch wildly at a branch overhead; the bottom half filled with water and Hilda curled up her feet while he cautiously crawled into his place. There was a long pause.

"I remember," he remarked and with a slightly injured tone, "the equilibrium must be carefully maintained in a boat."

"I never stirred," said Hilda wickedly.

Far beyond reach he observed the paddle drifting rapidly down stream; his heart sank. He began to feel a little faint and remembered that he had not breakfasted.

"I am afraid," he suggested politely, "that perhaps—that possibly—it may be that you are fatigued; would it not be well to return by the tram?"

Hilda glanced sadly after the receding paddle and gathered up her skirts as he stretched for the sedge on the bank. It was a long, dusty walk to the car line, he was abominably lame after his exertion, the sun beat down and he found himself wishing for his hat. Like a fardel from which he had had a brief respite, the years seemed to heap upon him and he once more bent beneath their weight. He glanced down at the little figure tripping at his side. How swift her step, how fresh her color! He shook his head. Youth had called to him, he had tasted the elixir of life, but he had aged again ere he had drunk the last of the cup.

He toiled on through the sand. He had a lecture to give at nine—he did not dare look at the hour. There was the tram at last. They hurried to catch it and the professor was quite breathless when he sank into a seat. They descended a half-hour later at the college yard. Hilda paused expectantly.

"I hope—I hope you are not too tired," he said gravely. "I will send over the Greek essays."

"Send them!"

He hesitated. "I am afraid I shall not be able to bring them myself."

"You can have the Keats, if you like," she murmured generously.

He took a step forward, he could still hear the swish of the water under the prow of the boat, the smile danced alluringly before his eyes; then the university clock struck, he thought of his lecture; habit claimed him, but as he turned away he said with conviction:

"I shall always keep the book—always."

He moved on; behind him the smile lost its radiance, then flickered and vanished.

That noon the set of Greek essays was replaced on the shelf and Hilda was summoned to the office of the governing board. She was informed that her services would be retained, and that she could have Saturday afternoons after three. As she walked back across the yard she was distinctly conscious that the tow-haired sophomore was whistling softly close behind her. She turned a very little way round.

The professor left early for Europe that year. The first volume of "The Life of Reason" did not appear, and it was rumored that he had been preparing a course of lectures upon the poetry of John Keats.

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THE FOUNDLING

By Josephine Preston Peabody

Beautiful Mother, I have toiled all day;
And I am wearied. And the day is done.
Now, while the wild brooks run
Soft by the furrows—fading, gold to gray,
Their laughters turned to musing—ah, let me
Hide here my face at thine unheeding knee,
Beautiful Mother; if I be thy son.

The birds fly low. Gulls, starlings, hoverers,
Along the meadows and the paling foam,
All wings of thine that roam
Fly down, fly down. One reedy murmur blurs
The silence of the earth; and from the warm
Face of the field the upward savors swarm
Into the darkness. And the herds are home.

All they are stalled and folded for their rest,
The creatures: cloud-fleece young that leap and veer;
Mad-mane and gentle ear;
And breath of loving-kindness. And my best
Four-footed one, who heeds me from afar
With human-aching heart, as I a star—
Tempest of plumy joy, just to be near!

So close, so like, so dear; and whom I love
More than thou lovest them, or lovest me.
So beautiful to see,
Ah, and to touch! When those far lights above
Scorch me with farness—lights that call and call
To the far heart, and answer not at all;
Save that they will not let the darkness be.

And what am I? That I alone of these
Make me most glad at noon? That I should mark
The after-glow go dark?
This hour to sing—but never have—heart's-ease!
That when the skirling winds fly low, and croon
Outside our happy windows their old rune,
Beautiful Mother, I must wake, and hark?

Who am I? Why for me this iron *Must?*
Burden the moon-white ox would never bear;
Load that he cannot share,
He, thine imperial hostage of the dust.
Else should I look to see the god's surprise
Flow from his great unscornful, lovely eyes—
The ox thou gavest to partake my care.

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Yea, all they wear their yoke of sun-filled hours.
I, lord at noon, at nightfall no more free,
Take on more heavily
The yoke of hid, intolerable Powers.
—Then pushes here in my forgetful hand,
This near one's breathless plea to understand.
Starward I look; he, even so, at me!

And she who shines within my house, my sight
Of the heart's eyes, my hearth-glow, and my rain,
My singing's one refrain—
Are there for her no tidings from the height?
For her, my solace, likewise lost and far,
Islanded with me, here, on this lone star
Washed by the ceaseless tides of dark and light.

What profits it, that I have built for her
A little roofed-in shelter from the stark
Sky that we hear—and mark?
Lo, in her eyes all dreams that ever were!
And cheek to cheek with me on every quest,
Her heart, and mine for her, sole tented rest
From light to light of day. From dark—till Dark.

Yea, but for her, how should I greatly care
Whither and whence? But that the dark should blast
Our bright! To hold her fast,
Yet feel this dread creep gray along the air.
To know I cannot hold her so my own,
But under surge of joy, the surges moan
That threaten us with parting, at the last!

* * * * * * * *

Beautiful Mother, I am not thy son.
I know it from those echoes in the sky.
I know; I know not why.
Even from thy golden, wide oblivion:
Thy leave to help in all thy harvesting,
Thy leave to work a little, live, and sing;
Thy leave to suffer—yea, to sing and die,
Beautiful Mother!
Ah, whose child am I?

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Throwing the iron into the devil-fish.

HARPOONING IN THE GULF OF MEXICO

By William Todd

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY BAYARD DOMINICK, JR.

THE whale and New Bedford are almost memories, yet harpooning as a sport still remains, and may be indulged in without much difficulty. It is only surprising that of the multitudes who journey to Florida each year so few avail themselves of this most entertaining method of spending the time.

The stalk of a giant shark, whose fin is cutting the water up the channel, will amply satisfy the wish for exciting sport, and the thrill and heart thumpings are the greater because of a slight tinge of personal danger which really is more imaginary than real.

If the hunter delights in perfecting himself in the use of a new weapon, the lily iron will tax his patience and give him pleasure in its mastery.

In these days when people are constantly in search of a new sensation, the first few moments after spearing a dolphin or a devil-fish—the wild confusion amid spray flying, ropes whirling, the uncertainty as to which way the fish will rush and as to whether the boat is going over before he gets straightened away—will satisfy the most ambitious.

In the great stretch of water directly south of Cape Sable—the southern point of Florida—lies a shoal stretching away for twenty miles toward Bahia Honda. Most of it is out of water at low tide, channels wind in through it from the sea, and thither come many of the biggest fish of the Gulf to feed on mullet at high tide.

The water is only three to four feet deep at the flood, so dorsal fins show above the surface, and, with a big fish, part of the back also. In the proper season—late spring or summer—it is one of the best spots for harpooning on the coast.

It was here, in the lee of a small tropical key, that the *Irene*, a roomy auxiliary sloop, dropped anchor one balmy April day. The most important part of the *Irene's* outfit was her captain, Obe Hall, a long, lank

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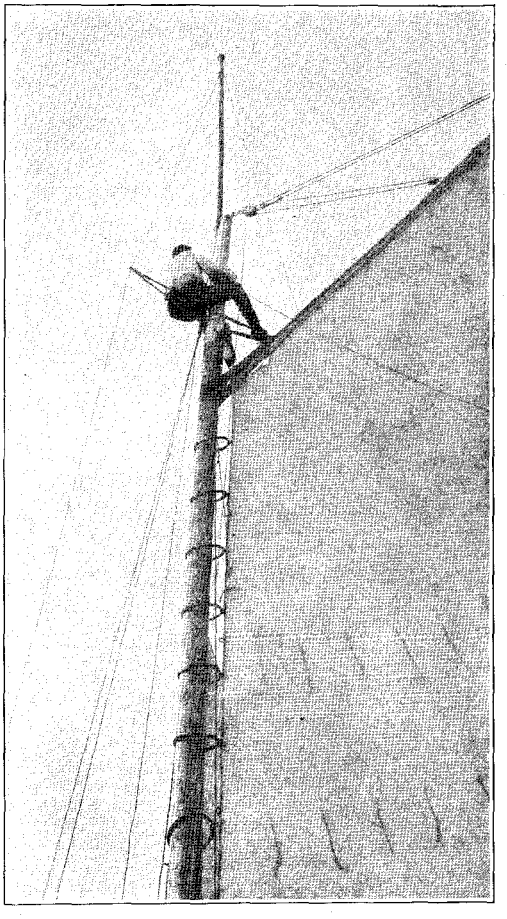
Floridian skipper who has thrown the lily iron for fifty years—"a master of the far dart." It was under his patient tutelage that the tender-feet of the crew started to acquire their knowledge of the lily iron on the first day of their arrival at Sandy Key.

This harpooning is all done from a small skiff, and it is somewhat difficult to keep one's balance and at the same time to remember the necessary points for successful work.

The skipper had shown the proper position, the swing of the arm, had warned his pupil to shoot under the mark because of the refraction of light in the water, and had illustrated his points by spearing a small shark; then he passed the iron to the beginner. Standing in the bow, harpoon in hand, the skipper silently skulling behind, the skiff moved out over the shoal. The bowman was praying softly to himself that the first shot would be at a stingaree, something broad like a barn door. It was not to be, however, for the first things seen were two great fins, which rolled into view for a second and then sank quietly beneath the water. The boat was nearing a channel. "A saw-fish," whispered the skipper, "and a big one, too." Silently the skiff worked its way toward the water ripples moving up the channel, and presently the bowman could discern the dun-colored back of a big fish, fourteen feet long at least, and the two prominent back fins which distinguished it from the shark, which has only one. The beginner's heart was thumping madly as he continued to mutter to himself the last instructions—"Hit him in front of his for'ard fin."



Looking for devil-fish.

Thirty feet in front, the fish suddenly stopped and sank a little below the surface, and, before the situation was realized, the skiff was directly over him. "Hit him," yelled the skipper. The bowman tried to pick out his "for'ard" fin, and struck wildly. The harpoon buried itself in three feet of mud—there was a tremendous swirl of a big tail, a good deal of spray in every one's face, and a tidal wave disappearing up the channel. The saw-fish had turned as the boat approached, and the bowman had mistaken his tail for his front fin, and had harpooned a mud flat three feet behind him.

There were some words from the stern of the boat, but none more vehement than the situation demanded.

"Well, you hit the water anyway," quoth the skipper; and, with an optimism which was characteristic, he suggested that, as the saw-fish had been feeding, if followed immediately, they might get another chance at him, for he had not been badly frightened. Consequently, they followed him up and did—two more chances, in fact. The second opportunity was thrown away like the first, but the third time the harpoon passed through his tail into the bottom. With one

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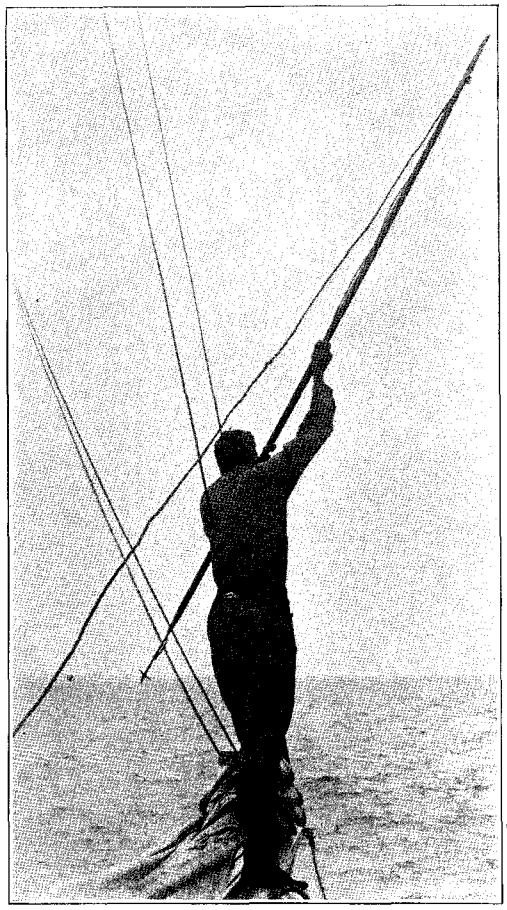
mighty sweep, he tore it out, bending the half-inch spear-point at right angles, and went dashing out to sea—leaving two disappointed men gazing after his retreating wave until it passed from sight.

Every lane has its turning if followed persistently; and some time later the same beginner was rewarded with a clean day's work—not a single miss—and the results netted one large stingaree, three sharks and a dolphin. This day was a fair picture—if a few misses be added—of the days on the great shoal; therefore, it may be interesting to describe it in detail.



Harpooning from the bowsprit.

One hour before low-tide, the skiff—in tow of the fourteen-foot launch—was skirting the edge of the shoal, all eyes looking for fins. The harpoon lay conveniently across the bow, with its two hundred feet of quarter-inch rope coiled carefully in a can. The skipper, at the tiller ropes of the launch, turned into a channel leading into the shoal, which ended abruptly three hundred yards up in a deep pool. As the launch steamed in over its surface, the water was suddenly churned into foam by a dozen sharks that had been lying on the bottom awaiting the incoming tide to go in on the flats. Before the skiff's rope could be cast off most of them had passed down the channel—several jumping high out of the water like tarpon, in their haste.

A large stingaree offered an inviting mark, however, as he went flapping out to sea, and the bowman drove the grains into his back. Instantly he ran through the water, waving his wings like a gigantic bat and swinging his dangerous looking tail behind.

A large ray can furnish plenty of amusement; and the devil-fish—the most formidable of Florida monsters—is nothing but an exaggerated type, measuring sometimes twenty feet across the back from flipper to flipper and weighing two thousand pounds. It is a difficult task to remove grains from a ray, as he invariably half fills the boat with water from his wings, and is a dangerous customer until his sting is removed. The skipper, however, deftly performed the operation in this case by chopping off the tail with a hatchet as the fish swung it over the side of the boat. After the harpoon was removed he was left to continue his course out into the Gulf. When the ropes had again been coiled and all gear put into place, the skiff was poled to the centre of the shoal to await the incoming tide.

There cannot be a more awe-inspiring sight in the fish realm than the raid of the sharks on this shoal as the tide comes in. The first line consists of the infant class—sharks three or four feet long, which can swim in six inches of water. As the tide rises the incoming fish grow larger; until, at high-water, dorsal fins showing ten inches

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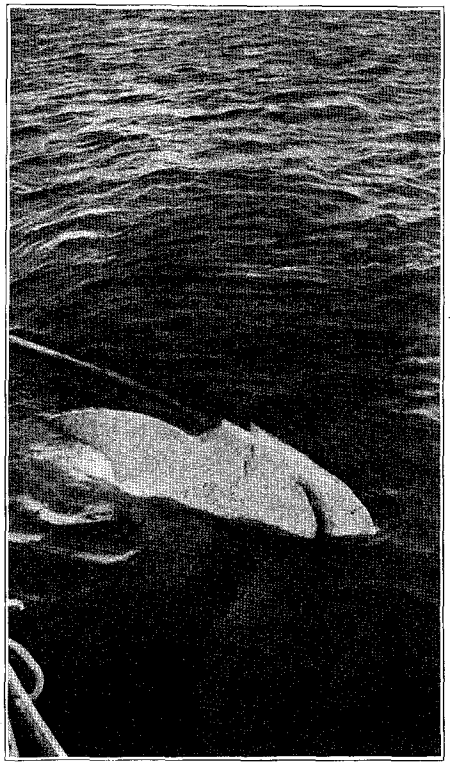
out of the water portray the presence of the elder brethren. The life of the mullet—on which these fish feed—certainly cannot lack spice here. There was never a time during that tide that one could not see a dozen sharks—and, occupying the centre of the area as the little boat was, it was hard not to imagine that these grewsome fins were not tending in its direction for a purpose.

The small fish passed undisturbed. Finally the bowman selected a promising seven-footer, and the skiff was cautiously poled so as to get in his direct path, and there they awaited his advance. When within fifteen feet, the harpoon shot out and sank two feet behind his fin. This is not a good holding point. Through the water he came; struck the bow of the skiff with his tail as he rushed by, carried out the line, and tore the grains out as soon as his weight came on them.



One of the sharks after he had been killed.

The second selection resulted more satisfactorily, for the fish made a beautiful dash for three-quarters of a mile straight away. At the end of his course he rolled on his side, and started to wind himself in the line in an endeavor to get above the wire cable on the harpoon so as to bite the rope. To save their iron, the boat's crew had to close in on him and kill him with a lance.

There seemed to be no limit to the shark possibilities, but at this juncture a number of dolphins appeared from the west, chasing a school of mullet. Common as the dolphin is, he is the most difficult of things to stalk, and represents the maximum of fighting energy per pound of flesh. His eyesight is good, and his hearing very acute —he will detect the slightest sound from an approaching oar. The only chance of a near approach is when several dolphins have rounded up a school of small fry and are busy catching them. Then, if one can shove quickly into this melee while the water is thick with mud, he may get within harpooning distance. Twice this was tried without success. The third time, however, a school came in from the east, so that the skiff could drift down upon them with the wind. It proved a most exciting approach, for the big fellows could be seen quietly rolling, while they rounded up a school of fish preparatory to rushing in upon them. The boat was headed for the centre made by the seven revolving dolphins, and, kneeling low so as not to cast a shadow, the bowman drifted closer and closer. By an apparently prearranged signal, the seven fish closed in on their dinner; the man in the stern gave a frantic shove with his pole—and the harpooner found himself injected into a fearful mix-up of big fish and mullet, spray, mud unalloyed confusion. The frightened mullet were all in the air, several passing over the boat. How the bowman could see anything to spear was a mystery, but he did—and most successfully, too. When things settled down, the skiff was found attached to a very large dolphin—probably weighing nine hundred pounds—which was taking it out into the Gulf at a most astounding gait. To one who thinks of the dolphin as a lazy creature, spending its time quietly rolling in a summer sea, the speed with which it can move through the water is a surprise.

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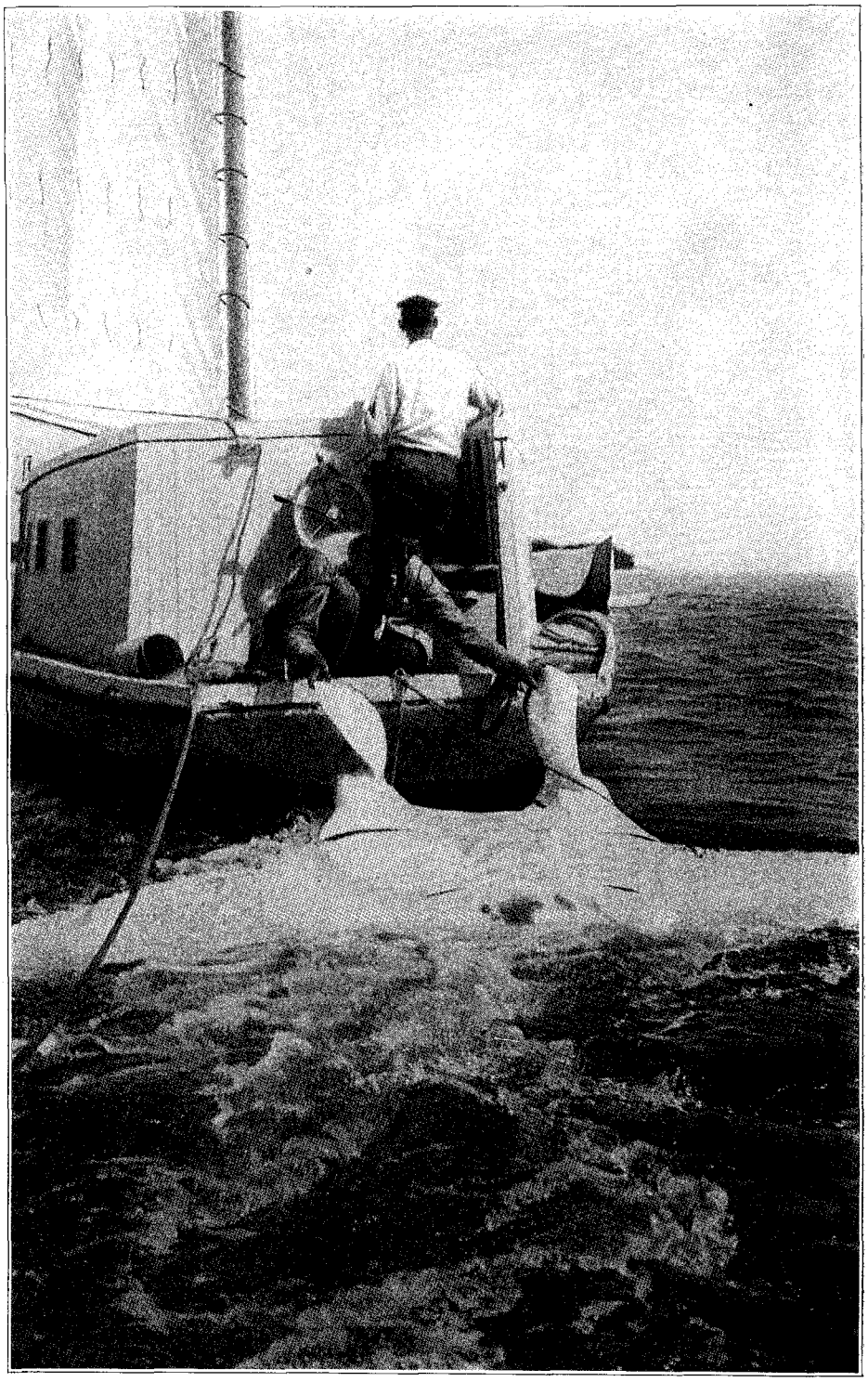

Towing the devil-fish to the beach.

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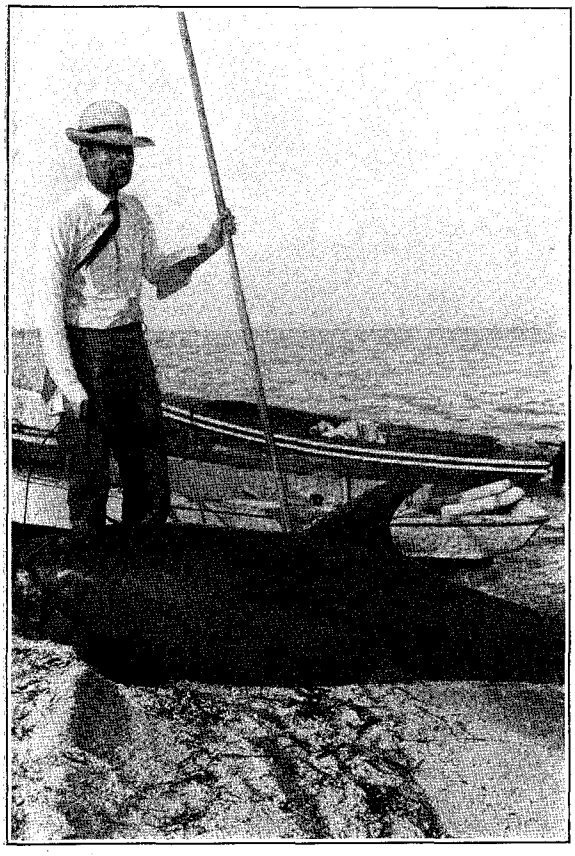
The man in the stern was down on his knees holding the camera; and, while trying to protect it from the flying spray with one hand, he grasped the side of the skiff with the other; straining his eyes in order to choose the right moment in which to photograph something of this very interesting experience.



Dolphin on the beach.

Far astern, the skipper came pounding along, waving encouragement with his hat and shouting to them to "hang to her." "Hang to her" they did, and when the launch came up at the end of the two-mile rush it found them a wet but entirely satisfied crew.

The artist, who had deemed it discretion to remain on his knees during the ride, begged for a live dolphin to photograph at his leisure, so the skipper essayed the rather ticklish task of lashing the tired fish to the side of the skiff—passing one rope around his tail and another back of his head—and thus accoutred, he was towed ashore, assisting materially by his frequent rushes, and continually spouting salt water over everybody in the boat.

Some five days later, the *Irene* lay in the mouth of the Matanzas River, after a glorious sail up the west coast through the emerald green waters of the Gulf. She had anchored here for the devil-fishing, and her crew had been waiting impatiently for two days for the wind to go down, as devil-fishing is outside work, and the capture of this monster is not to be essayed under any but auspicious circumstances.

The devil-fish, giant ray or manta, is found all along the Gulf Coast, but one of the best spots, and a place where one can be reasonably sure to see him, is on the reef that lies between Sanibel Island and San Carlos Pass, some four miles off shore. Here, on calm days in spring, he lies at the surface sunning his back or leisurely drifting in on the flood tide, occasionally waving his flippers like a giant bat. He is a great, stupid, ponderous fellow—endowed, however, with wonderful strength and staying power, and is almost irresistible in his first rush if he can reach the end of the cable under full headway. With the devil-fish, the harpoonist has reached his zenith. There is nothing left on the Western Hemisphere to a growing ambition, save the whale. Accordingly, the crew of the *Irene* had the manta at the head of their list.

Even the skipper's eyes were keen the morning of the third day, and he shouted his orders in a louder key as the crew busied themselves lashing a block to the bowsprit for the towing cable to run through. They were to try the harpoon first from the bowsprit of the *Irene*.

Spearing from a heavy boat is effective, provided the fish takes the same course as the boat, and headway can be kept up so as to lessen the shock when the line tightens.

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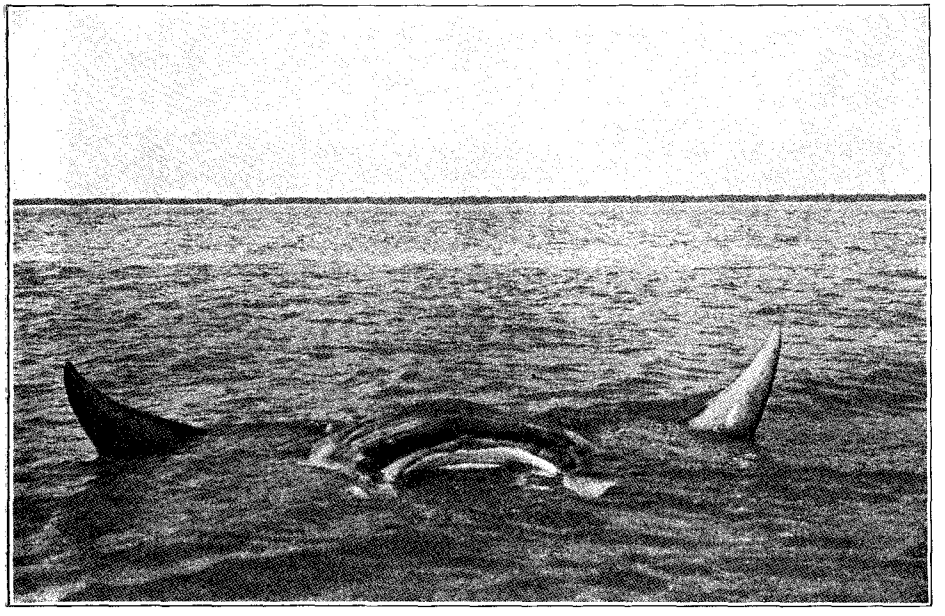

Devil-fish swimming.

That day eight devil-fish were sighted. Four miles out the man aloft saw the first back—resembling nothing so much as the bottom of an overturned boat, with occasionally a flipper showing to either side as the Gulf swell washed over his back. The spearman on the bowsprit can be pardoned his first two misses, for certainly it was a grewsome mountain of flesh that loomed up beneath him as the *Irene* drove him over it. Making a wide circle, another was presently sighted, a large one (the width across the back was estimated at eighteen feet), and with it were three smaller ray. Some form of mammoth play was on, for spasmodically the four would close in together and roll over and over. The effect was a mixture of flippers, spray and noise that was indescribable. Into this maelstrom the bow of the *Irene* shot. "Clap the lily to the big one," yelled the skipper. The harpoon descended, striking with an audible thud; there was a momentary spasm under the boat, which seemed to threaten its destruction; then the cable began to leap wildly from its coil. The fish was swinging at right angles to the boat's course. Vainly the wheel was thrown over, and everyone shouted directions at once. The rope reached its end, tightened, a shiver ran through the boat's keel, something parted, and then a sudden calm. Very quietly the cable was pulled in, only to find that the quarter-inch wire rope above the harpoon had snapped as if it had been cord. With a growing appreciation of the task ahead, another spear-point was bent on, and the boat started after the remaining three ray.

The great creatures, until struck, seemed to have little fear of man, and there was no difficulty in approaching any in sight. The second fish was considerably smaller, yet when he felt the harpoon he darted under the boat and tore out the grains instantly when the rope tightened. Later it was found that one barb had broken, thus loosening the iron's hold.

Plainly, to succeed, the large boat must be abandoned, so it was decided to throw the iron from the skiff, where the shock on the line would be less; and then, when the sloop could catch up, transfer the cable to her.

The task of hitting a devil-fish from a fourteen-foot boat was left to the bachelor of the party, the married member explaining that he felt his duty to the ones at home excluded him from anything that smacked so of suicide. Accordingly, when near the next fish, the skiff put out from the stern of the *Irene*, the spearman standing in the bow while the skipper stood the

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big boat away so as to give the fish a clean field at the first rush.

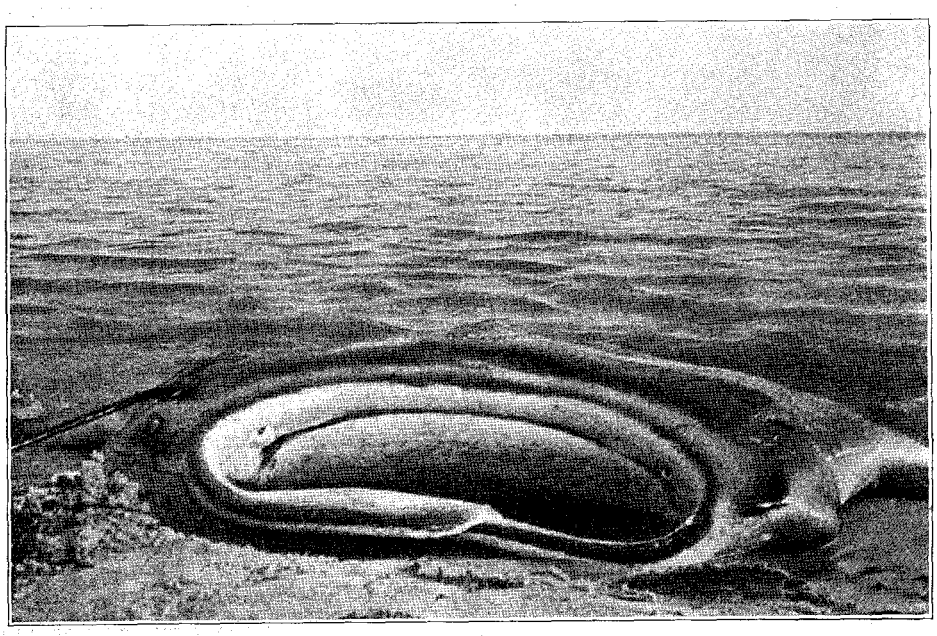
The plan developed perfectly—the throw was good, the fish half filled the boat with his first splash, and then rushed away in a great swinging circle, so that in fifteen minutes it was possible for the sloop to cut across and catch up; when, by some manœuvring, it became possible to pass the in-board end of the line up to her bow-sprit. After that it was a fight to a finish, with the devil-fish on one end of the line and the ten-ton sloop on the other. For a long while it seemed as though the devil-fish had the better of it. He towed that big boat steadily out into the Gulf for three hours and twenty minutes. It was exactly like being in tow of a fair-sized tug. The progress of the boat was not fast, but as steady as if it were being driven by the *Irene's* own engines.

It may be fair to remark that killing a devil-fish entails as much genuine muscle-racking hard work as any task on earth. It is much the same as pulling for hours against a yoke of oxen who are moving off entirely indifferent to one's futile efforts. The devil-fish will not let simple towing tire him. If left to himself, he will sound to bottom, and after resting proceed on *ad infinitum*. It is to prevent such resting that one must work constantly by hauling the tow in close to him, thereby frightening him to constant effort. If he can be strained to the point of weakening, then he may be hauled close enough to harpoon again.

It was three hours before the cable could be attached to the boat's windlass in order to pull him under the bow, where another lily iron was secured in him; and then followed a rush almost as fierce as the first. Following this method, and only after there were three harpoons in his back, and the shark hook attached to one flipper, was it felt that he was secure. Half an hour later his struggles were finally stilled by a lucky rifle shot in the head.

One devil-fish a day will satisfy the most energetic, so no further effort was made to kill another, and with much difficulty the dead fish was fastened behind the sloop and she headed slowly for her anchorage—two striped cobia following in her bloody wake. When beached, the ray measured twelve feet eleven inches across the back and ten feet six inches from mouth to end of tail. The skipper called him a "small one," and estimated his weight at fifteen hundred pounds. Certainly the one first struck that day must have weighed one-third more.

As night came on the sharks began to come in, and long after dark could be heard fighting over the stranded carcass.



Looking into the mouth of a devil-fish stranded on the beach.

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LAST TRIAL OF THE GLEAM

By Gertrude Hall

THE diners lingering over their peaches and finger-glasses could hear a rumble of masculine conversation out on the seaward piazza; but they did not know or ask to know on whose account the master of the house had been torn from his food before dessert. The country folk who ate supper at six had no bowels, it was known, for the city folk who dined at seven; the intruder was probably one of the natives, and no interest attached to him.

Mrs. Legrand, when her prospective brother-in-law took a cigarette, took one likewise, and with a beautiful air of absorption in some remote matter, lighted it; so delicately she puffed at it, that it seemed, without prejudice, little less becoming than a bow-knot under one's ear.

Streatham, if he had any manly objection to her act, concealed it; but his betrothed, Mrs. Legrand's half-sister, and Mrs. Legrand's husband's oldest sister, who was likewise present, looked as much shocked, for the fiftieth time, as if they had never been present at such a scene before. She smoked on, persevering in that little absent air; but that she had not a perfectly clean conscience was shown when there came a scraping of chair legs on the piazza; she looked dubiously at the open window-doors, and when her husband and his visitor appeared at one of them, held the cigarette provisionally under the table.

"I am going to take Captain Drew here for a sail," said Legrand. "Get yourselves ready if you care to come. You'll come, Streatham, of course."

Haidee, the half-sister, got up at once with a happy, healthy girl's effect of rebound. Streatham rose too. His promised one went to the door and looked out over the vast stretch of quiet eastward sea, gray under the early after-sunset sky that at the zenith was the clear gray of a hot day's end, warming to a feverish pink over the blurred horizon line. She consulted her lover on the gown she should wear, and left the room to assume it.

Mrs. Legrand had contrived to get rid of the cigarette, for both her innocent hands were now in sight, and she offered one to the old countryman, sea-captain turned farmer.

"I should like very much to go," she said sweetly to her husband, "if I can go like this!" She was still in a morning costume, all India muslin and lace; the pink of her skin showed clearly through her sleeves.

"Ridiculous, my dear!" said her husband; "I wouldn't be seen with you like that on a boat. You'd freeze!"

"It is hard to believe that just now, isn't it? But if you say so, I suppose I should," she answered, without disappointment. "Well, I am too lazy to change. I wouldn't shut myself in a cloth jacket this evening for a kingdom. I will sit comfortably in my hammock and watch you beating down the wind—isn't that how you express yourselves? Or, what is far more likely, I will sit there and wonder how Captain Drew likes it when you get him becalmed."

"'Twon't be to-night, ma'am," said the old man. "There'll be wind all right enough."

"Coming, Pearl?" inquired Legrand of his sister.

She shook her head emphatically. "Not I, sir! Not in the *Gleam!* Not in a boat I saw you make with your own hands—my amateur boat-building brother!"

The old Captain laughed gently. "She's a good boat, though. Why, bless ye, they've all got to be made with hands. She's a mighty pretty critter."

"Veal-pie is a good thing—you know the rest," said the sister, with the nastiness of sisters; "I say the contrary of boats. You don't want to know the man that made them!"

They stepped on to the piazza. It was strewn with white wicker seats, and showed by divers signs—books and work-baskets, glasses with lemon-seeds in the bottom, a gayly beribboned guitar, that the afternoon had been enjoyed on it by several persons. The blue and white awning that shaded it from end to end had been lifted; the sky shone over it, lightsome and deep.

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Mrs. Legrand took herself with languid gait to the hammock.

Miss Pearl looked at the sea a moment, perfunctorily; then, with the expression of one who remembers something that ought to have been attended to hours ago by somebody else, went indoors again.

Legrand and the Captain, standing by the piazza parapet with their cigars, talked of tides and of certain flats in the bay which the city man declared it was an outrage should not be buoyed off. The native said that everyone knew where they were situated, anyhow.

Streatham paced up and down, noiseless in his tennis-shoes, smoking and waiting for Haidee. His white flannels accused his skin of a rich recent sunburn.

At one end of his walk he was met at every turn by Mrs. Legrand in her hammock, with her clasped hands behind her fair head. At the opposite end, the piazza turned to continue on the other side of the house; he caught sight of the *Gleam* riding at anchor in the bay channel.

The house stood on a narrow strip of beach several miles long, high in the middle, crowned with shining sedge; treeless but for an occasional stunted savin; flowerless but for the creeping purple of the wild vetch. To eastward, the interminable ocean; to westward, the small bay that met the ocean around the end of the peninsula; beyond the bay, the mainland well in sight with its painted houses, soonest reached by boat, but reached at need by way of the long sandy beach.

To westward, as Streatham noted when he came to the turn of the piazza, earth and sky wore a cheerful face: the cloud-city still gold-turreted, the habitations of men in sight, the pretty little *Gleam*, saucy and elegant in her new paint, turning her nose intelligently to the tide. When he faced about to walk toward the hammock again, and the house cut off the warm west, all the world in sight impressed him as tinged with solemnity and sadness: that endless expanse of gray sea and sky, misty at the remotest edge, mysterious; the long, thin line of ghost-white surf forming continually down on the skirt of the tide, and breaking with a hoarse sigh.

Now Legrand and old Drew, still talking about the flats that ought positively, said the one with animation—or need not, the other still moderately maintained, to be furnished with buoys, walked off to the end of the piazza on their way to the *Gleam*. Streatham looked after them, uncertain if he must go too, knowing Legrand would want him to help hoist the sail—when Haidee appeared in her proper pretty yachting suit, her sensible wrap over her arm.

"Let us take a lot of cushions," she said, and Streatham stepped inside to strip the couch of as much as he could carry. "And a lot of these," added Haidee, who had followed, filling her hands with things from the half-dismantled dinner-table.

"Aren't you coming, Colina?" she asked her sister, and at the latter's negative gave an idea that she would have endeavored to express disappointment had there been more time to spare. "Well, good-by, dear. No doubt we shall get becalmed, and then you will be glad you are not with us. Come on, John—Leopold hates to be kept waiting. Don't get lonesome, baby dear. But you won't; you never do—do you? You have that horrid French book you are so devoted to—how can you read it?—Shall we take the guitar, John?"

"By all means!" He picked up the bedizened thing by the neck, and loaded himself with that besides the half-dozen cushions he carried.

"Well, good-by, Colina."

"I wish you a good-evening, Mrs. Legrand."

"Good-by. Don't be gone all night!" Colina kissed Haidee's cheek and Haidee kissed hers.

As the lovers disappeared around the corner, the sea dropped into a colder grayness.

Mrs. Legrand sat a time as they had left her. Then she got up and trailed her white draperies to the end of the piazza, from which she could see the *Gleam*.

Legrand and Drew were already on board, and the sail had been shaken out. Haidee and Streatham were waiting for Legrand to fetch them in the tender. Ah, old Drew was helping with the sail. She heard the ropes creak in the blocks, the hoops scrape up the mast; a cloud of canvas spread with faint thunder across the sky and caught the yellow light.

Haidee and John still waited to be fetched; they stood side by side on the end of the little floating-stage, the cushions in a heap beside them.

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Colina turned away, went back to the hammock, picked up her book, found her place—then tossed it down and went again to the end of the piazza. The sail was taut, the boom swung gently from side to side. Legrand was pulling for shore. John was gathering up his cushions.

"Wait for me!" screamed Colina. Everyone turned around to look at her. "I want to come too!"

She fairly ran into the house, calling out at the top of her voice for one Delphine to bring her cloak: At once! her long last year's opera-cloak with the fur! Miss Pearl appeared in a door to ask if she were gone mad; a maid in another door to inquire more closely what Madame desired. Colina snatched her cloak at last from the maid's hands and ran out with it, hobbling because her high-heeled shoes in the haste she made turned under her feet.

She caught up with the little party as Haidee was being helped into the topply tender. She was laughing, and limping, and breathing hard. "I didn't want to be left, after all!" she cried. "You looked so festive going off like that, taking every one of the cushions—and the guitar! I cast my lot with my cushions!"

She was handed into the boat. "Excuse me!" she said, as they pushed off, "my shoes are full of sand!" She held an absurd little black satin shoe over the gunwale, shaking it well.

"There is nothing like appropriate!" remarked her husband, with a nod toward the pale pink brocade of her cloak.

"That?—Oh, it will be warm enough. I used to wear it in midwinter, with bare shoulders!"

They came alongside the *Gleam*. In getting on board, Mrs. Legrand tripped in her long gown, her shoe came off again. She laughed outright then, and sat down holding into view a webby stocking-foot. It was the old man came to her assistance. He picked up the shoe, and with a sweet old smile, a clumsiness full of natural compliment, fitted it to the childish foot.

"'Tain't very big!" he said, and looked up with a sort of fatherly tenderness at the exquisite lady so extraordinarily equipped for seafaring. He thought she was dressed as city ladies dress for a ball; he did not dream of quarrelling, from any sense of the fitting, with his privilege of seeing such a pretty sight.

"What a heavenly evening!" sighed Colina, looking up into the deep, faint-colored sky.

Two gulls were sailing overhead; their brazen calls turned to silver down the peaceful air.

Miss Pearl was shaking her handkerchief from an upper window.

A steady breeze that gave no edge to the air breathed from the west. The stately little *Gleam* drew up the stream; the cockle-shell moored in her place dwindled to a small white dot, melted out of sight.

The sailors did not at once dispose themselves about the boat, each for his greatest comfort and pleasure. All sat decently in the cockpit for a while, keeping the conversation or the silences common.

Legrand, stripped of his coat, stood at the helm with his eagle eye ahead; favoring by his attitude an idea that he exaggerated to himself the weight of his responsibilities, in such a boat as the *Gleam*. The innocent face of the old Captain looked a shade ironical as he watched his host sweating over his tasks of a steersman, while he, Joshua Drew, leaned back at his ease with the pipe he had faithfully returned to, his cigar finished.

For the first, everyone but the two captains—who minded their own concerns, and when they spoke, spoke solidly of boat-building, tides, and buoys—watched the shifting shores, the faded clouds of the west; and in speaking, broke silence but to praise the beauty of this and that. Colina hung perilously over the side, trying to reach the water; crying out when it dashed up her sleeve, patting herself dry with her square inch of pocket-handkerchief. Gradually the silence of enjoyment fell on the company, sitting with uplifted faces. The *Gleam* skimmed the calm flood with the ease of a strong-winged creature; the shores glided by dreamlike sweet; the summer air smelt so good, of salt-marsh and hay-field mingled. All encouraged a drowsy mood. And the darkness was coming on.

"Won't you sing something?" said Streatham to the girl of his heart, speaking low, that his sudden man-voice should not wound the beautiful silence too harshly.

"Yes—do sing, Haidee," cheerily chimed in Legrand, whose clear Greek face *en silhouette* against the sky was finer now than

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by a better light. "Sing us that little thing —you know—'Tis then that most I love thee!'"

"Oh, I could not sing that to-night. I will sing '*Gute Nacht*,' if you wish."

Streatham had given her the guitar. She touched it, and after a horrified gasp, began to twist and tighten and test the strings that the evening air had been playing its tricks with.

She at last considered the instrument in tune, and sang "*Gute Nacht*" to the first stars. Her voice was true; night and sea silence and love lent it a charm it had perhaps scarcely possessed in the school-parlor where it became practised. She broke off at the latter half of the second verse, the unmanageable strings requiring her further attention.

"Now sing 'Tis then that most I love thee!' Haidee," demanded Legrand again. "The Captain and I have a sneaking preference for English!"

"Oh, no, please! Not that to-night," said Haidee. "Shall I sing 'Regrets,' John?"

"If you please."

The strings were brought up to pitch and "Regrets" was half sung. Before the end Haidee put down the guitar, saying, "It is no use. They will not stay screwed up!" and the guitar was let lie without one dissenting voice.

Legrand gave Drew the helm while he lighted the swinging lamp in the infinitesimal cabin; its smoky spark was reflected in a row of glasses clinking faintly in the rack.

The *Gleam* was making the islands in the bay; lights twinkled in the shore houses. Now the little craft came by the light-house at the end of the long peninsula. She turned, graceful and light as a swallow, to double the headland, and was out in the open sea.

It seemed a different world at once, all away from homely human things—a lonely, pure, solemn world, more beautiful to the eyes of the soul, to the body more disquieting. The sea ran heavier, the wind came freer, the air smelt more solely of the brine. The *Gleam* bent over on her side and cut the waves with little shivering plunges that sent the spray flying. The women cried out with delight or alarm, one could scarcely tell which; they said it was delight, and made without delay for the higher gunwale.

"Can you swim?" asked Mrs. Legrand of the old Captain, with a nervous little laugh.

"I can, ma'am," said the old man, "but I ain't been into the water nigh forty year. It used to make my skin itch. But I guess I shouldn't think so much of that if we was to get upset."

"Because my husband can't. Isn't it reckless of him to take me out, and not able to swim a stroke! If the worst comes to the worst I shall have to rely on you, Captain Drew. Oh! Leopold, make her sit up straight in the water!"

The *Gleam* righted herself by an inch or so.

"Well, ye may rely on me, ma'am," chuckled the Captain, "if ye ain't got any better chance. All ye must do is just not grip me by the neck. The way to do is just let yourself lie easy, easy in the water and not be afeared, and let the one who's a-saving ye tow ye along by the hair."

"I can swim!" said Haidee.

"You! you won't have to!" said Colina; and without questioning such an evident proposition, Haidee turned to ask the athletic John, "What is the farthest you ever swam?"

"Three miles, when I was a youngster, to see if that story of Leander could be trusted."

"How glorious!"

"Why are we all talking of drowning?" asked Colina, with a little shiver.

"Who is?" retorted her husband, and Colina laughed and shook out her fluffy opera-cloak, and folded herself in it from neck to feet.

After a moment she had become used to the inclined plane of the boat, and forgotten its horror; with motions half free, half timid still, she climbed on the seat, thence to the deck; she reached the mast and stood leaning against it, watching the dipping bow.

Her leaving the rest seemed to be a signal that the lovers too might retire from the general company. Streatham dived into the cabin and brought up a wooden arrangement, something like a steamer-chair without legs, that sat on the deck secure. He dragged out the leathern cushion from one of the cabin seats and laid it over the frame; on top of that he ordered the cushions brought from the house. Upon these Haidee reclined, hugged in her wrap and

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tucked in a rug. Streatham lay down beside her, and after half a dozen matches wasted, lighted a cigarette. He called out presently, "Mrs. Legrand, shall I arrange you a seat?"

She turned to them and came a step nearer. She had brought no hat; the wind had done extravagantly to her hair. "No, I thank you. I like to stand where I am. When the boat is behind me, I can see nothing but sea and sky. It gives such a weird sensation! One might be quite alone in the world."

She went back to her post. Her husband, when he was about to change the course of the boat, shouted to her to come aft; but she, grown reckless, called back thanks, and when the sail veered, caught at the mast to steady herself.

The sky seemed very light for the hour it was, the stars dim. Suddenly Colina cried earnestly, "What is that? Oh, a ship on fire!" After a second all laughed, and someone said it was the moon.

It spread itself to a broad crimson fan, appearing like a stranger in the unfamiliar color; it lifted itself, a hot cannon-ball. Its color, after a little, turned to a dull orange-gold; the crests of the ripples caught a reflection of it; there stretched from the boat, over the black sea to the sky, the path of shining shavings everyone has at some time wished he might tread. One seemed, while it was so unradiant, to detect better the quality of the moon. Haidee said it was made of yellow quartz; all agreed at last to some one's venture, that it looked like a round skin full of milk.

All watched the moon as if its rising had been a rite, until it had turned more or less into the ordinary luminary last seen the night before. But all this night the moon was peculiarly like a great greenish pearl rolling through an enchanted violet atmosphere. The heavens were full of diaphanous vapor, and all of it drinking in moonshine, diffused it in a soft milky flood; the sky was unusually light.

Mrs. Legrand, tottering to keep her footing, came aimlessly aft; then went bow again, and stood a moment; then, with an effect of indecision, came aft again.

"Do keep quiet, Colina!" appealed Haidee. "The dew makes the deck slippery; my heart comes in my mouth at every step you take."

Colina scrambled down into the cockpit, sat a moment, then reached for the guitar. With her hand upon the screws, ready to remedy, she struck a tentative chord.

Her husband gathered in his breath through his teeth as in pain, and ejaculated something that might have been "Mercy!"

"I am not going to," she said, readily putting down the guitar, that shivered and moaned in every string. After a moment she exclaimed, plaintively, "But I am cold!"

It might have been sensed by a stranger present, that Mrs. Legrand was considered a rather trying person; in the moment following upon her remark, the acute must have detected such a feeling in the air, plain as if it had been a smell.

"Cold? Why don't you go into the cabin?" asked Legrand.

"I don't want to! I should feel the motion at once; it would make me sick!"

"Any superfluous wraps on board?" inquired Legrand.

"Here, Colina! Take this!" said Haidee, "I can do without it!"

"My dear girl, you will catch cold yourself!" murmured Streatham.

"There are my oilskins in the cabin," said Legrand.

"Won't ye have my pea-jacket? Do!" urged the Captain. "I don't need it—honest. I put it on jest for convenience."

Colina, who was sitting beside him, laughed confidentially in his ear, not without giving the benefit of her words to the others, too. "No—no! A thousand thanks. I am all right. This thing is pretty warm. I used to wear it at parties in the middle of the winter, low neck, short sleeves!—But they wouldn't let me play with the guitar!"

She got up and climbed across the deck again with her exasperating unsteadiness of footing, the while tail of her gown all limp in the searching sea-air.

"Coming about!" shouted Legrand. "Step down here, Haidee!"

"No, thanks!" came her fresh young voice, "I will lie flat. The boom can swing over me!"

"Just as you please—but I am going to jibe. Look out for her, Streatham!" The boat changed her course with a jerk, the spray flew, the *Gleam* shot forward like

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an arrow. The sound of the sea washing her sides came louder. The moon seemed to have made a bound and got herself in the wrong part of the sky.

"Didn't she do that neatly!" said Legrand, with satisfaction.

"Oh, where is our shore?" asked Colina, bewildered. "Where is the warm bed I was hoping to get into by and by?"

"Over yon! Ye mustn't look where ye thought ye saw it last. Don't ye see it now? There's your house—all lighted up."

"Oh, how far we have come! I don't believe we can ever get back!"

"Now keep her on this tack!" said, in her privileged peremptory young voice, Haidee, whose couch had been conveyed to the other side of the deck, and who was again accommodated in it. "Keep her so long enough for me to finish telling John a thing I was in the middle of when you shouted 'Ship ahoy!'—It was interesting, I give you my word. We positively hated you with your 'Ship ahoy!'"

The *Gleam* sped on smoothly through the divine night. There was almost complete stillness on her deck. The two sea-lovers spoke more and more rarely; they had exhausted every circumstance of the building of the boat, the possibilities of her broad sail, her light hull; they gave themselves over to enjoying her performance—her maker no doubt even more than his guest. The lovers of one another spoke in whispers. Mrs. Legrand, uncompanioned, stood at the mast; the wind flew back, faintly flapping, in its folds, the superfluous fulness of her pale cloak. Suddenly, she sang; her voice drifted back to the others, that high heart-felt minor voice of hers, too seldom heard of late, for she declined perversely to sing when asked.

Haidee continued whispering to John; but, at a random answer he gave, stopped. It must be he was listening to Colina. True, it could hardly be avoided. Then she listened too, envying her sister perhaps for a moment—until she had reflected on the possibilities of her own voice under expensive tuition.

Now Colina strayed through various lately learned compositions, back to the simpler songs of her girlhood; she sang her artless love of a sailor laddie. Haidee called out, "Oh, don't sing any more like that, Colina! Your voice has such a wild ring mixed with the sea-sound. It is like a mermaid on a rock, combing her hair and scenting a wreck!"

"Now that I have got started," Colina called back in a singing tone, "I can't stop myself! You ought to have complained before." But she sang more quietly after that, just for herself, it was plain.

Only Streatham, who was nearest her, caught, through the murmur of Haidee's confidences, now renewed, the words of her last song:

When comes the fearful hour that I must die,
  Remember, Lord, how pitiful I was!
I never meant to hurt a thing—not I,
  The creatures that I spared will plead my cause.

Then slay me softly, make me not to be,
  As I have sometimes seen a drop of light
Fall from among the still stars silently
  And cease upon the breathless summer night!

a song suggested by those peaceful faint stars, no doubt, one of which every now and then dropped so affectingly. When she had finished there was total silence on the *Gleam* for a moment.

"Don't you think I was right?" asked Haidee, in a low tone, of John. "Oh, the wretch! he hasn't heard a syllable!"

"I could not help trying to follow the words of that song," said Streatham. "They started out to be amusing. What an unusual voice she has!"

"Colina!" called Haidee, "won't you come and sit with us?"

"No, thanks, dear! I like it here!" sang back Mrs. Legrand, and presently bundled herself small, and lay down near the mast, with her face to the moon, her back to the company.

And the *Gleam* cut swiftly through a world like a dream world.

She might have been in any part of the world, at any time of the world, thought Colina, looking about a moment before shutting her eyes. In the half light one could not seize the detail of the *fin-de-siècle* costumes and appointments on board. The old eternal sea—the old eternal sky! The *Gleam* a mere little point in time and space; to think it so small made one's self seem proportionately small; troubles dwindled wonderfully in importance. The clapping of the sea on the bows was lulling, and the long hush of the dissolving foam. Mrs. Legrand hoped to sleep now until she

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should hear them talking excitedly of catching the moorings.

"Why," asked Haidee of her John Streatham, suddenly, after a lapse in their murmured conversation, during which she had wondered what had been some of the hundred things she had meant to remember to ask him when they next had good leisure together; "why don't you like Colina?"

"I?—Mrs. Legrand?" said Streatham, slowly. "What a question! Of course I like her!—I should be likely to like your sister, in any case."

"No! you don't like her. I have noticed it again and again. You are as stiff and formal with her now as on the first day. If she were not my sister, I should almost think you couldn't bear her. I have never spoken of this because it is difficult to believe, and the very idea pained me. And she is so sweet! She is so really sweet to one who knows her well. All that funny little manner of hers means nothing. She has been so petted and spoiled by everybody, she has fallen into that way. And her life has made her worldly. But she is under it all awfully good and dear."

"Of course she is! Who questions it? I hope a city life will not make you like that, though—that is all. Though I like her—take that for granted! it goes as a matter of course—I prefer you to be as you are now. I should hardly know you had been through a city season; you have kept your fresh country sweetness. Life has not spoiled you, dearest; I hardly think it can. I myself like a woman to be very innocent and clear and above question in every word and act. Women can't be too innocent and simply sweet. Where shall we poor bad men go to be elevated and refreshed when all the women smoke cigarettes and have read the same things we have, and can see both points in a joke *à double entente?*"

"But you are good yourself, John—just as good as I! You can elevate me, rather than I you!"

"Don't be silly, darling. I am not good, of course; men are not good—though they ought to be, just as much as women. But I have enough sense to adore goodness in women—in you, dear. I confess I should not like to see you grow more like Mrs. Legrand, though I have every good feeling toward her, and all respect. She is not to blame! It is simply demoralizing to lead the life she leads!—That *boudoir* of hers in town! I can no more breathe in it than I could shut up in a jewel-box! Those walls of padded satin—the smell of those vile Japanese gums she keeps burning, the litter on everything of fantastic, useless things, the crowd of exotics, when there are people who starve! The uselessness of the whole thing! And the life of a fashionable woman is just the same thing over, only it is events instead of things; the uselessness of it! And over its idleness, its unwholesomeness, at last the trail of the serpent—yes—yes—for if a woman pays its weight in gold for a gown to be admired in, be sure she will be admired! Oh, if she cares for that sort of thing, there are plenty, idle as she is, ready to give it her; and if she has nothing else to live for, no interest, nothing! she is sure to care for it. It is like pepper, I suppose, if you have lost your healthy appetite. And what is admiration, that sort of admiration, from the sort who offer it? I know the kind! Sickening old fellows, old beaux with dyed hair, giving themselves the air of great men of the world, who treat women like babies; and bare-faced young fools, fresh from the classics and college clubs, who appoint married women to the honor of being their Egeria, their guardian angel; then there are the others, the worst of all! It begins with flattery—it ends with dubious flirtation——"

"Hold on, John! How you run on—I don't half follow you. You exaggerate frightfully. How bitter you are! You astonish me. Why, one might think Colina was *anything* from what you say!"

"Oh, I am not speaking of her, of course. Who was thinking of her?—but of fashionable women in general. What I say is true of a great many."

"Well, don't talk like that—that is all I ask. Poor Colina means no more harm than a lamb; all she tries to do is to amuse herself a little to make time pass. One ought to make allowances for her—she is not very happy, poor girl, I am more and more sure of that."

"Why is she not?" he asked, with as it seemed uncalled-for sternness. "She has everything she can possibly want, and everything her own way—always. She gets everything as soon as she thinks to try——"

"Yes, I know. But you know as well as I——"

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"Leopold. I understand. What then? She married him, did she not?" in a tone that implied his standing on high moral ground to make this interrogation.

"Oh, I know. But I shouldn't like it myself." After a moment's silence, "He is horrid!—I can't bear to be with him when you others are not there."

"Why?" came his voice on the very heels of hers.

"Oh, nothing. He has always been as nice as he knows how to me. But he is so silly, with his compliments. I would not sing the song he asked for to-night, did you notice?—You must like Colina, John!"

"But I do! Upon my word. Indeed, I have nothing against Mrs. Legrand, except—" and bringing his face nearer to one of the cushions she lay upon, he laughed dryly, "except this essence, this *sachet* she uses so perpetually. These cushions are full of it."

"No!—Are they? I can't smell it. Are they, truly? Just from her head having lain against them! What a keen sense of smell you must have!—Well, it is delicious; I adore perfumes."

"You don't wear them, I notice."

"Father never would let me. Colina has worn that same scent for years, ever since I can remember. I mean to adopt a perfume too some day."

"Don't, or at least not this one."

"Is it possible you really object to it? It seems to me so good!"

"It insists so on itself——"

"How a perfume takes you back to places and circumstances—have you noticed?" and Haidee exploited the old idea of connection between perfumes and memories.

"Haidee," said Streatham, in a deliberate, collected voice, when she had finished—and she knew at once he was not going to say anything about perfumes; "there is something I have always meant to tell you. This seems to me a good time, in connection with what we were saying a little while ago. You asked why I disliked Mrs. Legrand. Now, it is quite as I said—I do not dislike her. But if I were in a mood to make a joke, I should say I loved her—for refusing me some years ago."

"What is that you say?—Colina?" asked Haidee, "refusing you what?"

"Refusing to marry me, the year before her marriage. How long ago it seems! I did not even know of your existence then."

"You and Colina?—How absurd!—Why, I can't believe it!—You and Colina!"

"No, that is not it at all. It was just I—I who was in love with her. She simply refused me."

"Colina?—Why did she do that? Why did she refuse you?—You and Colina!"

"Dear girl! Oughtn't I to have told you? Are you sorry, or angry?—I didn't want to! I did it because it seemed to me honorable—and I was afraid someone else might tell you; Leopold, for instance, with his genius for innuendo, or Colina herself some day, later on. It was so long ago, you cannot care! And I had never seen you then——"

"Were you—were you very much in love with her?"

"What should you like me to say, dearest? Would it seem to you to argue well for my—my good taste, to say the least, to make light of it, because its day is past? On one head you can rest secure. She treated me as badly as possible—and gave me as many reasons for hating the thought of her as she very well could——"

"What did she do?"

"Do you want to know? It is mortifying to me, but you shall hear it if you want to!"

"I do want to. Tell me the whole."

"As you please, then. We had all been invited to the same house in the summer; we three and several more. Legrand was the great catch in those days. Colina—Miss Vaughan—had her head as full of him as the others——"

"Mercy! She has had enough of him since!"

"Well, he was not so bad in those days, though I never understood his fascination. I was a big fool of a boy, I suppose, and full of myself; in spite of all his money and good looks and successes, I never looked upon him as a serious rival—till I found she had been flirting with me for his benefit. I suppose all is fair in love. I was a sort of—what would you call it? She pretended to tolerate me, to hurry him on——"

"Ugh! how disgusting!—how loathsome!—Don't tell me any more."

"I have felt low enough in telling so much, be assured."

There was silence on the *Gleam*. Le-

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grand was heard, in the far distance as it seemed, addressing Drew. "Well, what do you think of her on the whole?"

Drew said she did nicely on such a night as that. But he didn't know about trusting her in rough weather; her sail was too big and her body too slightly built. Said Legrand, emphatically, "We will make another trial of her together in half a gale!"

Drew's voice was heard droning on about one *Little Kate*, of his own younger days, built just as the gallant *Gleam* was not; it appeared from his words she had been a nonpareil. Legrand pished and poohed, and used the word old-fashioned.

Mrs. Legrand lay in a soft furry heap, with her face to the moonlight. A tear shone on her underlid. At a sudden insignificant lurch of the boat she had started in a fright from her doze; then relieved at finding herself quite secure, had composed herself again and closed her eyes. Her imagination had gone on from the point of the lurch to weave—to weave a fancy of fate. She had fallen overboard, without anyone noticing it. The *Gleam* had passed farther on her glittering way, indifferent. She, Colina, had cried out, and her voice been taken for a gull! The lovers had continued whispering; her husband and the good old man talking their tiresome talk larded with those affected nautical expressions, "Belaying-pins! Water-way! Hard-a-lee!" while she quietly drowned. And with an unbiassed eye she had reviewed all the people who might be supposed interested in her life or death; it had seemed to her that when the great news spread, no one would be madly and particularly sorry. Yet how much she had been loved in her life, how flattered, how spoiled! What adoring things had been said to her! But if she were drowned at this point of her story, no one would be fittingly afflicted—and she so pretty yet, and still young. And oh, my God, my God, what life might have been! So far, nothing worth the while, all the good happiness in the future. The one to feel her lost most, she concluded, would be Mrs. Conrady, a scandal-mongering old person, once a woman of fashion, now paralytic and hateful. She went to see her periodically, and took her every scrap of news she could gather, because no one else would, and the helpless harpy was starving for gossip. The reflection brought a weak-minded tear to her eye, a tear of lonesomeness and self-pity in which the moon glassed itself.

Another than she was expressing lonesomeness, but not by tears.

The lovers sat in the shadow of the sail; as the boat rolled now and then and the top of the mast cut a zigzag in the sky, they could hear the reefpoints beating faintly against the strained canvas. At Haidee's long silence, Streatham felt for her hand; she hid it away, resisting, but he found it, took it without a word, forced it and held it under his cheek, from time to time pressing it.

"You needn't do that. How everything is changed," she said in a dry-throated way, taking her breath between the words. "A moment ago I felt so rich! I would not have changed my circumstances for anyone's in the world. I thought you were all mine. Now, I feel so poor—dear me! so lonesome—so lost!"

"This is unjust, Haidee. It is unfair, unreasonable. It teaches me I ought only to trust you sometimes, when it seems expedient, and take my chances. What is changed?"

"Everything! I thought I was the only woman you had ever loved. And that it should be Colina!—Colina! She is so infinitely prettier than I—and fascinating. Every man she looks at she can make fall in love with her——"

"That has nothing to do with us, has it?—I did not know you lived, I have told you, when I loved her. I had no idea she was your sister, until you yourself presented us."

"How can that be? Of course you knew! You must have known!"

"No, I swear to you. But this is nonsense, it is degrading. Why should I have to explain?—When I met you I had not the least idea you were her sister—or is it possible I would have steered clear of you. Your names are different, you will remember——"

"You did not know! And we are so alike, they say, only I black, she blonde—I plump, she thin. I see—I reminded you of her—that was why you cared to be presented to me. Everything is made entirely clear to me, I assure you. And I used to think you did not like her—disapproved of her; I think I hear myself wrestling with you, *imploring* you to like her!"

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"Haidee, this is not like your dear self. Do believe that it was a token of affection and faith in you that I should tell you. I do trust you. I do love you. You know it as well as I. You never doubt it for a second in your heart. Why torment me?"

"Oh, if I could believe it!" she cried, feelingly. "But it is as if you didn't, now —and never had. I can't imagine us back to an hour ago. Oh, how horrible it is!" She began to cry softly, unquellably.

Legrand got an impression that the two were laughing together. Drew said, "The young folks are having a good time."

Streatham came closer to her, pouring forth words that she should have found consoling. She let him take both her hands at last, so cold with her emotion, and, helplessly feminine, asked, still hiccoughing with her sobs, "Do you love me as much as you did her?"

"It is not the same thing, darling one—one cannot compare the two things. This is so much better. She was like a knife in my heart, always, a rankling, feverish thing, giving me no rest night or day. I grew such a passionate fool under her influence. But you—as you say in that song you sing, '*Du bist die Ruh!*'—Darling, it is well for a man to love you—as well as sweet!"

"It *is* a better way of love, isn't it, dear? I hope it is."

"Thank heaven for you, dearest."

"There—there! Let us never speak of this again. I believe in you—I love you. If ever you betray me or grow tired of me, I shall die—that is all. I ought never in the world to admit such a thing—but we are telling the truth to-night, aren't we?—There Now no more about it! But Colina Legrand will never be the same to me. I am glad she is not my whole sister. I shall go home just as soon as I possibly can. I shall begin making arrangements to-morrow."

She was disentangling herself from her wraps, cramped with sitting still; also, changing position was like breaking away from old conditions.

Streatham helped her; having shaken themselves out, they stood erect side by side, he steadying her with his arm slipped under her mantle. They looked off over the moonlit flood. Each felt strongly the wish to talk on at once naturally of indifferent matters, yet they were silent, neither finding the right thing to say. After a moment, for the sake of saying something, Haidee uttered the respectable commonplaces, "How smooth the surface of the sea is—and we are so accustomed to it—like the exterior of a person. But think for a moment what is under it! Lord, I can imagine such things! But we shall never know—unless some great convulsion takes place."

Colina, perhaps disturbed by their moving, now moved too; with a sigh, only half awake, she picked herself up on her knees, and lay down with her head in the opposite direction, nearer them.

Haidee took a step toward her and looked down. The moonlight lay on her; with the consciousness withdrawn from her face, the desire to be pretty forgotten, those deep dimples that were her great weapon smoothed out—and prone like that, and hunched and chilly, she looked surely not a formidable rival. Her features wore an air of fatigue, the dissipations of the long gay season had worn her out. She was too thin in these days; her hand thrown out on the deck looked like a little white claw loaded with glittering rings. She was curiously pale to one whose eye had brooded on Haidee's richly sun-tinted cheek; for always, between her and the sun, veil or parasol interposed. Her hair, uncurled with the damp, hung untidily all about her moon-bleached face, that was sad in its dreaming, or else the light puzzled and troubled it; her eyebrows were updrawn a little plaintively. Streatham turned his back on her. Haidee continued steadily gazing. Was this truly she that had all things her way in ball-room and boudoir—this insignificant little body, in her out-of-place finery, a long melancholy tatter of lace fluttering in the wind beyond the border of her gown, where she had stepped in her flounce?

Haidee turned from her, too—and leaned back against the sail, consciously well-grown and strong, sunbrowned and oval-cheeked. Streatham leaned beside her. "When we get home, John," she said, in a genial daily voice that had satisfaction behind it, reasonable hope before, "we will ask Leopold for something hot to drink. Leopold is always gracious to such a request—thank Heaven for so much! It is

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beginning to be chilly. A sail is always too long in the second half——"

"We are headed for home. How quickly we go! The *Gleam* is a brick."

"Is that our house, that tiny black square against the sky? It seems still frightfully far. All the lights have been put out. Pearl got tired of waiting, and has gone to bed."

They looked over the sea with unenchanted eyes. They had been out long enough. In vain the moonbeams wove delicate silver embroideries in the clouds at the horizon for them now; in vain the broad moonpath danced and glittered, inviting their fancies to roam. The night had become common. Hot drinks and snug beds, and all the comfortable circumstances of shore were thought of with a sort of affection.

"Ain't you steering a mite far to the left?" came Drew's placid voice; "I guess you be!"

Legrand preserved a contemptuous silence and did not alter the *Gleam's* course. "Ain't you'd better push the helm a little mite my ways? Guess you had. It's sort o' kind o' resky at this season o' year, and this time o' night and this point o' tide, to run with the light house in range with Boots——"

"With *what?*" whispered Haidee, frolicsomely.

"With Boots!" whispered Streatham.

Haidee found a sudden light mood. In the expression of her light moods one felt the effect on her of companionship with Colina; the playful inconsequence she assumed was in unconscious copy of her elder sister.

She was saying a teasing thing about Leopold Legrand's idea of his duty to a sister-in-law, when her laugh was cut short.

All knew with a jump of their hearts that something had happened. Colina leapt to her feet. All had heard that crash—felt that shock. The sail was acting so unexplainably, flapping like a great crazy wing, swinging, beating about. The air rang with confused cries of "What is it?" Streatham was caught sight of in the ominous act of throwing off his coat. The little *Gleam* bent over on her white side like a creature mortally wounded; the sail pitched down quicker and still quicker, until it lay flat on the water. Then the body of the boat began settling, settling, drawn down by the sea. There came the moment when all clinging hands must let go. And the moon sailing overhead, unchanged—the far away, comfortable moon of every night that shone, too, upon the napkins forgotten in the grass by the careless housewife.

The blood in Colina Legrand's brain stirred through its atoms with such effect, as she was rising through the water, as to offer for her fugitive contemplation moments when she had been doing such things on shore, as go to the dressmaker's and look over sheaves of silk and satin samples, discussing prices and manners of making. There had been sunshine; she had been alive, with a chance, if she never put foot in a boat, to live till she was an old, old woman. Now, this.

As she reached the surface, she began to struggle again to keep there. No use. It is stronger than one's self, this will that imposes on one to die, that pushes one under, like a great hand dealing with a kitten. The water washed over her eyes again, she breathed in the bitter sea. With her strength, her senses mercifully were leaving her. Her head, drawn back with a cramp, shone for a moment still under the veil of water, the ghostly face began receding to the black sea-depths, when at a touch, a touch in the dark, all her consciousness returned, keener than ever. She groped for the thing that touched her, grasped it, and tried by a blind instinct to lift herself out of the deadly water by climbing upon it, clinging to it. The moonlight and air burst upon her; she was aware of a dream-like titanic John Streatham who, with his hand on her neck, said, "Be still! If you struggle I shall make you insensible." All her muscles relaxed instantly. "I will be good! I will be good!" she muttered, without knowing what she said.

"Undo that thing at your neck," came a command; "I will hold you up!"

With no thought but abject obedience, she applied herself to the task; she fumbled, she could do nothing. With a jerk he ripped the heavy cloak off her. He bade her hold fast by the linen over his shoulders, and burdened with her struck for shore.

An object knocked lightly against them—a cap.

Streatham took a dozen superb strokes. "I can't!" moaned Colina, "My hands

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won't stay! It washes them open!" Without a word he caught her, and with her pushed through the water.

"God forgive us!" she cried, suddenly, and jerked in his hold like a bird held by a string. His grasp tightened on her, till she cried out. He turned his face on her a moment. She struggled no more, awed, but began incontrollably to utter moans and faint half-articulate words, among which recurred a beloved name—Haidee! Haidee!

"Stop!" he ordered wildly. She stopped.

They strained their eyes ahead; spite of the strong, long swimming, the shore remained so unnecessarily far.

He turned to her suddenly with his face in agony, his eyes wild, and his laboring heart seemed to break upon the words, "Oh, my poor love!" To which she made answer, instantly magnanimous, calling him her love too. Then in her shivering voice she began rapidly—motherly, sisterly, womanly, pitiful, to try to console the poor boy for their last hour. "Don't mind—don't mind! What does it matter? I am with you, dear! I shall not care! I have meant so many times to kill myself——"

"I *will* reach it!" he said in his teeth, and again, by a superhuman effort, breathed almost normally, swam with the measured vigor of before, reaching out far with his single free arm, thrusting back the water mightily.

She held her breath; an insane white hope flashed before the eyes of her poor humanity. It seemed that after all they might survive. She began to pray as never she had prayed.

Without word or struggle, he went under. It was he this time clasping her.

Miss Pearl always wondered why the bodies of Streatham and Colina came in like that, and the others, far from them, scattered on other shores.

THE POETS SAY THAT LOVE IS SWEET

By Ethel Hobart

THE poets say that love is sweet—
  I wonder if they know!
For me, I love my lone retreat
  Where quiet roses grow,
And all the tones of Venice meet
  Within the afterglow.

Faint pinks, and amethyst and green
  Beyond the rippling bay,
And near, the meadows' purple sheen,
  The scent of salt-mown hay,
And all the sounds of night, that mean
  The dreaming-time of day.

I love my garden mignonette,
  And sun and wind and flowers,
And dreams the heart may soon forget
  Of you, far Friend, through hours
Of summer fragrances; and yet
  The sweetest flow'rs must go.
The poets say that love is sweet;
  I wonder if they know!

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

WHEN the "Psychology of Occupations" is written its most interesting chapter will be that one which analyzes the back-strokes of the various pursuits upon the workers; for each occupation has its peculiar reactive influences. As it is frequently put, "every individual bears upon himself the badge of his profession." We are indebted to Professor William James for pointing out how early in life this "professional stamp" becomes set and how unmistakably one may interpret its characters if one only uses the ordinary powers of observation.

Confessions of a Pedagogue

Not long ago there appeared a learned volume entitled "The Pathology of Occupations," setting forth the relation between work and disease and showing how every trade or profession bears in its wake its special train of physical disabilities. One, for example, breeds nervous disorders, another indigestion, another rheumatism, another affections of the heart, and half of them tuberculosis. It will be the task of the "Psychology of Occupations" to gather analogous material for the mental side, and it is as a slight contribution to this end that the writer ventures to offer the following observations regarding that form of mentality peculiar to school teachers,—the *teacher psychosis*. He derives courage for an excursion into the unworked field of the "Psychology of Occupations" only from the fact that the theme offers the easiest possible line of attack. It demands no powers of microscopic vision, for what one sees dimly and with uncertainty regarding other professions is writ large in every attitude, word, and movement of the teacher. If every other occupation has its badge, that of the teacher has at least a dozen, any one of which would mark it off with fatal unerringness.

The writer hopes that no one will bear him malice for enumerating a few of these peculiarities. If some of the adjectives seem a trifle strong it must be remembered that they are employed to delineate a *type* of character and that they do not apply with equal force to the several individuals who, taken as a whole, compose the type. Moreover, the writer yields to no one in admiration for the profession or for the multitude of famous names which grace its roll of honor. This sketch is simply dedicated to the belief that it is well to pause now and then in the effort "to see ourselves as others see us."

A Fictitious Bearing

In the first place (and since the writer is a teacher it is meet that his indictments be framed like a confession—in the first person), we teachers as a class show a *fictitious type of bearing*. Instead of the open frankness and easy poise of the lawyer, we betray an uneasy and uncanny reserve; instead of the unassuming demeanor of the physician, we cultivate a halo of omniscience; instead of the geniality of the business man, we tend to envelop ourselves in a touch-me-not atmosphere. We are so unsocial and stilted that it would seem we lived in mortal fear of inspection at close range. We are too prudish to be truly human, too lacking in the sense of humor to extract enjoyment out of the follies of life, and so prim as to find ourselves overwhelmed and paralyzed by a sense of the impropriety of everything that falls outside our straight-laced course. We are too dogmatic to be agreeable companions; too didactic, too instructive, too prone to impart information to stand on a give and take footing with our friends; we prefer to give. We are too sensitive to accept philosophically our share of the world's rebuffs; too meek to be self-respecting; too subservient to superiors to possess independence of character. We are too bookish and unpractical to bear our proper part in turning the wheels of social progress; so out of harmony generally with the instincts and needs of society that for the most part it washes past us, leaving us stranded high and dry like fossils on the deserted shore-line of an ancient sea. As far as taking an active part in the doings of society is concerned we meet the late Professor Wilbur Jackman's characterization of the modern college student

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—we are "as innocuous as a flock of sheep on a sunny hillside in April."

Again, our profession fosters a *devotion to methods* and petty devices. It has lately reached such a point that every slightly different way of doing a thing is labelled with a name of its own. Our pedagogical books and articles literally swarm with these methodological ghosts, until it is a discerning intelligence indeed that can distinguish the real entities from the non-entities; the shadows from the substance.

To illustrate: last summer I was introduced to an eastern school teacher as a "professor of pedagogy," whereupon my new acquaintance, almost before she had ceased shaking my hand, burst out with an enthusiastic "Ah, then you must be interested in the relative values of reading methods." I answered modestly that I supposed some methods of teaching reading were better than others, rather hoping that so nonchalant a reply would end the matter. But I was too sanguine. She proceeded to designate by name about a dozen different reading methods and to probe for my opinion concerning the merits of each, interlarding her questions, of course, with a copious lot of information calculated to display her charming erudition.—Did I like best the "spelling method," or the "sentence method"? Did I not think even a "paragraph method" possible? What did I consider the special advantages of the "object method"? She had had "lovely" success with the "phonic method"; had I ever tried it? And thus she sweated me on reading methods for an hour, winding up finally, and to my unspeakable relief, by asking my opinion as to why the various forms of the "natural method," though possessing so many obvious advantages, had not become more popular. At last I had found a question to which I could reply even if I could not answer it, so I assured her that for the life of me I did not know, because no method could be too *natural* to suit me!

This same spirit brings with it usually an insistence on details that analyzes everything to atoms; that formalizes till all the juice is effectually squeezed out and nothing but mentally indigestible fibre remains. What I mean is amply illustrated by the thousand and one rigid forms of grammatical parsing and sentence diagramming, or by the petty exactitude sometimes required in the formal statement of arithmetical solutions. Not long since, a California school teacher, who is a normal school graduate (and a man, I am ashamed to say), sought my advice on the following momentous question:—In the first statement of the solution of a percentage problem involving profit or loss, which is correct: to say that "100 per cent equals the cost price" or that "the cost price equals 100 per cent"? I had half a mind to reply by propounding the equally momentous question as to the best form of revolving one's thumbs during meditation, whether from left to right or from right to left!

As a result of this sort of thing we tend to become hypercritical. Looking always for the faults and mistakes of others we gradually lose human sympathy and generosity. Intellectually we tend to be dragged down to the A B C level where we live and move. In the figure of Montaigne, we are like a grindstone, dulling our own edges in the process of sharpening the wits of others. Painfully evident sometimes is this dwarfing effect of contact with little minds, though I do not consider it inevitable. May we not avoid it by laying aside the air of the *teacher* and assuming the attitude of the *learner;* by discarding what Dr. W. H. Burnham has so aptly denominated *The Didactic Habit?*

The Didactic Habit

Recall your teacher friends and consider whether you are not already quite familiar with this didactic habit. Have you not observed that the typical school teacher deports himself as though called upon to shed light upon all things? He must steer the conversation along lines whereupon he can impart information. He is cock-sure of a thousand things and can't be happy until you share his certainty. He shows you "just how it is," and if he cannot quite convince you by his reasons he will at least silence you by his long-winded and technically-worded arguments.—Verily we do not sin by hiding our light under a bushel!—What man or woman of culture is so foolish as to seek the society of the average school teacher, either for relaxation or entertainment?

Herding exclusively with others of our kind we become provincial in intellect and character. Having so long parted company with the active affairs of society we have developed a forbidding self-sufficiency of spirit that tells its own tale. In order to insure that we teachers appreciate fully the reality of some other world than our own it would perhaps not be unwise to require of every one of us a year's apprentice-

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ship in some other profession or trade, were it only as a common soldier, woodsman, street laborer, teamster, or servant girl.

Another of our professional badges is the *Air of Omniscience*. This is a survival no doubt from the olden times when the school teacher was supposed to be adept in all the intellectual disciplines and to know all things in the heavens above and the world beneath. Public expectation had to be met; if not with the genuine article, then with pretense. Result, the perfection pose, the air of I-dare-you-to-ask-me-a-question-I-can't-answer; the hysterical fear of confessing ignorance; whence also the ridiculous veils and subterfuges employed to preserve our reputation for omniscience. I knew a teacher who was once asked by a pupil the derivation of the word *hamlet*, meaning a small village. Unable to think of a more probable answer, she replied that the word originated from the name of a famous character in one of Shakespeare's plays! A few years ago the writer collected from college and normal students 420 descriptions of "bluffers" they had known in school. Careful study of these data led unavoidably to the conclusion that the school atmosphere breeds the bluffing spirit, until finally the pupils themselves become infected. What else in sooth could be expected from our methods of lesson setting and lesson hearing. A half hour for study, then a half hour for display of knowledge; and a prize for the most showing display!—Think of a programme like that continued through the dozen most plastic years of life.

We teachers should bathe ourselves in the simplicity of Socrates. We should endeavor to convince the world that it is no longer fair to expect us to follow the ways of the Infinite in all its manifestations.

Again, beyond all other professions, ours fosters *Pedantry*. All the tendencies we have mentioned converge upon this one. Our devotion to details, our over-critical attitude, our unsociability, the air of omniscience, the didactic habit,—these make it impossible for us to be otherwise than pedantic. Montaigne declares that children who have been intrusted to our care for a few years return to their homes "coxcombs, swelled and puffed up with vain and empty shreds and patches of learning," unfit for everything, though their tongues hang full of the learning we could not get into their souls. These shreds and patches of current school information we hash over and again until we mistake them for wisdom, till we can see for our pupils no salvation the road to which does not lie through familiarity with the chronological order of Washington's military manœuvres, the names of the 208 bones of the human skeleton, a rote knowledge of the rules of grammar, or of the United States rule for partial payments.

The other day a lady teacher visited one of my classes and remained to talk with me after the recitation was over. She explained that she was fitting herself for such and such kind of school work, that she was a disciple of a certain well known educator (whose doctrines she explained at length); that she did not, however, subscribe fully to his views; that on one point she rather inclined to agree with Professor ——. Here I made the mistake of venturing some remark, whereupon my interlocutor fairly exclaimed "Then you too have been reading Professor ——, for does he not say something like that in his treatise on ——?" Not having read the treatise in question I was compelled to plead ignorance, at the same time apologizing for my lack of omniscience in general and in particular for not having on tap, so to speak, all of the opinions of so important a writer. Thrown off of one scent she must find another. It was quickly done. After a moment of puzzled meditation her countenance brightened and she said, "Oh, yes, I know now where you got the thought, it's in the old edition of Professor ——'s educational works. Let me see,—how *does* that passage read?" And then she spent ten minutes in the vain effort to recall the author's exact words, getting only phrases here and there and going through desperate mental antics trying to corral the rest of it. Finally, after a heroic but unsuccessful campaign in pursuit of fugitive ideas, she looked up embarrassed and mortified, defeat written in every feature, and suddenly remembered that she had an appointment. Of course I should have bidden her good-bye without one further word, but feeling rather sympathetic because of her recent defeat (and being a teacher), I muttered something about the importance of her prospective work and wished her success. Just how I blundered I do not know. But blunder I surely did, for hardly had I ended my remarks, which to me were commonplace and unquotable enough, when my departing friend turned, grabbed my hand, and shaking it frantically exclaimed, "yes, I see, Max O'Reiley! Max O'Reiley!"—As Emerson says, there are "strong intellects

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who dare not hear God himself unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul.—We are like children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talent and character they chance to see, painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke." And what else but our profession could Montaigne have had in mind when he wrote the following brief but pregnant sentence: "We can become learned by other men's learning, but we can become wise only by our own wisdom."

And finally, in order to make the confession complete, it must be acknowledged that we are peculiarly liable to fall *Prisoners to Conventionality*. The new, the untried, is a veritable demon, the mere thought of which throws us into hysteric convulsions. School education is too seldom found in the van of social progress. Because of the current conception of education as the handing over to the rising generation a mass of information thought to have been proved valuable for *previous generations*, the school is not half the social force it ought to be. It is a chip that rises and falls on the waves of social evolution, neither accelerating nor impeding the movement thereof.

Prisoners to Conventionality

With our narrow and inadequate training it is quite natural that we should find it difficult to take a broad view of education as a social institution. We spend so much of our time in imparting the standard items of knowledge that a kind of fetichism clusters at last around the wares in which we deal. For so long have certain methods and certain subject matter been looked upon as absolutely essential that it has come to be sacrilegious to meddle with them. On every hand we may be seen to bow down to brazen idols. We grossly overestimate the value of our intellectual pills and pabulum, the cut-and-dried elements of the curriculum; but the occasional advent of a Lincoln or a Darwin reminds us that our monopoly of things educational is not half as complete as we usually think. Much that we now teach as true learning will one day appear as mere vanity. In truth almost all of the curriculum is conventional. While much of it could justify itself by the standard of reason, some of it seems to be good only to be taught to others. The latter may be thought of as a spiritual demonstration of the principle of perpetual motion. Or perhaps Professor J. Mark Baldwin's now famous psychological term "circular reaction" would be more applicable to this process of learning things in order to teach them to others, who, in their turn, will repeat the process.

We accept our opinions ready-made and in few things only can we give reason for the faith that is in us. We are living witnesses to the truth of Lombroso's "Law of Human Inertia." That is so true as to warrant us in making the conscious effort, now and then at least, to avoid *all* convention. There would be little danger of going too far, for the reason that every other force makes for conventionality, for conformity, for the rule of the Eternal Yesterday.

The Concord seer spoke for us words of wisdom when he declared that "He who would gather immortal palms must not hinder himself by the name of goodness, but must explore to enquire if it be goodness"; and again when he said that "nature is not slow to equip us in the prison uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest of asinine expressions."

Such are a few of the main features of the spiritual portrait of the pedagogue. The lighter touches of shade and color will require additional sittings.

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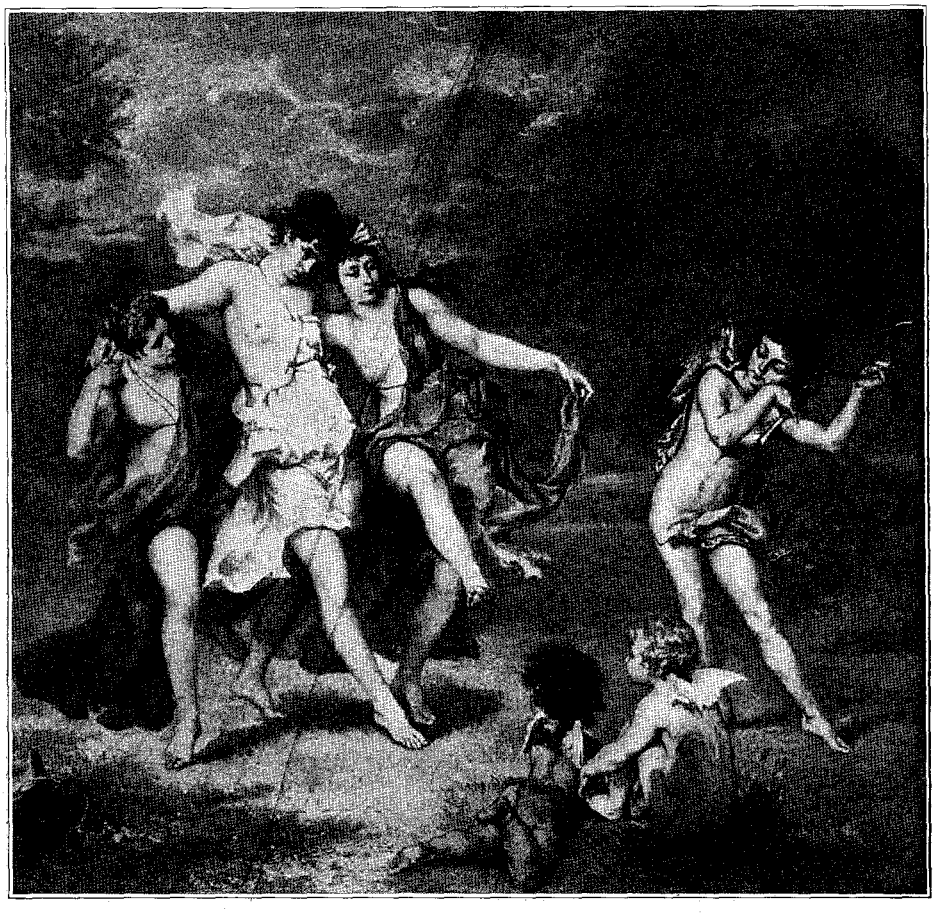
·THE FIELD OF ART·



L'Amour Ménétrier—Cupid the Fiddler.

WORK OF MISS SARAH DODSON

MISS SARAH DODSON, of whose personality there is something said below, died in January, 1906, leaving a certain number of works of remarkable quality. The composition reproduced above was the ambitious attempt of a student, and was so far successful that it was exhibited in the Salon of 1877 under the title "L'Amour Ménétrier," which we may translate "Cupid the Fiddler," if we choose, although the English word "fiddler" fails to render the idea of Leader of the Revels, Village Musician, Player at the Maypole or on the Village Green, which the French word contains. We must leave it to the group itself to explain its further meaning. Not that its meaning is very aggressive. It is honestly enough a piece of careful drawing with posing, fore-shortening, and rendering of the nude figure and the slight drapery under many difficulties of execution. What is noticeable about the work is evidently its certainty—the manly way in which the action of the figures is shown. Further than that there is not much significance in the group—neither in the general action nor in the details of pose and expression.

Miss Dodson had been a pupil of the Parisian studio maintained by Evariste Vital Luminais, and the work above mentioned and represented, produced after three years of such study, expresses the vigor with which she pursued her artistic development. Pictures known as "Deborah, the Prophetess," and

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"The Dance," a frieze composition, were produced during the years that followed, and some pictures of great size and of generally classical subject followed a period of rest made necessary by illness. These compositions had sometimes a Biblical origin, as in the picture called "Moses with Aaron and Hur," and sometimes were entirely classical, as of pagan antiquity. They were sometimes colossal in scale, as, for instance, the picture last above named, which hangs in a church in Brighton, on the south coast of England.

Landscape study occupied this artist's later years, beginning about 1885. The picture known as "The Morning Star," is an interesting sea-piece made from studies at Brighton, where she spent many years of her life.

An historical picture which it has proved impossible to photograph adequately, is of about the year 1885; it represents the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, in a room studied from a stately interior, still existing in Independence Hall, Philadelphia; with the old desk still preserved there, and with about twenty-five figures, all intended as historical portraits, in the costume of the time. The picture, ten feet long, represents the eager signers coming up to the table, which stands upon a slight dais, and allows the foreground figures to be of half life-size; and the occasion has been seized to represent the costume of 1776 as worn by men of social position and of adequate means on a great occasion. Lace ruffles and embroidered velvet were not unknown in that happier time, and the bob wig with its tied queue is an equally characteristic though less attractive feature of the epoch. It is something of an achievement to have succeeded in painting these interesting details of costume, but what is more worthy to be observed and remarked is the extraordinary power of grouping shown by this as yet unpractised painter. Where did Miss Dodson get the power—a power not too common, even of our own later and more developed period of art—the power to group two and three and five men in smaller clusters, which again form a part of the general composition, and to give the true aspect of a room full of men interested, absorbed in their occupation, and yet gracefully combined as decorative figures, each with all the others? It seems to be one of the greatest of misfortunes that this picture was so far injured by fire that it can hardly be considered a museum piece.

The upright picture, known as "Pax Patriæ," is a symbolical composition made up of a group of women, reapers of the field, who sit together in the foreground; an older woman telling tales to the girls around her, while above them, and poised in air, is a stately, draped female figure carrying huge branches of olive in either hand. The reapers are unconscious of their spiritual visitor, but in the middle distance a small group of persons seem to observe the angel. What is artistically interesting is the relieving of the white figure in the sky, partly against the pale firmament and partly—that is, from the waist down—against the dark hill-side which stops the view and conceals the horizon. Relieved against this dark mass of hills are seen the chimneys and the rising smoke of ovens or furnaces. The picture is a successfully expressed thought of peaceful life presided over by the Genius of Peace.

Purely poetical story and purely religious art are embodied in one of the largest pictures which are left to us of Miss Dodson's work. The picture, exhibited in France, still carries its French name, "Le Berceau," but we should translate it rather "The Nativity." It is reproduced on page 511, and shows the humble building, within which are seen the Divine Child, the Mother and Saint Joseph, as the last building of a town, and on the steep edge of a hill—perhaps on the town wall. On the left the vertical depth is so great that well-grown trees in the valley do not reach the level of the window through which the divine group is seen. Among the branches of those young trees in their spring foliage are seen the trailing robes of angelic forms who surround the tower-like angle of the wall with their guardian array. Other angels above are floating by, stopping to look into the window, rising above the roof in adoration, filling the upper air with their presence. All are draped with heavily folded robes, well imagined, well posed, free from the fluttering exaggeration of mediæval German art, and free, also, from the realistic look of some more modern draperies. They are abstract, they render perfectly well the idea of the human frame existing but concealed. Less satisfactory are the vast wings upon which these angelic guardians are supported. These wings are drawn without articulation, they have no joints, they are all made up of soft curves; and it is not by such feebly imagined pinions as these that the warrior angels may be supposed to poise themselves in air.

The angels are interesting; they, with the

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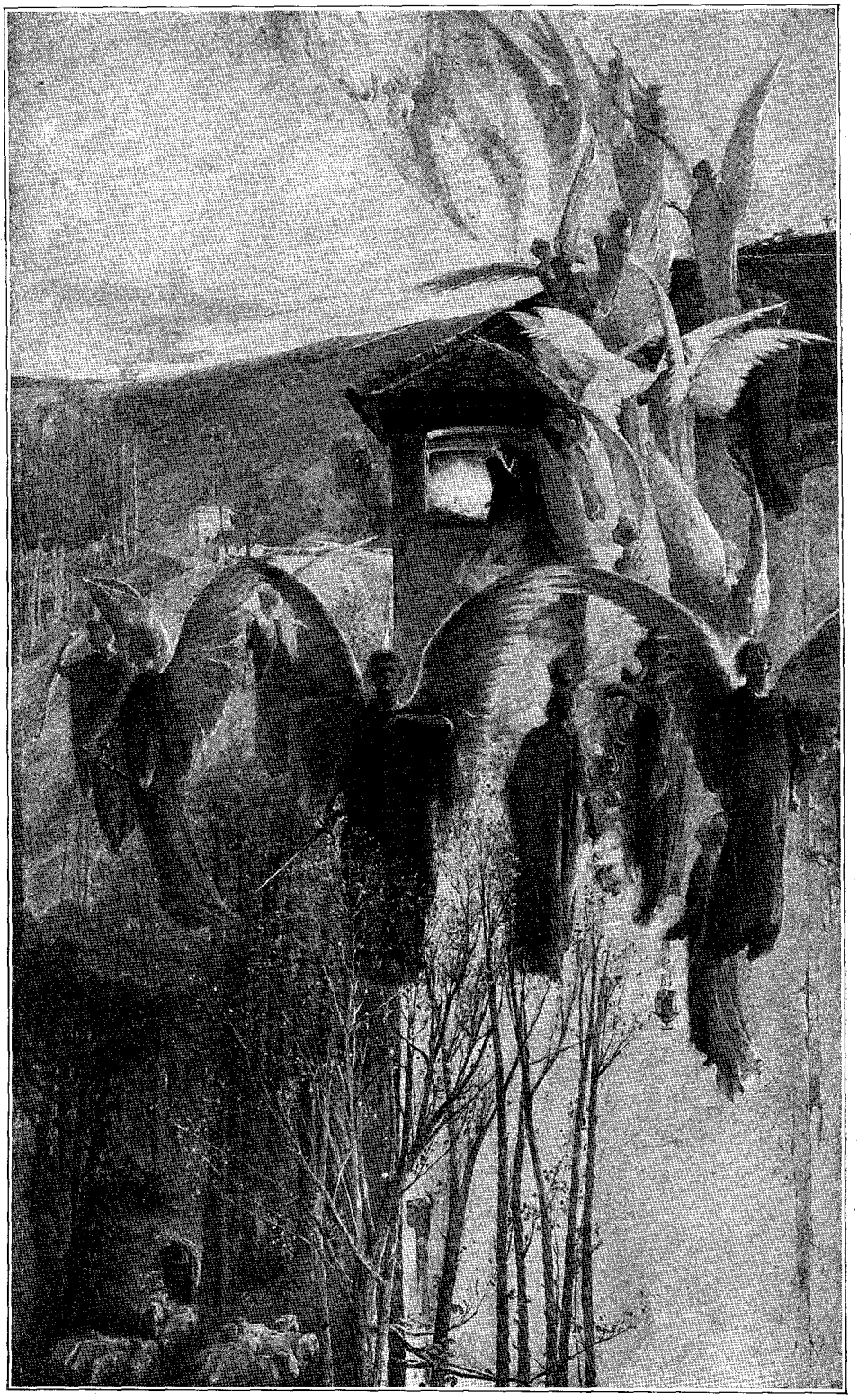

Le Berceau—The Nativity.

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The Annunciation.

high-raised hovel on the cliff, constitute even a remarkably original scheme, but that which is most attractive in the picture is, after all, the landscape. The boldness of the thought by which we look through the uttermost tree-tops toward the distant hill and valley, and get effect of contrast between those foreground details of singular delicacy and the broad mass of the distance, is most attractive to the student of imaginative landscape art.

A simpler composition, but equally interesting in the combination of figure subject with suggestive and speaking landscape, is "The Annunciation," on this page. In this picture the scene is in the opening of a young wood, the spring foliage forming the background and hiding the feet of the figures. The Virgin stands with her hands folded on her breast, bowed before the startling personage who greets her. The angel in this instance is more imposing than any one of the angels in "Le Berceau," and the painter has sought to give form to her impression by free resort to the mediæval conception of the seraph with six wings. It is nearly the seraph of Isaiah's description: "Above him stood the seraphim, each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly." With a proper sense of what the picture required, the angel is shown as floating with four wings raised and poised, while two only are folded across the body. The whole is so managed that the preterhuman nature is well contrasted with the delicate, girlish figure, drawn too slim and tall for ordinary life, but not less useful in the composition.

Sarah Paxton Ball Dodson was born in Philadelphia, in February, 1847, and died in Brighton, England, on the 8th of January, 1906. She was the only daughter of Richard W. Dodson, a line engraver, and Harriet, daughter of Joseph Ball, of Richmond Hall, a manor in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. The pictures named above, "Le Berceau" and "The Annunciation," were the last compositions which she carried out, "The Annunciation" being, indeed, not wholly finished. Frequent returns of illness, and an accident, in 1893, from which she never recovered, prevented the abundance of strong work which might have been expected from her great facility of composition and the abundance of artistic ideas which were her natural gifts as an artist.

R. S.

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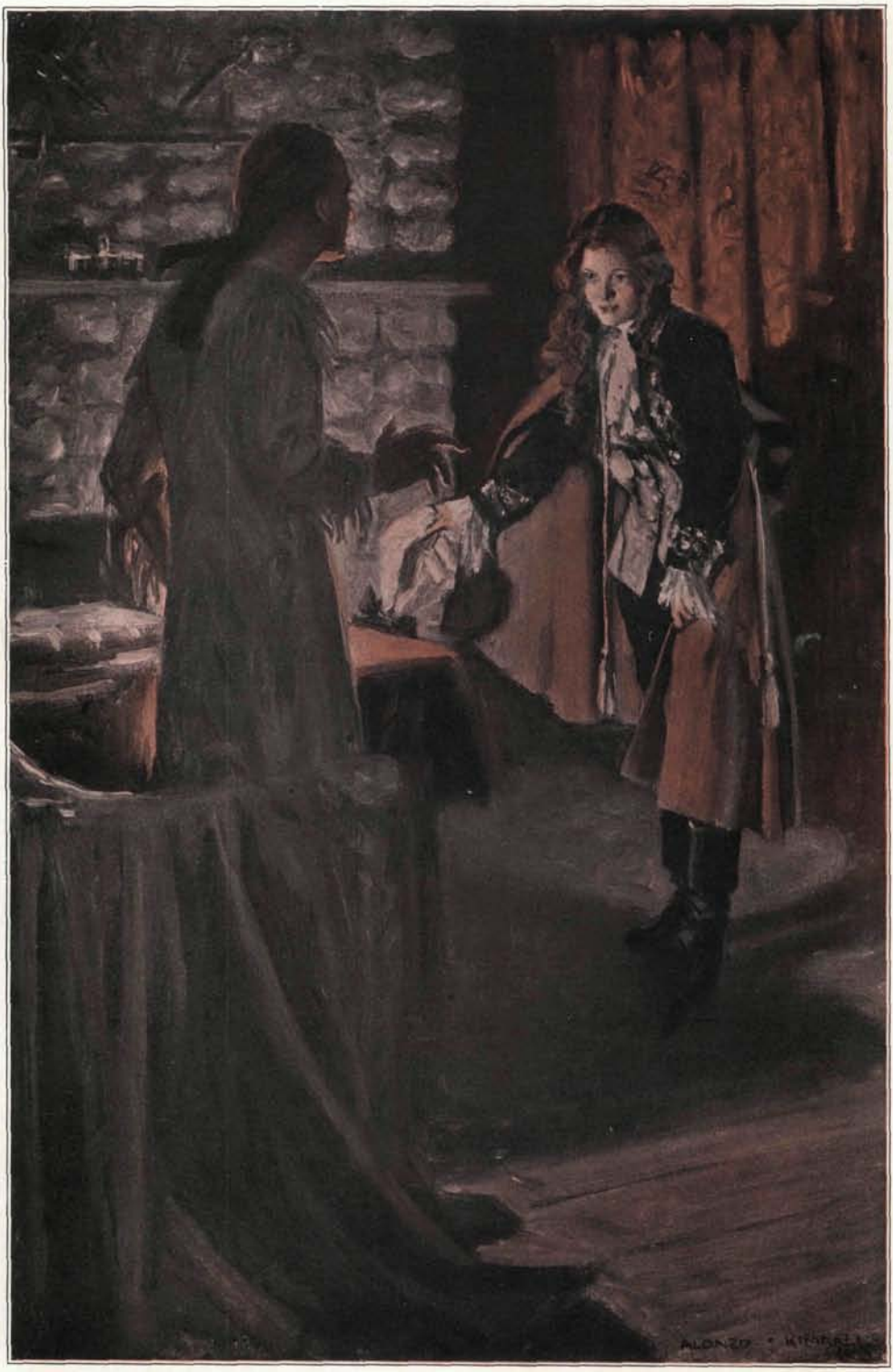

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

THE MAN STANDING BY THE TABLE WAS TREMBLING LIKE A LEAF.

—"The Wilderness Road."—Page 631.

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Drawn by F. D. Steele.

"Fix it?" said the reporter. "Not with me, you can't."—Page 398.

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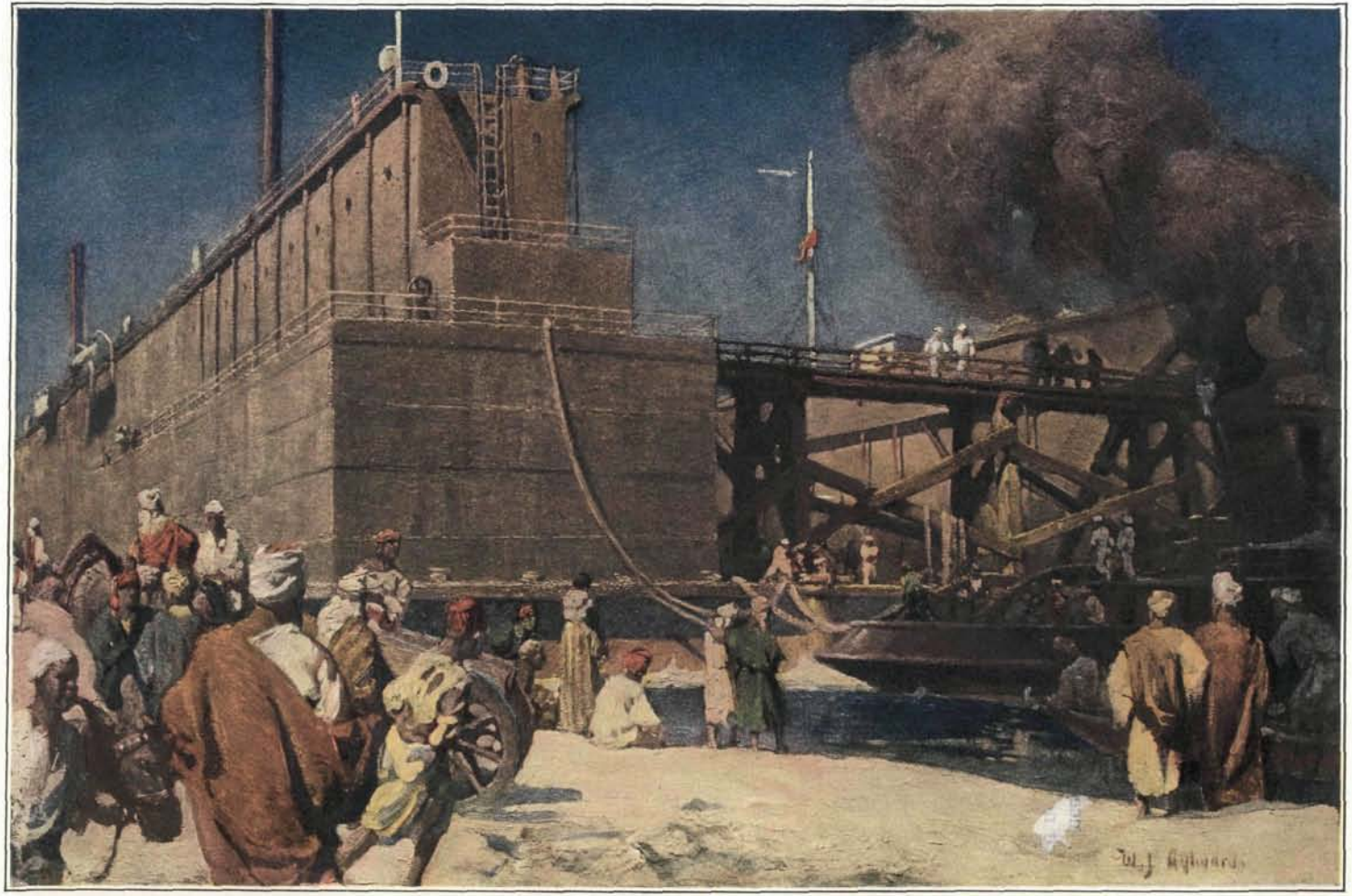

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

The dry-dock Dewey aground in the Suez Canal.

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